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### TAMMANY AGAIN.

There is a significance about Tammany's return this time that strikes one as unique in its hopelessness. It seems to close a volume with a snap, to write an irrevocable Finis over every page in the history of a great effort. At other times it has been possible to find excuses; it is impossible to find a single one now. In the past there have usually been two fundamental causes to account for Tammany's reappearances. Either the Reformers have palpably failed to live up to their pledges and professions, and to give the city an honest and business-like government; or else there has been a split in the anti-Tammany ranks, the Reformers putting forward one candidate, the Republicans another, and Tammany slipping in between them with scarcely an effort. Neither of these conditions obtained on this occasion. The Republicans and the Reformers were again in alliance, and so far as one could see, that alliance was on both sides faithfully observed. A certain number of independent Democrats declined, as usual, to follow Tammany's lead on a merely local issue, and worked and voted for Mr. Seth Low. He was supported, too, by

the entire reputable Press of the city, by the influence of the pulpit, and by whatever still remains of a civic conscience among the people of Greater New York. Moreover, Tammany's power, despotic enough within the limits of Manhattan Island, has not yet been consolidated among the outlying boroughs and cities that the Charter of 1897 amalgamated into one gigantic municipality. In the Borough of Brooklyn, especially, there was one of those intense personal clashes between Boss and Boss that make American politics so excessively human. It even looked for a while as if the Brooklyn Democrats would "bolt" the Tammany ticket, or "knife" it by abstention from the polls. Again, the Reformers had learned from the past the necessity of preparing for war in times of peace. They talked less of spontaneous movements, and moral outbursts, and more about the machinery of organization. So far as concerned the practical details of a political campaign, in discipline, cohesion, system, and the outward paraphernalia of agitation, they had since 1897 vastly improved their effectiveness. They took the field with something like the precision of veter-

ans. And beyond everything else, they had the inspiration of some signal achievements. The Reformer's record in office had for the first time in the history of New York been really efficient. That it was also honest was no more than every one had expected. The average New Yorker, with his habit of placing politics in a moral category of its own, has not, however, a particularly high opinion of the public value of honesty. It is one of the commonest complaints against the Reformers that they over-estimate that quality, that they are apt to plead it as a valid defence against all charges of practical shortcomings, and that they divorce it without a suspicion of incongruity from other attributes of equal or greater bearing on sound administration. Mr. Dooley, whom no one who wishes to understand American politics can possibly neglect, put his unerring finger on this peculiarity. "Fortchinitly, Hinnissy, a rayformer is seldom a business man. He thinks he is, but business men know diff'rent. He thinks business and honesty is th' same thing. He does, indeed. He's got them mixed because they dhress alike. His idee is that all he has to do to make a business administrstration, is to have honest men ar-round him." Well, we have the same "idee" in England, too; nor are we denied the opportunity of testing from time to time its consoling efficacy. There is no doubt that it does console a great many people in England. They read the reports of their Remounts Committees, and War Commissions, and so on, with a pious thankfulness that English incompetence should be of the choicest, most incorruptible brand, and they find the reflection so moving that sustained anger becomes impossible. An honest incapable in England always ends by finding his incapacity condoned for the sake of his honesty. It is quite an arguable point of view, and I am con-

cerned not with disputing it, but with emphasizing the fact that in the special atmosphere of American, above all, of New York politics, it counts for next to nothing. The instinct of the average American is to remain unmoved, or rather, to be positively irritated, when a Reform administration that has failed either to reform or to administer, appeals to him on the score of its honesty. The "holier than thou" argument he regards as a peculiar impertinence on the lips of politicians, and Reformers who rely on their moral excellences to cover up their practical defects are of all people the ones with whom he has the least patience. But on November 3rd he was in the unusual position of not being called upon to strike a balance between good intentions and their total miscarriage in practice. The Reformers came before him with a record of activity, economy, and well-considered achievement not unworthy to be compared with Mr. Chamberlain's outburst of municipal energy thirty years ago. For twenty-two months Mr. Seth Low and his colleagues had provided a government which, taking it as a whole, must be pronounced the best that New York or any other American city has ever known. That, to be sure, is not saying much; there is only one American city which has been well governed for five years at a stretch, and that is Washington, where the people have no votes. But Mr. Low's administration would bear to be judged even by German or English standards. Indeed, we ought to multiply an English mayor's difficulties fifty times over to reach an approximate estimate of the obstacles in Mr. Low's path. I will not say he removed them all. Some of his appointments proved unhappy; in one or two departments there was more zeal than practicality; and certain problems, like the Sunday drinking question, were not handled with suffi-

cient decision or fixity of purpose. Nevertheless, the general record was unquestionably a good one. Industry, thrift, dispatch, a rigid guardianship of the public rights and the public treasury against corporations and contractors, and a spirit of sober enterprise and development again found a place in the City Hall. Fundamentally, Mr. Low accomplished what he set out to do. He cleaned up the Tammany mess; he crushed the league between the police and crime and vice, on which Tammany had battened; he enforced the laws impartially; and he furthered a really extraordinary number of projects for the improvement of the health and convenience of the people, for the development of the city's resources, and especially for the redemption of the festering East Side.

The conclusion, therefore, is unescapable that Tammany's triumph in the face of such conditions is of more than usual moment. It had become a superstition that Tammany could never be beaten twice running, but the superstition has gathered an extraordinary point from the result of the recent election. It is now seen that Tammany cannot be beaten twice running, even when the Reformers are well organized, are working in alliance with the Republicans, and have behind them the prestige of an admirable record in office. That is something that had never been suspected. It always used to be the final retort of New Yorkers when pressed on the matter, that, after all, there are more people in New York against Tammany than for it, and that given a fusion of all the anti-Tammany forces, decency is sure to carry the day. It is impossible any longer to hold to that belief. On a remarkably full register, and with every circumstance that should weigh with an English-speaking electorate in their favor, the "good citizens," and their Republican and In-

dependent-Democratic allies have been routed by a majority of over 60,000 votes. "Corruption and fraud have done their work," was the comment of *The Times'* New York correspondent. No doubt corruption and fraud contributed something to the result, but to single them out as the chief causes of Tammany's success was hasty, even in a cablegram. Of actual corruption in the sense of votes bought outright for cash, there was probably little; at least, I inquired most carefully into similar charges at the election of 1897, and found that Tammany was rather inclined to fight shy of direct bribery on the sensible ground that since the introduction of the secret ballot there was no assurance that "the goods" would really be "delivered." I think, too, one may safely strike out fraud as a factor of real consequence. The days when personation, ballot stuffing, illegal registration, and false counting were the scientific basis of Tammany politics, are gone for ever. It used to be a foible of Tammany's to poll more votes than there were names on the register, but here again the secret ballot has greatly helped it to overcome this weakness. Penitentiaries, convict prisons, almshouses, hospitals, asylums, and reformatories are no longer ransacked for pliant personators; an immigrant may be landed in New York even on election day, and yet escape being rushed to the polling booths; and those famous corps of "plug-uglies" and "hoodlums," that Tammany used to send forth to sweep the city of opponents are to-day little more than a picturesque memory, like the gladiators attached to a Roman patrician. I do not deny that voters are still "colonized" for a special election, that repeating is a moderately common offence, and that some queer tricks are occasionally played even to-day with voting-papers and ballot-boxes. But there is no such uproarious illegality

as marked the decade between 1860 and 1870; and there is good reason to think that the election of three weeks ago was of more than average purity. It was held, one must remember, under the auspices of a Reform administration, and both the Chief of Police and the Superintendent of Elections—the two officials in whose hands the conduct of an election finally rests—were men of integrity and determination, and stalwart fighters in the Reformers' ranks. In any case, and admitting that there must have been some fraud and some corruption, it is altogether too far-fetched to think they could have influenced a sixth of the electorate, and that to their agency the turn-over of nearly 100,000 votes is to be ascribed. We must look a good deal deeper than that.

But first of all it may be as well to dispose of those other causes which, like fraud and corruption, had an undoubted but not in my belief a large share in deciding the issue. In an article which appeared in the *Morning Post* of November 3rd, I ventured to give the first place among these minor influences to the inevitable effects of reaction. No one who has not seen it with his own eyes can quite realize the immensity of the effort that is required for Tammany's overthrow—the feverishness and exaltation of it, the interminable physical and mental stress, the excruciating tension. It is asking a good deal of human nature to rise to the height of a religious crusade once every two years, and New Yorkers, for all their incurable altruism, are very human—"th' greatest crusaders that ever was—f'r a shorrt distince," as Mr. Dooley called them. Then, again, it needs Tammany to defeat Tammany. It needs the daily infamy of Tammany rule right under their very eyes to rouse New Yorkers to shake it off. It is only when some particularly scandalous revelation of

Tammany recusality has lifted men somewhat above themselves and supplied them with a bond of moral anger more powerful for the moment than even the ties of party, that New York feels itself earnestly drawn towards a Reform ticket. When the election of November 3rd took place, Tammany had been out of office for nearly two years. The memory of its record no doubt was fresh, but it was not of that stinging and insistent freshness that brought about the revolt of 1901. The Reformers were thus in a way on the defensive; they were justifying their own record instead of assailing Tammany's. Moreover, Mr. Seth Low and his colleagues were exposed, like all Reformers, to a particularly one-sided and unnatural sort of criticism. "The Reformers set their standard high, and by that standard are they judged. Mistakes that under a Tammany rule are taken as a matter of course, become grave offences when committed by Reformers. A jealous and incessantly microscopic criticism, from friend and foe alike, pursues their smallest act, magnifies and ridicules every failure. The promised reforms are long a-coming, and when they do come are not always seen to work quite smoothly. Up goes an instantaneous howl of impatience and disappointment from the reforming Press, and of derision for Tammany. Moreover, no Reform Administration has yet mastered the secret, which Tammany so perfectly comprehends, of combination, of 'team-play.' The heads of the various departments work far too independently of each other; they are too much like a company of star actors; they quarrel with one another and criticise each other's conduct with a publicity and freedom quite destructive of any real unity. And as every Administration lives in a glass-house, with all the electric lights turned on, and a reporter at every window, all these bickerings

become public property at once. New York knows precisely what the District Attorney has been saying of the Mayor, what the Comptroller thinks of the Fire Commissioner, why the Borough President dislikes the Chief of Police, and what is each official's private opinion of himself and his colleagues. It is amusing and piquant enough for a time, but amusement ends by passing into boredom, and finally into disgust. There comes a period at last when to the ordinary citizen even Tammany seems preferable to the discord and the din of all this jangling jealousy. Tammany has at least the precious and healing gift of working in silence."

All this may seem trivial enough—if anything is trivial in politics. But if we follow out this lack of collective responsibility to its consequences we shall find it touching issues of grave public import. Take, for instance, the question of Sunday drinking. I know of no question that illustrates so compactly the altruism, the insincerity, and the timidity of American politics, nor one which throws so peculiar a light on the conditions which have made Tammany possible. Its significance has been explained with acute good sense in a graphic and pungent book written by Mr. Alfred Hodder.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hodder starts out by insisting that the altruist, the "Puritan," the immoderately "good" citizen, is really Tammany's unconscious but most efficacious ally. "The refusal of the Puritan to 'compromise with vice' is," he says, "Tammany's opportunity; and Tammany has never been slow to make the most of it. The Puritan arouses public sentiment; Tammany, holding office, sees to it that the law demanded by that public sentiment is inserted upon the statute-book, and looks to the inevitable violations to supply the main-

spring of its power." I have elsewhere said that I believe this to be perfectly and most shrewdly true. Tammany would be well on the way to starvation if the laws under which New York is governed were in accordance with the wishes and opinions of its inhabitants. It is, as a rule, only when a law is flagrantly out of touch with the commonsense of the average man who lives under it that the temptation exists to buy and sell immunity from its effects. In this aspect Tammany is really New York's and human nature's protest against the extremes of legislative altruism. But why should there be such extremes? The answer to that question would cut too deeply into the roots of the American character to be attempted here. I can only repeat what I have said before, that briefly, the ordinary American is in politics both a sentimentalist and a coward. He believes, or likes to pretend he believes, that legislation can cure anything, and when a zealot arises who demands that henceforth there shall be no Sunday drinking in New York City, no gambling and no prostitution, he finds the State Legislature—and it is the State Legislature at Albany and not the local municipality that settles such things—more than ready to meet him half-way. Pandering to the moral sentiment of the community is one of the daily necessities or pastimes of American political life. The consequence is that the most impossible laws find their way on to the statute-book. Nobody seriously believes in them; nobody intends that they shall ever be really enforced. It is always well to remember that in America there is a wide gulf between passing a Bill and making it operative. The one process does not follow on the other in the heedlessly mechanical fashion of older countries. Indeed, Americans have a kindly suspicion that most laws are to be held pleasant

<sup>1</sup> "A Fight for the City." By Alfred Hodder: The Macmillan Co., 6s. net. 1903.

jest until proved otherwise. The proof of their seriousness lies in their enforcement, and to enforce a law forbidding gambling or Sunday drinking or prostitution in such a pleasure-loving and composite city as New York is, of course, wholly impossible. The law being on the statute-book, however, something must be done about it. To repeal it is hopeless, because no legislator will dare to have it said that he favors gambling or Sunday drinking, or vice of any kind. Hence follow, especially among the Reformers, the most extraordinary devices for getting out of the pit of their own digging. Some will rigidly enforce the law in its minutest stringency, and so convulse the city. Others are for what they call a "liberal" enforcement. That is, they will punish serious and flagrant violations of it, and leave the rest alone. But this is a policy which creates as much ill-feeling and repulsion as the severer and more logical plan, and considerably more uncertainty. The Reformers were not able to avoid the dilemma. The Mayor favored "liberality" on the arguable ground that the extreme of law is always the extreme of injustice. The District Attorney was first for altering the law—which proved impossible—and then for carrying it out, in the old Rooseveltian fashion, to the letter—which proved more impossible still. In the end and between the two of them, the saloon-keepers, the Germans, the Irish, the extreme Temperance party, and the average citizen were about equally alienated. The Tammany method is, after all, the most consistent and the easiest. To the proprietor of the saloon and the gambling-den and the disorderly house, Tammany, through the mouths of its police offi-

cers, simply says, "Pay me so much a month and I will protect you." In the result, everybody is contented. The law remains on the statute-book, a glowing testimony to the "morality" of New York; it is not put into action, so nobody feels its inconvenience; and Tammany grows rich and is able to subscribe handsomely to a monument for Parnell, and "the suffering poor of Cuba," out of the proceeds of its non-enforcement. A league with vice? Yes, but a league that the idealism and hypocrisy of American politics have combined to make all but inevitable.

The Reformers' handling of the liquor problem, then, had that quality of Balfourian half-heartedness which in the long run satisfies no one. Undoubtedly, it lost them many votes at the poll, not only on its own demerits, but also for what it represented. Then, again, they were unable to conquer that social distrust of "gentlemen," which one encounters so often and so unexpectedly in American, and especially in city, politics. M. Ostrogorski, almost alone among writers on American affairs, has given to this class-prejudice its due weight.<sup>2</sup> The average New Yorker dislikes to be governed by men of refinement, independent means, superior position. At a time of strong moral excitement he may vote for them, and even elect them to office, but he quickly wearies of their aloofness, exaggerates their detachment from "the plain people," and comes in the end to resent their presence and activity as a sort of affront to democracy. I remember that this feeling found an outlet in some of the campaign ditties during the election of 1897. The Republicans were at that time running a candidate of their own, General Tracy, as masterly comprehensiveness, subtlety, and insight. A flowing and varied style and a rich turn for ironic humor make his second volume as attractive to the general reader as it is invaluable to the student.

<sup>2</sup> In his "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties," (Macmillan,) A little too fanciful, though always stimulating and suggestive, in the English part of his work, M. Ostrogorski analyzes the machinery of American politics with

much against Mr. Seth Low, the choice of the Citizens' Union, as against the Tammany nominee; and their battle-hymn, if my memory holds, went like this:—

Seth Low's a high-born laddy,  
He had "dough" left by his daddy,  
Proud as a peacock, I should say,  
He hasn't grown conceited—he was  
born that way.  
From our party he can't wean us,  
No "Cit." can come between us,  
We're for Tracy thick and thin,  
That high-toned lad can't win!

It is only in America that the President of a famous College, a gentleman of the highest character, and of a capacity that had been tested and proved in three arduous and widely different fields, could be upbraided for being "high-born"—Mr. Low is the son of a Brooklyn tea-merchant—for having inherited money, for living in a brownstone house, for carrying into public life the ordinary manners and deportment of a private gentleman. Mr. Low would have made an admirable Mayor of an English town, but New York has scarcely yet been educated up to his standard. There was the distinct consciousness that he and his colleagues, and the atmosphere in which they lived and worked, reached a perilously undemocratic degree of good breeding. Nor had Mr. Low the personal qualities or habits that might have bridged the gulf. He is singularly destitute of that "magnetism" which Americans so dearly prize in their leaders; he has nothing of the "hail-fellow-well-met" spirit; people felt that he would rather not be slapped on the back. And besides this, Tammany was unusually well-placed for diverting the contest away from the issue of good or bad government, and into the channels of strictly party politics. The common-sense of New York is still very far from accepting non-partisanship as the natural basis for civic ad-

ministration. Besides, was Mr. Low's a really non-partisan government? That it contained men of all politics was true enough, but it was equally true that but for the Republicans it could not have been elected, and that it felt bound from time to time to defer to Republican wishes. Tammany might fairly argue that under the cloak of non-partisanship the Republicans were simply playing the party game, that Mr. Low's victory was in effect their victory, and that they turned it to the recognized party use, first, by getting the major share of the spoils, and, secondly, by using their control of New York to strengthen their general position as an organization. It was not always easy to meet these charges satisfactorily; there were too many obvious facts that seemed to justify them. Moreover, it was indisputable that the party which carried New York City in 1903 would stand a far better chance of carrying New York State in 1904, at the great Presidential election. Tammany, therefore, turned to the Democratic voters with a three-fold appeal—first, that non-partisanship was wrong in principle; secondly, that Mr. Low's administration was too predominantly Republican in sympathy and personnel to be called non-partisan; and, thirdly, that the nearness of the Presidential campaign imposed on all true Democrats an extra obligation to stand by their party.

All these influences, and many more, had their share in determining the result. But above and beyond them all, the cause of Tammany's triumph is to be found in this decisive fact—that New Yorkers, or at least the majority of them, actually and deliberately prefer Tammany and the Tammany system to any other form of government. This is a conclusion which, with the best will in the world, can no longer be avoided. The issue was plain; the verdict was equally plain; and the deduc-

tion to be drawn from it is also unmistakable. Whether one ought not to go a step further and argue that a people who, with open eyes, have sanctioned the loot of their city, are either unfit for self-government, or else have entangled themselves in a system under which self-government is reduced to a farce, is a matter on which I will not enter now. The immediate facts are disheartening enough, without an attempt to probe their ultimate consequences; and I really believe that Mr. McClellan's majority of over 60,000 may be taken at its face value, and understood to mean just what it says, that New Yorkers, after an experience of both sorts of government, would rather be ruled by Tammany than by the Reformers. I regard their decision, for the reasons which I began by setting forth, as in no sense accidental, but conscious, matured, and in some sort, final. The circumstances in which it was rendered, after two years of admirable, clean-handed government following on four years of infamy, seem to me to invest it with a significance altogether unique. I do not mean that Tammany is necessarily secure in office for all time, though I fully believe that only its own carelessness can ever again turn it out; but I do mean that the question whether New York can be induced to support an honest administration is now settled, and that its endorsement of Mr. McClellan signifies a real and lasting preference for the spirit and system of Tammany rule.

In a noble and ennobling passage of his biography, Mr. Morley says of Gladstone: "He knew men well enough, at least, to have found out that none gains such ascendancy over them as he who appeals to what is the nobler part in human nature." A fine and true dictum; but I fear that an ascendancy almost equally complete may be gained by appealing to what is the

baser part in human nature—to its meanness, its cupidity, its insensate folly. Such at least is the foundation of Tammany's rulership. We are dealing, remember, with a cosmopolitan, feverish, pleasure-loving population, Pagan in its tastes, its habits and its opinions, imbued with the mercenary view of politics, and always in more or less open revolt against the laws with which the State Legislature, largely elected and controlled by rural votes and notions, attempts to regulate its behavior. It is a population that takes instinctively to the ideal of "a free and easy life in a free and easy town." This is an ideal with which Tammany whole-heartedly sympathizes, and one that for a price, the price of blackmail, it will undertake to translate into fact. New Yorkers, arguing that the fault is not so much in themselves as in the "Puritanical" lawmakers at Albany, will agree that it is better that the purveyors of "pleasure" should pay blackmail to the police than that there should be no "pleasure" at all. It is just here of course that they end by finding themselves sharply in conflict with the stringent code and severer logic of the Reformers—who do not always remember that though Americans respect law they do not respect laws. Moreover, the Reformers are rather apt to overdo it. They get a sort of mania for detecting "vice." Again I turn to Mr. Dooley for the exaggeration that crystallizes the truth. "A rayformer," says the philosopher, "don't think anything has been accomplished if they're a vacant bedroom in th' pinitinchry. His motto is 'Arrest that man.' . . . Rayformers is in favor iv suppressin' everything, but rale pollyticians believes in suppressin' nawthin' but ivdince"; and he goes on to describe how the Reformers' "cru-sades against vice" let loose all the cranks in the city, and do not stop till "hanyous monstheres is nailed in th' act

iv histin' a shell iv beer in a German garden, and husbands wait in th' polis station to be r-ready to bail out their wives whin they're arrested f'r shoppin' afther four o'clock." After a residence of some years in New York, I find it difficult to doubt that the relaxed tone and the unrestricted license that prevail under Tammany's rule are really in consonance with the wishes and temperament of the majority of its inhabitants.

Bad government resembles Protection in that its benefits are immediate and tangible, and its evils indirect and often unsuspected. Some of the New York papers expressed amazement at the number of wealthy, reputable citizens who voted for Tammany on November 3rd. But the reason why they did so is surely obvious enough. There are in New York about 2,500 corporations that are subject to regulation by the law. Their fortunes are therefore no less dependent than the saloon-keeper's or the owner's of a gambling-den upon the good-will and "protection" of the city government. At this very moment the municipality of New York is prosecuting claims that amount to nearly £5,000,000, against various water, gas, and electric lighting companies. The Reformers have been moving heaven and earth to bring these cases into court and press for judgment; Tammany, for a consideration, will abandon them. If you were a director or stockholder in one of these companies, very much intent on money-making, very little concerned in politics, for whom would you vote—the Reformers or Tammany? And even if you voted for the Reformers, would it not be a mere act of prudence to guard against accidents by a thumping contribution to Tammany's campaign fund? One is constantly told in New York that Tammany is good to the poor; it is also good to the rich, and the rich appreciate and reciprocate its

kindness. The East Side looks upon Tammany as a sort of infinitely multiplied Santa Claus, a centre of charity and benevolence, a mysteriously beneficent body that in return for a paltry vote will radiate good-fellowship and practical help, will pay a man's rent and doctor's bills, will give him a start in trade, or find a job for him in the municipal service, or "see him through" when he is in difficulties with the police. And Tammany unquestionably can and does contrive all this. It never forgets or "goes back on" a friend, and it is in the name, and also from certain points of view in the spirit, of friendship, that it pads the city pay-rolls and dumps down upon each department vast cohorts of its hangers-on. There is no need to ask whether a government that does this is popular.

The poor supply votes and small services. It is the rich who supply votes, big services, and wealth. It is the contractors, the financial magnates, the capitalists, the big Wall Street men, the proprietors of the "dry goods stores," the promoters and directors of Trusts and companies, the men who are after public concessions, that are Tammany's real and most valued partners. It is with them a business investment, a matter of self-protection if not of active self-interest. Think what Tammany's resources are. They are the resources of the second city of the world. Think again what the Boss of Tammany may do with this illimitable power. He may ally himself with a Wall Street group in an attack on some corporation. He may threaten one of the city's transportation companies with hostile legislation and so beat down the price of its shares. There is not a single company that he cannot hurt or one that he cannot benefit. He has the unfettered control, whenever he cares to exercise it, of municipal concessions, of municipal

credit, of public franchises, of that incalculable hinterland of spoils that lies behind every sphere, however insignificant, of municipal activity. If he favors a particular firm, that firm's position is forthwith established. He may enter into a sleeping partnership with a real estate dealer, and all the enormous business that comes through the Courts will find its way to his establishment. He may be judiciously "let in on the ground floor" of a bank, or insurance company, or industrial concern, and that bank or company, or concern will henceforward monopolize the city's business. And what applies to the Boss applies in a slightly lesser degree to the "district leaders" and the other chiefs of the wigwam. All are worth cultivating, because all can so arrange matters that on every piece of work given out in the city's name, from the shoeing of horses in the police department to the building of a Twopenny Tube, there will be a handsome percentage for themselves, and an equally handsome profit for the contractor. There is thus gathered round Tammany an enormous number of beneficiaries from all classes whose interests are wrapped up in maintaining it in power. In the end, of course, the city has to pay for it, but the end is far off, and the burden of it, when it does come, is too widely distributed

to act in any way as a deterrent. Moreover, New Yorkers are not seriously scandalized by corruption. The unblushing robbery of Tweed's time was indeed too much for them, but the more polished methods of to-day, being for the most part rather suspected than actually visible, arouse almost as much amusement as indignation. There is, I believe, only one thing that is ever likely to stir New York to the point of ousting Tammany again, and that is the recurrence of such revelations as led to the revolt of 1901. It was then proved that a regular system was in operation, and under the protection of the police, by which young country girls were lured to New York, were ruined, and were placed in disorderly houses to swell the protective tribute. An iniquity so black as that even New York will never tolerate, but short of such extremes of infamy, I should not care to set any limit to the forbearance of the average voter. If only Tammany has the sense to parade an outward decency, if only it will consent to stand astounded at its moderation, if it will but steal "on the quiet," and blackmail without too scandalous a publicity, then there is no reason why its tenure of office should ever come to an end. It knew before that New York suited it; it now knows that it suits New York.

*The Fortnightly Review.*

*Sydney Brooks.*

#### PERSONALIA: POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND VARIOUS.

##### V. PERSONAGES AND RETROSPECTS.

There are, I suppose, adequate reasons for Lord Rowton's long delay in bringing out the Life of Lord Beaconsfield, but it would be interesting to know for how many more years they are likely to continue in force. In the

meantime, so much of a fragmentary character has been written about this extraordinary man, a good deal of it the reverse of complimentary, that the prolonged absence of an authoritative biography is becoming distinctly prejudicial to his reputation. The memoirs of the first John Murray do not

present Disraeli, as a young man, in a very creditable light; and certain letters of his and his wife's, published in the most recent volumes of the Peel correspondence, are far from edifying reading. But possibly there is much to be said in explanation with which the public is unfamiliar. I have always found it easier to understand his complex career by identifying it with three distinct Disraells: the *poseur* and fop; the political juggler; and finally the "high Imperialist" statesman, who only came into being as late as 1874. Until that date Disraeli's political *status* had been invariably of the hand-to-mouth order. When he found himself in office at all, it was only for the briefest tenure, and never accompanied by power. Accordingly, political greatness being his fixed object, in order to keep himself afloat till the tide should set his way, he was driven to adopt shifts and expedients to which otherwise he would never have resorted.

At the same time, it must be owned that whatever he may have felt, he displayed very little compunction in practising these derogatory methods, and it is not surprising that he should have earned the reputation not only with his opponents, but with his own party, of being deficient in scrupulousness. Becky Sharp once uttered a dictum to the effect that goodness would be easy to any one in the enjoyment of a good income, and no doubt Disraeli entertained the same sentiment in the matter of politics. Once provided with a handsome majority he found political propriety easily practicable. At all events, with his advent to real power in 1874 he immediately discarded his former shifty rôle, and thenceforth played without intermission the part of a high-principled and consistent statesman. It was in a measure, no doubt, owing to this auspicious change in his political conduct that Queen

Victoria became as much prepossessed in Disraeli's favor as a few years before she had been prejudiced against him. Whether, if the Prince Consort had survived, the Queen would so rapidly have overcome her antipathy is open to question, for the Prince's distrust and dislike of Disraeli were profound: still, the factors that weighed with the Queen would probably to some extent have influenced the Prince, at all events sufficiently to ensure an attitude of toleration. Of course Disraeli took care to strengthen his improved position with the Sovereign by neglecting no ingratiate means,—such, for instance, as adding to her existing titles that of Empress; but the Queen was far too sensible a woman to be solely influenced by such amenities, to which, compared with sterling principle, she attached little value.

Thus much by way of elucidating Disraeli's political character. What remains for me to say of him is purely in his social aspect. For my first fact concerning him I was indebted to an old gentleman who was a schoolfellow of Disraeli's at his only school, a private seminary in the north or east of London, and my informant's chief recollection of the future Premier was in connection with his lack of veracity, which he declared was painfully conspicuous. I rather gathered, however, that this was not so much culpable untruthfulness as an oriental proclivity for romancing and "embroidering," which to the ordinary British boy is far less venial than the common "bung"! But the veteran declined to discuss fine distinctions, contenting himself with the emphatic avowal that "Dizzy was the biggest liar in the school, and, indeed, that he had ever known!" Murray the publisher, already referred to, conceived himself to be the victim of serious misstatements, and on at least one public occasion, Disraeli certainly did not stick at a

trifle where a departure from veracity seemed likely to serve his purpose. This was at his election for Shrewsbury, when, by way of constructing some shred of local connection, he asserted, or at all events pointedly implied, that he had been educated at Shrewsbury School. His conduct, too, in the matter of his parliamentary panegyric on the Duke of Wellington was the reverse of creditable, the peroration being a word-for-word translation of some funeral address of Montalembert,—an unacknowledged appropriation which was particularly unfortunate on the part of a Cabinet Minister, and Leader of the House of Commons. But, with these two exceptions, I am not aware that Disraeli, in public at all events, ever justified his old schoolfellow's indictment, though straightforwardness could not certainly be called one of his strong points.

In the ordinary sense he was no lover of Society, but to the end, even in his second Premiership, with the accessories of an earldom and the Garter, he retained that marked veneration for rank and opulence which is more or less pronounced in all his novels. Possibly this was less the foible of a *parvenu* than a tribute to two all-important elements in the great political game. This trait, coupled with an Eastern proclivity for paying exaggerated compliments, gained him a reputation for servility which he was far from really deserving. Women, especially pretty ones, he thought fit to address in the most inflated style of flattery, of which a great and very beautiful lady once related to a friend of mine the following instance: On some occasion she happened to sit next to Lord Beaconsfield at dinner, and on raising her wine-glass to her lips was much disconcerted by the marked and deliberate manner in which he riveted his gaze on her lifted arm,—a feeling of embarrassment which developed

into one very much akin to disgust, when a sepulchral voice murmured in her ear, "Canova!" The compliment was, probably, of the type which he had found particularly welcome in the saloons of Lady Blessington, but to a beauty of fastidious refinement it is not surprising that such "floridity" was far from palatable.

With intellectual women he had, apparently, not much sympathy; in fact the feminine society he most affected was that of ladies more distinguished for rank than for talent. A dowager of this order who knew him well, and was discussing him with me after his death, gave a curious example of what she called his "funny sayings." It appears that he happened to mention in the course of an afternoon call that there were two possessions which every one owned as a matter of course, but which he had all his life dispensed with, and insisted that the old Countess should guess what they were. "I made," she said, "every kind of conjecture, but without success, and on my asking him to enlighten me, he solemnly answered that they were a watch and an umbrella! 'But how do manage,' I asked, 'if there happens to be no clock in the room and you want to know the time?' 'I ring for a servant,' was the magniloquent reply. 'Well,' I continued, 'and what about the umbrella? What do you do, for instance, if you are in the Park and are caught in a sudden shower?' 'I take refuge,' he replied, with a smile of excessive gallantry, 'under the umbrella of the first pretty woman I meet!'"

On one occasion this habit of exaggerated adulation led to so bold an attempt by the fair recipient to turn it to her advantage that he was driven to save the situation in a way that was very far from being appreciated. The charmer, a young lady of "advanced views," finding the great man

so exceedingly profuse in his attentions, thought it an excellent opportunity for making him a convert to her Utopian ideals, which were of the most daringly democratic order. After a long recitation of her *propaganda*, she wound up with a fervid appeal to the Prime Minister to immortalize himself by espousing her ingenious panacea for remedying the wrongs of humanity!

As she finished her impassioned harangue with flushed cheeks and a flashing eye, Disraeli, who had been silently watching her with apparently the profoundest sympathy and admiration, suddenly dropped his eyeglass and softly murmured, "Oh, you darling!" "If it had been at dinner," she afterwards declared, "and I had had a knife, I would have stabbed him!"

It is curious to note how completely Disraeli and Gladstone had reversed their original positions at the close of their respective political careers. In 1832 when Gladstone passed from the best set at Christ Church into the House of Commons, as the nominee of a Tory duke, Disraeli was little better than a needy literary adventurer, rubbing elbows with dingy journalists and tawdry dandies, and apparently as remote from the charmed circle to which Gladstone had gained easy admittance as he was from the North Pole! And so things continued for over forty years, Gladstone always the political good boy, petted and irreproachable, and Disraeli the scape-grace, shunned and suspected even when accepted on sufferance. But the whirligig of time brought about a strange revolution. From 1874 Gladstone began steadily to decline in the estimation of the classes who had theretofore set him on high, while Disraeli, the former pariah and suspect, gradually acquired over them an ascendancy and influence such as no English Minister had ever before enjoyed,—surely a superb consolation

for all the slights and indignities of his early years!

The mention of Mr. Gladstone's first entrance into Parliament reminds me of a very interesting conversation I once had with a political Nestor who had left Eton before Gladstone went there! I met him in the spring of 1886, when Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill was engrossing the attention of the country. I happened to be going up to town from some place in Sussex, and on the train stopping at Pulborough, a very old and ill-dressed individual, carrying a small, shabby-looking hand-bag, entered, or rather attempted to enter, the carriage. Perceiving that he had much difficulty in making the ascent from the platform I gave him a helping hand, an attention which he very courteously acknowledged, and then sank down exhausted in the corner opposite. A rapid survey suggested that he was either a broken-down country lawyer or land-agent, and I resumed my newspaper with a mental resolution not to encourage conversation. At the other end of the carriage two passengers were intently discussing the Home Rule Bill, a parley which seemed somewhat to irritate the old gentleman, for he quavered out to me in a weary tone, "I'm rather tired of this question; aren't you, sir?" On my giving a discouraging assent, drawing himself up and heightening his voice, he continued, "Yes! I have lived in rather different times!" "Indeed," I rejoined, still indifferently. "Yes," he proceeded, leaning forward and speaking with impressive deliberation; "I have sat in the House of Commons with Mr. Canning!" It was like a voice from the grave! In the House with Canning! That meant a leap back of sixty years, at least, into the Pre-Reform and Pre-Railroad days! Of a truth this was a fellow-traveller to be cultivated, and for the only time in my life I rejoiced

in the snail-like progress of an L. B., and S. C. Railway train! It turned out that my companion was a certain Welsh baronet, whose father had represented a Welsh county in the 'Twenties. Sir H. (as I will call him) had barely taken his degree in 1826 when his father insisted that he should stand for the borough of his county, which he practically controlled. Sir H. at that time had no wish to enter Parliament, but his father's will was law and he was duly returned. Lord Liverpool was then Prime Minister, and Mr. Canning Foreign Secretary, and Leader of the House of Commons. "Well," I said, "you must, of course, have heard Canning speak; what impression did he make on you?" "I had heard," replied Sir H., "great accounts of Canning's eloquence, which I thought was probably overrated, but when I heard him I altered my opinion. I have heard all the most famous Parliamentary speakers since, but none ever came near him. He was unique; his eloquence was like that one associates with the old Greek and Roman orators." I then asked him who in his opinion was the most eloquent House of Commons speaker after Canning. "I shall probably," he answered, "name a man you have never even heard of: Daniel Whittle Harvey, who entered the House after the Reform Bill in the Liberal interest. He was an attorney with a third-rate practice, and not too much character, but for sheer eloquence I never heard him surpassed except, of course, by Mr. Canning, and, as I have told you, I have heard all the greatest speakers of my day. Harvey," he continued, "did excellent service to Lord Melbourne's rickety Administration, for which he confidently expected to be rewarded with a fat place; but good thing after good thing fell to the disposal of the Government and he was persistently left out in the cold. The truth is, his

character was so shady that the Government dared not give him a place. At last a small office, an assistant commissionership of police, worth only a few hundreds a-year, became vacant, and even that was not offered to Harvey. This was the last straw: foaming with rage, he rushed to Downing Street, and insisted on seeing Lord Melbourne. 'My Lord,' he burst out, 'I have come to complain of the atrociously shabby way in which I have been treated by your Government. Here have I, night after night, been speaking in your support when all your other adherents have sat dumb, and though I don't want to boast, tided you over many an awkward moment; yet, though all sorts of good places have fallen vacant, not one has been offered me! And finally,' he added with a climax of indignation, 'a wretched little commissionership of police, hardly worth £500 a-year, becomes vacant, and you don't even offer me that! It is outrageous!' 'My dear Harvey,' replied Lord Melbourne with a propitiatory smile, 'I don't say that you haven't cause to complain, but with regard to that little police appointment you really do me an injustice. As a matter of fact, I had made up my mind to offer it to you, but on sounding the three other commissioners, I found that the damned fellows refused point-blank to sit with you!' Harvey troubled Melbourne very little after that, as you may suppose: however, he got some trifling post at last, I believe, though not without great difficulty.

Sir H. was very amusing about the Spartan experiences of his Eton days. "We had no greatcoats then, and no umbrellas. I have ridden up from Wales to London after the winter holidays in a thin jacket through the bitterest frost and snow, but it never did me any harm. Things," he continued, "are made far too easy and luxurious

at Eton nowadays. Why, last summer I and two friends, also old Etonians, went down one afternoon to see the cricket, and would you believe it, the only individuals in the playing-fields not seated on rugs were we three old fellows of over eighty!"

The latter part of the journey, though not a whit less interesting, became a trifle embarrassing: the two political chatteringers had got out, and were replaced by a couple of old spinster-like ladies equipped with serious literature and economical creature comforts. To my horror, in spite of their presence, the old Baronet embarked on the recitation of various epigrams, more piquant than respectable, of his early days! At first he spoke low, but warming to his subjects, he gradually raised his voice, and it was only by the train reaching Victoria that the old ladies were spared the shock of a couplet quite as flagrant as any of the immortal Captain Morris! I never saw my old fellow-traveller again. I heard, however, that when we met he had just got through the last of three fortunes, and was rusticating in some small country cottage in the heart of Sussex, apparently minding his adversity as little as he did the arduousness of his school days! So far as I could ascertain, he had sat in the House of Commons almost continuously from 1826 till 1868, losing his seat in the general election of that year, after which he finally relinquished parliamentary life.

Sir H. was the only Pre-Reform day M.P. I had an opportunity of conversing with, though I think Lord Henry Bentinck, who was officiating for the last time as Master of the Burton Hounds on my first day out hunting, must have certainly sat in the later 'Twenties. I remember him well, for he was strikingly handsome and patrician-looking, far more so than his more famous brother, Lord George,

whom he also excelled intellectually, having taken a First, if not a Double First Class at Oxford, a feat of which Lord George was certainly incapable. Lord Henry was a consummate whist-player, which naturally made him extremely impatient of less gifted partners. On one occasion he was invited to Lord Jersey's at Middleton to meet some of the best whist-players in the county. After the first game, Lord Henry turned round to his hostess, who was sitting near, and said, "This is a very pretty game, Lady Jersey; what do you call it?"

This Lady Jersey (the Lady St. Julians of Disraeli's novel) survived till 1868 or 1869, having occupied for some years the large house in Berkeley Square which has since been replaced by Lord Rosebery's not too slightly red-brick mansion. Her recollections must have been supremely interesting, for she was married the year before Trafalgar, and was one of the great ladies of the Regency often alluded to by Lord Byron. I knew a neighbor of hers who lived in a small adjoining house, on the Mount Street Side of Berkeley Square, and was much given to musical parties. At one of these, on a hot summer's afternoon which necessitated open windows, the strains of my hostess's classical music were suddenly intruded upon by those of a hurdy-gurdy stationed under Lady Jersey's balcony. After enduring it for some time, my hostess sent out a servant to direct the organ-grinder to move on, but he refused to stir, alleging that he had been hired by Lady Jersey to amuse some children whom she was entertaining at tea. After another ten minutes of interruption and torture, my hostess indited a polite note to Lady Jersey (whom she did not know) requesting that the organ might be sent away, as she had a musical party; but all the satisfaction she obtained was a message from Lady Jersey, through a footman, that when

"they stopped their fiddling she would stop her hurdy-gurdy"! the result being another hour's hideous discord, in which Chopin strove unsuccessfully to extinguish "Champagne Charley"!

But to return to Lord Henry Bentinck. He was, I believe, the originator of the famous retort to the Radical farmer which has been attributed to various other electioneers. Lord Henry, so I have always understood on the best authority, was canvassing North or South Nottinghamshire in the Tory interest, and in due course solicited a large farmer, whose politics were supposed to be somewhat undecided, for his vote and interest. "Vote for you, my lord," replied the farmer, who had, unknown to the candidate, a day or two before cast in his lot with the Radicals; "I would sooner vote for the Devil!" "But," replied Lord Henry suavely, "in the event of your friend not standing?" This anecdote reminds me of another to which his satanic majesty also contributed the salient point. In the course of a trial of an action for slander, the plaintiff was asked by the examining counsel what the defendant had said to him at a certain juncture. "He told me to go to the Devil," replied the witness. "Oh, he told you to go to the Devil, did he?" resumed the counsel; "and what did you do then?" "I went to Mr. Tompkins," replied the witness, naming a leading local practitioner.

Lord Henry Bentinck and hunting remind me of a curious sight which an old friend of mine once witnessed when out, I think, with the Belvoir Hounds. This was a horseman whose seat was only less remarkable than his attire, which suggested a compromise between the costume of a Fontainebleau sportsman and that of a circus equestrian. On closer inspection the eccentric Nimrod proved to be no other than Mr. Disraeli, who apparently had

joined the chase out of compliment to the Tory sportsmen of the district.

It is a curious fact that in this eminently sporting country we have had no Prime Minister who regularly rode to hounds since Lord Palmerston, and in the nineteenth century none before him except the Duke of Wellington, who, however, was decidedly Palmerston's inferior across country. Prior to the Duke of Wellington we have to go back as far as the "Junius" Duke of Grafton for a hunting Prime Minister, unless Lord Rockingham, who came very little later, can be placed in that category. Palmerston, again, was the only Prime Minister of the nineteenth century who was really devoted to shooting, though the Duke of Wellington always carried a gun in the shooting season as punctiliously as he followed the hounds. Mr. Fox was, I think, the last Minister before Lord Palmerston's day who thoroughly enjoyed shooting, and he, of course, was never actually Prime Minister though the leading spirit of the Cabinet. I recently saw a print of Fox in shooting costume, a most extraordinary figure with a chimney-pot hat of which the brim on one side drooped like the ear of a tame rabbit! But it would be dangerous to take the attire of Mr. Fox as representing that of the period, for except in his first youth, he was always a slovenly dresser. A lady of my acquaintance told me that a great-aunt of hers had been present, as a girl, at the trial of Warren Hastings, and when pressed by my friend to give her impression of the scene, after considerable hesitation, she vouchsafed that all she could distinctly remember was the extremely shabby pair of brown cotton gloves worn by Mr. Fox, the fingers of which were far too long for him! This is my only link with Mr. Fox; but I can boast one, though of a different kind, with Mr. Pitt, for a friend of mine at whose house I often

dine possesses his easy-chair, or, as it was called in those days, *chaise longue*, and she is also the owner of an even more interesting relic, namely, the sofa that belonged to the great Lord Chat-ham! On both these historic articles of furniture I have ventured to repose, though never without a feeling that I was guilty of sacrilege! Their pedigree is unimpeachable, for they were bought by my friend at the sale of the late Miss Perceval's effects a year or two ago. This Miss Perceval was the last surviving child of Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister, who was assassinated in 1812. On the death of Mr. Pitt in 1806, Lord Henry Petty, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, went into residence at Downing Street, and took over all Mr. Pitt's belongings there, which included the sofa and chair already mentioned. In 1807, on the Whig Ministry going out, and, of course, Lord Henry Petty with them, Mr. Perceval became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and took over the Downing Street furniture which still included the Pitt belongings. On Perceval's death the sofa and chair passed to his widow, from whom they eventually devolved to the daughter who recently died. Miss Perceval, who was over ninety at her death, could remember seeing George III. on the Terrace at Windsor. I was not acquainted with her, but I knew her niece, another Miss Perceval, very well, and she informed me not long ago that her mother, who was a Drummond, had sat on George III.'s knee on some occasion when the King rode over from old George Rose's at Lyndhurst to Mr. Drummond's place, Cadlands, on the Southampton Water. The child, who was then little more than a baby, instead of appreciating the honor, burst into a violent fit of crying, and was relegated in disgrace to the nursery. The good-natured King insisted, however, on her having another chance; but the little girl was

obdurate, and emphatically declined to re-enter the drawing-room till "the man in the leather breeches had gone"!

I have another association with Spencer Perceval in the person of an old gentleman, a relative of mine by marriage, with whom I dined in 1885 when he was past ninety. He had received his commission in the army as far back as 1811, and was spending his leave at Ealing in the following year, when the news reached the village, where Perceval had a country house, that the Prime Minister had been assassinated. My old friend told me that when he joined the army in 1811 pig-tails were still worn, though they were shortly afterwards discontinued. His first station was in one of the Channel Islands,—I think Alderney,—and his orders were to keep a look out for the French, with whom we were then, of course, actively at war, and in case of danger, to give the alarm by ordering the island beacons to be lit. After the boy, for he was only sixteen, had been there a few days, the sergeant of the depot, a man who had been on duty in the island for a considerable time, rushed in with the news "that the French were on them!" The young ensign felt very uncomfortable, as he knew that if he gave a false alarm the consequences to him might be very unpleasant, if not serious. The sergeant, however, was confident that the intelligence he had given was correct, and consequently, with no little trepidation, the ensign ordered the lighting of the beacons. But his misgivings were only too well-founded: the alarm proved to be a false one, and he was very severely reprimanded. He told me that the most miserable moment in his life was when he missed the chance of being present at the battle of Waterloo. A detachment of his regiment, then at Colchester, was ordered to join the Duke of Wellington's army, with, of course, only a proportionate

number of subalterns, and so keen were they all to go, that after mess they began to quarrel as to who should have the preference. "The colonel, however," said my old friend, "came up, and patting us paternally on the head, settled the matter by saying, 'Come, my lads, there's no need to quarrel about it, you can't all go, and the only way to settle it is to draw lots,' which we did, and I, to my eternal chagrin, was one of those who drew a blank!" He well remembered an inspection of the regiment by the Duke of York, who good-natur'dly patted him on the head, and promised to make a captain of him; "but," continued the old Major (for that was the highest grade he ever attained), "like many royal promises of that day, it was never fulfilled."

Although my old friend had not been at Waterloo, I knew one artillery officer who had been present; and as a child I sat in the adjoining pew at church to an old general, Sir Henry Murray, who had led the 18th Light Dragoons in the cavalry charge at the battle. I was asked too, some quarter of a century ago, to meet Lord William Lennox, who had been on the Duke's staff, though I was unable to accept the invitation; but by way of compensation, I have sat opposite at lunch to Lady Louisa Tighe, who was actually present at the famous ball, and fastened on the Duke's sword before he left for the field. A very curious incident is connected with Lady Louisa and that particular luncheon. She was accompanied by her husband, Colonel Tighe of Woodstock, Kilkenny, a distinguished-looking old gentleman, who, I particularly noticed, was wearing a rather Bohemian-looking velvet coat and a peculiar light-blue bird's-eye neckcloth, every one else being in strict London costume. I never saw either Lady Louisa or Colonel Tighe again, but many years afterwards I was

asked to meet a lady who was said to have had various psychical experiences concerning which I was anxious to hear. After a tantalizing account of a haunted room, in which she heard but refused to look upon the notorious Jack Wilkes, she proceeded to tell me her latest experience, which she said had occurred during a visit to some friend (a lady) in Ireland by whom she was taken to call at a neighboring "great house" which belonged to a widow lady, whose name she did not give. On entering the house they were conducted by the servant through a suite of rooms on the ground-floor, in the first of which my informant noticed an old gentleman reading a newspaper. He took no notice of them, and they passed on to a drawing-room at the other end, where they paid their call on the old lady, and in due course took their departure. As they passed through the first room again, my informant looked for the old gentleman, but he was gone. When they reached the drive my informant asked her friend who the old gentleman was who had been reading in the first room as they entered. "What old gentleman?" said her friend; "I saw none." "Oh, but there was certainly an old gentleman there," rejoined my informant; "I distinctly saw him reading a newspaper." "What was he like?" inquired her friend, thoroughly mystified. "Well," said my informant, "he was dressed rather peculiarly, for he was wearing a black velveteen coat and a very bright blue neckcloth with white spots—" "Was that," I suddenly interrupted, "by any chance a Colonel Tighe?" "What made you ask?" said my informant. I then explained how I had once, very many years ago, seen Colonel Tighe in that very attire. "Well," said my informant, "it was not Colonel Tighe, for he had died the year before, but it was his apparition; for my friend, on hearing my descrip-

tion, immediately recognized it as the Colonel, who before his death had promised Lady Louisa that, if possible, he would revisit her!" Lady Louisa died, a centenarian, only a couple of years ago.

Another interesting military veteran of my acquaintance was an old ex-Grenadier Guardsman of the rank and file, who long before I knew him had found his way back to his old hamlet and exchanged his uniform for the now, alas! rapidly disappearing smock-frock. He was a strikingly handsome and intelligent old fellow who had begun life as a "parish boy," in which capacity he was "bld for" by the neighboring farmers, as a so-called "'prentice," but virtually as a servitor, a position which he relinquished as soon as his time expired in order to join the colors. He told me that he had formed one of the guard of honor on the accession of William IV., who was apparently never tired of inspecting the Guards when stationed at Windsor, greatly to the discomfiture of the commanding officers. One incident which he related supplied an emphatic corroboration of the character of William IV. gained from Charles Greville and others for undignified buffoonery. It appears that the King had insisted on joining the Duke of Wellington on some occasion when the latter was making an official inspection, an honor which the Duke was evidently far from appreciating. One or two places from my old friend was a private with a nose very much resembling the Duke's in shape, which so tickled his Majesty that, falling behind the Duke, he proceeded with a wink to stroke his own nose and to point first at the private's and then at the Duke's, all the while smothering a guffaw! Not content with this undignified exhibition, after asking the name of the adjoining private, and learning that it was William King, he exclaimed with a

chuckle, "Ah, then, there's not much difference between us, eh, my man? You're William King, and I'm King William! Ha! ha! ha!" No wonder that the Duke looked "mighty sour," as the old fellow expressed it.

Like many others, especially Harrovians, I have always been deeply interested in everything connected with Lord Byron. My first association with him dates from my childhood, when one day, as I was walking with my father along Bond Street, at the Grafton Street crossing, a slight-looking, rather decrepit old gentleman slowly passed us in the direction of Piccadilly. "Did you see that old gentleman?" said my father. "That was Lord Broughton, the great friend of Lord Byron." There was very little of the democratic Hobhouse about him in those days. As is usually the case with youthful apostles of Liberty, office had cured him, and committing to oblivion his early political escapades, and their climax in Newgate, he had manoeuvred his way into the Painted Chamber under the imposing title of Lord Broughton de Gifford! How Byron would have laughed and sneered at his old crony's *volte face!*

My next link with Lord Byron was at Harrow, where in the early "'Sixties" there still survived a funny little old vendor of cheap stationery, named Polly Arnold, who as a girl remembered Byron in his Harrow days, though she could give no distinct impression of him. A little later on I met an old gentleman who had been at Harrow with him, and who remembered meeting him some years afterwards at Brighton, when Byron, then on the verge of his matrimonial troubles, congratulated him in somewhat equivocal terms on his recent marriage!

So far as I have been able to gather, Byron at Harrow was very much what he was in after-life, a creature of moods and whims and impulses; one

day overbearing and tyrannical, the next almost quixotically good-natured and chivalrous. The actual cause of his separation from Lady Byron is still a secret, but I suspect that the revelation, if it is ever made, will be of a comparatively hum-drum character. Considering the essentially matter-of-fact temperament of Lady Byron, and the fact that Byron was unquestionably "un farfaron des vices qu'il n'avait pas,"—one who in certain moods would, out of mere bravado and a saturnine delight in shocking commonplace decorum, boast of achievements and practices of which he was really quite guiltless,—the cause, after all, is not very far to seek. His highly-seasoned fabrications were probably accepted by the serious and unimaginative Lady Byron as literal confessions of fact, and when reported by her to the no less serious and unimaginative Dr. Lushington, were, no doubt, treated by him in the same spirit, the result being the solemn legal opinion that Byron was a monster of iniquity, with a touch of madness thrown in, from whom she must at once irrevocably decide to separate. As a matter of fact, Byron was no worse, and in many instances a good deal better, than several of the noblemen of that day; but his genius, his eccentricity, his emotional, paradoxical temperament, all tended to place him, so to speak, under the public magnifying glass, an ordeal to which disreeter and more commonplace offenders were never subjected.

I have lately heard from one who knew a good deal "behind the scenes" in connection with Lord Byron, that at the time of his death certain of his intimate friends strongly suspected that he had expedited his end. Certainly I know, from a statement of his own in an unpublished letter, that a year or two before he had not only contemplated but actually made his preparations for suicide, and the disappointing

turn which events in Greece were rapidly taking lend some color to the suspicion above alluded to. He had staked all on this final throw of the Greek campaign, and the likelihood of its proving a fiasco would be quite strong enough an inducement for him to precipitate "the shuffling off of a mortal coil" which had, on the whole, brought him little more than vanity and vexation of spirit.

Before leaving the subject of Lord Byron, I cannot refrain from saying a word relative to the famous (and infamous) charge made against him by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, which, like all such charges, however ill-founded, has been in many quarters only too implicitly credited. If Lady Byron, as stated by Mrs. Stowe, separated from Byron on account of his relations with Mrs. Leigh, how was it that for nearly fifteen years after the separation Lady Byron remained on the most affectionate terms with that lady? The objection is insuperable, and absolutely fatal to Mrs. Stowe's case. There were, doubtless, serious rumors afloat concerning Byron and Mrs. Leigh—indeed I am aware that they were credited by certain well-known personages of that day; but it is probable that they originated from the fact of Byron having written "Manfred," though, if he had been guilty of the conduct alleged against him, it is extremely unlikely that he would have allowed the publication of the poem. If Lady Byron did confide this highly improbable story to Mrs. Stowe, it could not, for the reason already stated, have been connected in any way with the separation, and was probably merely related by Lady Byron as having come to her ears long afterwards, though Mrs. Stowe, with characteristic recklessness, subsequently placed it in a wholly different aspect. If Lord Byron sinned much, he assuredly suffered in proportion, and it is monstrous that his mem-

ory should be blackened with a charge wholly unsupported by anything worthy the name of evidence, which in a court of law would have earned for the accuser the most unsparing condemnation.

From Byron to Shelley is a natural transition, though my "links" with Shelley are comparatively few. I had, however, the good fortune to be slightly acquainted with the late Sir Percy Shelley, his only son, to whose house on the Chelsea Embankment I remember paying what, for me, was a memorable visit. I was accompanying my mother, whose call was really on Lady Shelley, a gifted woman, greatly wrapped up in all that appertained to her illustrious father-in-law, and I had not expected to see Sir Percy, who was not in the room when I arrived. As we were talking with Lady Shelley about the new Life of the poet on which Mr. Dowden was then engaged, the door opened, and there entered a little red-faced man with red "ferrety" eyes, and altogether a rather insignificant appearance. He was poising in his hand a small parcel, which he extended towards Lady Shelley, exclaiming rather irritably, "You told me this was twopence, but I find it's overweight." Lady Shelley, however, diverted him from his postal grievance by introducing us, a ceremony which he seemed far from disposed to follow up by conversation. However, by way of breaking the ice, I fortunately be-thought myself that I had only a week or two before driven past "Field Place," near Horsham, where his father, the poet, was born. I accordingly mentioned the fact, expressing my deep interest in seeing it. "Ah yes," responded Sir Percy, still resentfully poising the offending parcel, "it's not a bad place, but the worst of it is, I can't let it!" This was a "douche" with a vengeance from the poet's own offspring, and I immediately conclud-

ed, and I think rightly, that Sir Percy had harked back to Sir Timothy with possibly just a *suspicion* of old Sir Bysshe, and come into the world minus a grain of intellectual affinity with his marvellous father, and, for that matter, with his only less marvellous mother. Shortly after this episode we made a pilgrimage to the Shelley room to see the relics, Sir Percy following slightly in the rear, but punctiliously and almost reverentially joining in the inspection. Lady Shelley afterwards explained that Sir Percy never failed to accompany visitors in their inspection of the relics, though he had, of course, seen them hundreds of times, and that his affection and veneration for his mother were such that he seldom spoke of her without tears in his eyes. He had therefore, at any rate, the deepest affinity of all—that of the heart. Subsequently I went more than once to Sir Percy's charming theatre in Tite Street, for which he always painted the scenery, and with fair success, though his acting was not above that of the average amateur. His ownership of this theatre, and indeed his occupation of Shelley House, were abruptly terminated owing to an untoward incident for which the spitefulness of the late Mr. Slingsby Bethell was responsible. Slingsby Bethell, who was a neighbor and an acquaintance of the Shelleys, had been invited to take part in various representations which Sir Percy had organized in his theatre from time to time, but when arranging for an important charity performance at which the Prince and Princess of Wales were to be present, for some reason or other he was not asked to join. This incensed him so bitterly that, finding out that by some oversight Sir Percy had not taken out a licence for the performance, in respect of which admission-money was to be payable, he with incredible meanness gave information of the omission to the authori-

ties, who issued summonses at the Westminster Police Court against Sir Percy Shelley as proprietor, Mr. Hamilton Aldé as author of the play to be performed, and Mr. Horace Wigan as stage-manager. It had been Bethell's intention to stop the performance altogether, but having regard to the fact that it was in aid of charity, and that the Prince and Princess of Wales were to attend, the magistrate consented to postpone the hearing of the summonses till after the performance. Bethell was thus for the moment frustrated; but his malignity was eventually gratified, for on the hearing of the summonses, all three defendants were convicted and fined, an event which, together with the attendant circumstances, so disgusted Sir Percy that shortly afterwards he gave up his residence, and with it the theatre.

Only inferior in interest to the *Byron Letters* are the recently published editions of Charles Lamb's Works and Correspondence, which, however, exhaustive as they are, do not contain one delicious saying of Lamb's that is, I believe, very little known. Among the lesser luminaries of the Northern Circuit, when Pollock and Brougham were the bright particular stars, was Samuel Warren, afterwards famous as the author of "Ten Thousand a-Year," in which, by the way, he gives a "dry-point" portrait of Brougham, under the name, I think, of Counsellor Quicksilver. One of Warren's friends on circuit was a barrister who afterwards took Orders, and became the most popular preacher at a Midland watering-place. Though no longer connected with the Bar, this gentleman still maintained his friendship with Warren, who used occasionally to visit him and dilate with pardonable pride on the grandees to whose tables his fame as an author had gained him admission, and on the celebrities he used to meet there. On one of these occa-

sions his host asked Warren whether he had ever chanced to come across Charles Lamb, to which Warren replied that he had once met him at breakfast at Lord Lyndhurst's. "Did he say anything good?" inquired the host. "Not that I remember," answered Warren. "Very odd," rejoined the host. "Surely he must have said something worth recalling?" "Well," responded Warren after a pause, "now I come to think of it, he did say something, though I don't know that it's worth repeating." "Never mind," was the answer, "let us hear what it was." "Well," resumed Warren, "I had been telling some story in French, it was a really good story, but somehow it didn't come off, probably because the French wasn't quite up to the mark, so when nobody laughed, by way of getting over the failure, turning to Lamb, who was sitting next me, I added carelessly, "Not that I know much French—for a gentleman!" "Ah," expectantly exclaimed the host, prepared for a treat, "and what happened then?" "Well," answered Warren, "there's very little in it, but when I said that I didn't know much French for a gentleman, Lamb, who hadn't uttered a word the whole of breakfast, suddenly stuttered out 'Nor—nor—I—I—for a—a—b—b—blackg—uard!'"

My closing remarks shall be devoted to what may be described as the transfiguration of London during the last half century. London, as I first remember it, was as inferior in many ways to its modern representative as the latter still is to Paris and Vienna. It was probably at that time the dullest and dingiest metropolis in the world, though even now in the matter of lighting it is far behind even some of our great provincial towns. My earliest acquaintance with its street life dates from an eventful day when I was taken by my nurse to see the Duke of Wellington lying in state, of which spec-

tacle I can only remember, and that dimly, the great black velvet pall and the colossal tapers. But shortly afterwards my eldest sister and I were taken for an almost daily walk in the principal West End thoroughfares, the characteristics of which I can well recollect. The first thing that struck and not unnaturally terrified me was the utter chaos of the crossings. There was no regularly told-off policeman to regulate the traffic and protect the timid and inexperienced pedestrian in those days, and the process of reaching the opposite side of Regent Street was unpleasantly like a panic-stricken stampede! If a policeman did intervent it was only by accident, and "merely to oblige," the force being then at the height of its renown for that "conspicuity of absence" with which it has always been more or less identified, though of late years with much less foundation. The policeman of that day was in appearance a fearful and wonderful being. His head-gear was a "chimney-pot" hat of sham beaver, decorated with strips of very shiny leather; while instead of a tunic he wore a swallow-tail garment cut like a dress-coat, set off in the summer by white-duck "continuations." Facially, he was either clean-shaven or decorated with mutton-chop whiskers, and his aspect when mounted, and at exercise, flashing a sword, was singularly comic and incongruous.

The "growlers" were also of a decidedly archaic type, externally minus springs, and internally liberally strewn with dirty and trampled straw, which emitted a faint sickly odor that had often a peculiarly nauseating effect. On all the panels were emblazoned in the boldest style and the crudest coloring the Royal Arms; while the "jarvies" themselves were for the most part bottle-nosed ruffians, who regarded any remuneration short of a double fare as an insult, and became positive-

ly murderous in looks as well as in language if tendered the then legal minimum of sixpence! The omnibuses were also of a very inferior description, carpeted like the "growlers," with malodorous straw and fitted with greasy cushions that boasted their own particular "bouquet." There were, I think, very few omnibus fares under sixpence, and the vehicles were, as a rule, wretchedly under-horsed.

As regards the streets, many were even then laid with paving stones, and the jolting and clatter of the vehicular traffic were appalling. I don't suppose that in those days there was a single india-rubber tyre in London, and, of course, neither asphalt nor wood pavement, so that the din was far more distracting than at present, even allowing for the enormous increase of traffic.

Perhaps the greatest change that has taken place in London since those days, or indeed a much later period, is in the matter of hotels and restaurants. Down to the early "'Sixties" there was no really large hotel in the whole of the West End of London, the "Clarendon" in Bond Street, which has now disappeared, and "Thomas's" in Berkeley Square being about the most capacious, though Claridge's in Brook Street was then, as now, perhaps the most select, being nearly always chosen as the resting place of foreign royalties. As regards West End restaurants, I think Verry's in Regent Street was then the only one of the first class, and that was seldom frequented except by foreigners unless it might be for luncheon by ladies up for the day from the country or the distant suburbs. Luncheon, dinner, and supper parties at a restaurant were then unheard-of entertainments among the upper and upper-middle classes, who would have, regarded anything of the kind as shockingly Bohemian, if not something worse.

The theatres, again, even over the whole of London area, were few and far between,—down to 1860, Drury Lane, the Lyceum, the Olympic, the Haymarket, the St. James's (when open), the Adelphi, the Princess's and the Strand, eight in all, being the only ones of any vogue; whereas nowadays the number of theatres is positively bewildering. The opera, however, was a far more splendid affair than at present, "Her Majesty's" attracting audiences little less brilliant than Covent Garden; but of course that was the epoch of transcendently fine singers, all of whom made London their headquarters for the whole of the season.

The Park has vastly improved in appearance since the early "'Sixties," when I think there was not a single flower to be seen the whole year round between the Marble Arch and Hyde Park corner! But in other respects it has not altered for the better. The earlier morning ride may be more sensible in the summer months, but it is far less brilliant than its predecessor, which extended from 12 to 1; while the discontinuance of the evening ride (5 to 7.30), with its wonderful medley of prominent statesmen, prelates, ambassadors, and dandies, set off by some of the most beautiful women that have ever graced the country, is little short of a calamity. That, too, was still the day of full-dress riding costume—tall hats, single-breasted cut-away coats, and, mostly, tight-fitting dark blue "strapped" trousers, finished off by superlatively polished black boots; while any lady equestrian who had ventured to discard the natty little tall hat for a "billycock," and the perfectly close-fitting habit for a "sack" coat, would have been regarded as the acme of "bad form."

I shall doubtless be accounted a mere "laudator temporis acti" when I adventure the opinion that in London, at all events, there was far more beau-

ty among women and far more distinction of appearance (to say nothing of good looks) among men than are to be met with in the present day. Every woman in those days, so far from being, as now, a slavish imitator, seemed to have a distinctive charm and *cachet* of her own; and, above all, it had happily not become *de rigueur* to torture a naturally sweet and gentle voice into the shrill "tinny" sort of "clack" which nowadays renders the Row only a degree less distracting than the Zoological Gardens parrot-house! The Lawns, now crammed on Sundays like the Epsom Downs on a Derby day, were then entirely unfrequented, the fashionable parade on Sundays till the early "'Seventies" being the Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens, from 4 to 7. So far as I recollect, the Park was virtually deserted by Society on Sundays, who repaired to the "Botanical" and the "Zoo" (by ticket) when preferring a more exclusive resort than the Gardens.

In the matter of Society, strictly so-called, the present indiscriminate jumble of patricians and plutocrats was almost unknown, at all events before the later "'Seventies.'" The "Haute Juiverie" were still in a sense beyond the pale, and the bare idea of one of them being honored with an English peerage would forty years ago have caused little short of a revolution among the *vieille noblesse*. These democratic changes may be salutary, but they have certainly not added to the prestige of the Painted Chamber, which bids fair before very long to become a Chamber of Commerce, and that not of the highest order!

These desultory pages must now be brought to a close. It is perhaps audacious in one whose span of life falls short of sixty years to place his recollections and experiences before the public, but it is not always old age

that proves the most interesting recorder. In the course of little more than half a century of a by no means eventful life I have chanced to come into contact with persons and events of some importance and interest, and I question whether many of the same age can claim, as I can, to have known a man who had talked to a survivor of the Jacobite campaign of 1745, to have spoken to another who had witnessed Nelson's funeral, to have dined opposite a third who had been in the Copenhagen expedition of 1807, and to

have met at luncheon a lady who was present at the famous Brussels ball that preceded the battle of Waterloo. At the same time I am well aware that for the small and privileged class who, so to speak, were born and bred behind the scenes, "jottings" of this description can have little interest. To such, however, they are not addressed, but rather to the less initiated yet intelligent majority, who may possibly derive from them, if not instruction, at least some trifling entertainment.

*Sigma.*

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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### TAURUS INTERVENES.

Hookby, the County Court Bailiff, came to the village eagerly that July morning. He was after Nick Peel, commonly called, by fine irony, "The Novice," and should he lay hands on that well-known local character the county gaol would probably have one more inmate by night. For Hookby had a warrant for the arrest of Nicholas Peel, laborer.

As usual with Peel it was a claim for debt, pushed unusually. But county court orders that hardened sinner scoffed at, and an execution always found the hut of a cottage where he spent his few indoor hours with nothing in it worth the seizure. So this irate creditor had decided on Peel's person. And Hookby, besides having a natural or acquired delight in his profession, took a very special interest in Peel. Of late Peel had given him much trouble in serving his summonses, and had received them at last with galling and sarcastic truths relative to Hookby. So Hookby, who was a short, stocky man, with a red blob of a nose stuck in the middle

of a very freckled face that had a bristly border of flaming whisker round it, and who generally wore a scarlet kerchief encircling his bull neck and carried a short crook-ended stick in his fist, took a pair of handcuffs and one companion, and came willingly. The companion was a pale, spectacled fellow who looked on the affair as a joke at first.

But Peel proved more elusive than the eels he caught in June, or the hares he snared in October. As soon as Hookby and his helper reached one end of the village they heard of Peel at the other. And the village may have a mere hundred houses but it embraces several thousand acres.

The two myrmidons, as a matter of form, had come straight from the station to Peel's cottage. This they found unlocked; one dirty cup and saucer and one ditto plate on the deal table, an old bait-can which had been used as saucepan on the hob, black ashes in the grate, a cast net looped up to dry from door to door, a red cage with a fine linnet in it over the win-

dow, and a hutch containing two ferrets in the corner. But no Nicholas Peel.

Enoch Tabb, who was just hobbling back to the farm in a sleeved waist-coat and with a hedgehook over his shoulder, said Peel had gone up to Cotter's Wood. Cotter's Wood was a mile away, but after exploring the Goose and the Dun Cow, Hookby and his companion trudged thither. Beside the wood they met John Arley, who assured them they had come quite wrong. They would find the Novice at the Spotted Dog, right down below, quite the other end of the parish. For verily the Novice had drawn a shilling unexpectedly that morning, and the Spotted Dog was the house he at present used.

At the Spotted Dog no one had seen Peel. But the landlord believed he had gone over to Elby, a village some mile and a half further on, and where the feast was held that day. He wouldn't be certain, but if you asked him that was his opinion. Elby Feast; that was where the Novice was.

Just then in came Peter Sall, who said he had seen the Novice along Bell's Footpath an hour before. Bell's Footpath lay quite another way, and if Peel were there he assuredly had not gone to Elby. When Sall had spoken, George Brinn, who sat in the corner smoking, and who always knew different, declared that the Novice had gone with Jacob Free down to the allotments to help dig his potatoes. He was sure, because he had heard them talking of it overnight, and Jacob had got the empties. Then Peter, who was just as contrary, told George he ought to know better, that the Novice never had done any work and never would. Nothing but trap, and snare, and poach everything that ran, or swam, or flew.

"So many as give a dog a bad name," said the landlord reproachfully, when

Peter had drunk his beer and flung off. "Now Novice ain't lazy, 'e's only good-natured. People ask 'im to buy things, an' 'e does it for the good of trade. Then when 'e don't get imposed on, 'e suffers some other way," lamented the landlord, and all the company looked at Hookby and his companion as though they were headsmen in the Middle Ages.

The two left, and met the children swarming out of school. One of the boys called "Ginger" after Hookby, and Hookby, his patience long since exhausted, chased him and cuffed him. Thereupon a mob of juveniles followed them hooting. The chastised youngster had run on ahead, crying, and presently his mother, bare-armed and red-faced, squared up to Hookby.

In the middle of the altercation ensuing Peel was seen quietly leaving the Goose, fifty yards down the street, Hookby evaded the irate matron and hurried, followed by his companion and a roar of jeers. Peel did not hurry, so Hookby, keeping him in sight, slowed down.

Peel kept straight past the Dun Cow and rounded the church leisurely. He was a loose-limbed, high-shouldered fellow, with a pitted, hard-boned face, and a black dab of a moustache over a mouth that turned down mournfully at the corners. He wore a flapping coat that looked all pockets, and dingy brown leggings laced with string, and his gait was sprawling and shambling. He turned down a grassy lane, then, presently, climbed a meadow gate and strolled across the turf.

When Hookby and his companion came to the gate they found it locked. As Hookby mounted a voice said, "I say!"

It was Enoch Tabb, over the other hedge.

"Well," said Hookby.

"You see that bull?" said Enoch,

pointing with his hedgehook. In the meadow was a white bull with large horns, and a ring in its nose on which the sun glinted. "If you go over there 'e'll be on yer," said Enoch further. "You see the gate's locked."

Hookby paused astride. The bull was looking his way interestedly. Peel dawdled a chain-measure distant, his thumbs in his waistcoat as though the meadow were his and all in it.

"Hi! hi!" shouted Hookby.

"Mornin'," answered Peel, turning and pausing.

"Come this way! I've got something for you!"

"Keep it for yourself," said Peel. "I'll make you a present of it."

"In the name of the law!" called Hookby, flourishing a blue paper.

"You bring it, then, you're paid for it. I shall 'ave to report you at 'ead-quarters for laziness and failure of dooty."

Enoch grinned and Hookby swore. "I don't believe the bull's vicious," he said, getting down on the meadow side of the gate.

"Don't say you ain't bin fair warned," said Enoch. "'E knows the Novice: every crittur on 'arth knows 'im."

"You told me one lie before," said Hookby, hesitating.

"Let your mate try," counselled Enoch. "'E's younger, an' 'e's lesser in the waist an' longer in the leg. An' 'e ain't so 'igh-colored."

("I knowed 'Ookby was mighty touchy about 'is build an' 'is complexion," Enoch related afterwards. "'E grunted an' looked at 'is mate, who looked at 'is watch and said 'e should 'ave to 'urry off to catch the next train back to Dunston. Then 'Ookby called 'im names, an' marched off across the field.")

The bull came to meet Hookby, who stopped twenty yards away, doubtfully. The bull stopped too, and sniffed, and

shook his head. Presently he began to paw the turf with his fore feet.

"Come back! come back!" Enoch called from the lane. "Come back!—stiddy!"

Hookby retired with his face to the foe. The bull just followed him, nearly to the gate.

"Good thing you didn't run," said Enoch. "'E'd 'a' bin on yer in a jiffey. I don't want to go as a witness to a Crowner's Quest."

"I'll 'ave 'im," vowed Hookby between his teeth, "if I stop 'ere for a month!"

Peel sauntered. He picked buttercups and stuck them in his coat. He walked along the fence which divided some cottage gardens from the meadow, and looked over at the potatoes. He joked with a woman or two gathering fruit. He walked round the pond, which lay some twenty yards from the fence, and pelted a rat. He surveyed the sky and studied the wind. He cocked his arms at flying pigeons as though he were aiming with a gun. At length he walked towards the far side of the meadow, and Enoch said confidently, "'E means slippin' out through Timmins's."

"You go round," said Hookby to his companion. But the other demurred, and Hookby went round along the next field alone. Then Peel came back, and Hookby came back too, fuming. "Where on earth that blessed bobby of yours is," he said, "I can't think!"

"Elby Feast," answered Enoch. "Besides, there's a big 'ouse there, with a free-anded squire an' a good-lookin' cook."

Peel walked again through to the other side of the meadow and fairly vanished through the hedge. Hookby hastened round as before, his companion with him. Then, when the two had made the circuit, Peel rethreaded the hedge and appeared again in the meadow with his guardian bull. When

Hookby got back to the lane he was mopping his face. "I'll get 'im extra for this," he said viciously.

"It is 'ot," said Enoch. "There's Novice makin' for to sit in the shade. 'Bout dinner time I think." Enoch had bread and pork under his thumb.

"Go to the nearest pub and fetch something," said Hookby to his companion. "I'm starving."

The other went readily, but he did not return. (He had just time to catch a train back to Dunston. Afterwards he declared he had sent Hookby bread and cheese and beer by a boy, but Hookby never received it.) When Hookby realized that his companion had deserted him he raged like a madman. He stamped up and down the lane, and shook his stick, and vowed things. "Don't wear yourself, Mr. 'Ookby," Enoch advised him, "don't *wear* yourself. Now, look at the Novice."

The Novice apparently went prepared. He sat down under one of the trees, and pulled out a flat bottle and parcel wrapped in paper. He spread the paper on his legs like a table-cloth, drank at his bottle, and fell to using a pocket-knife vigorously. "You can almost 'ear 'im smack 'is lips," said Enoch to Hookby interestedly. Then Enoch heard Hookby swear.

The afternoon wore away. Nick Peel lay down in the shade and went to sleep. Not far off him the bull also lay down, between him and the lane. Hookby sat on the gate and chewed grass, and resolved audibly what he would do with Peel when he got him, and what he would tell that errant companion of his. Every now and then Enoch Tabb looked over the hedge and inquired brightly, "Well, and 'ow are we getting on?"

News spread, and after six o'clock men came into the lane to smoke their pipes and await developments. The fence which divided gardens and mead-

ow was fringed with heads. From lane to palings jokes and inquiries were shouted, back and forward. Hookby, who had procured something to eat and drink by means of an extra shilling bribe to a boy messenger, and who had felt temporarily better, went purple under the pricking.

"Whose bull is it?" he snapped for the fiftieth time. "I'll 'ave the owner up for keepin' a dangerous animal. An' who knows it? Somebody can manage it besides 'im!"

He took a sovereign from his pocket and offered it to any that should fetch the bull out—or the Novice. He held it up between finger and thumb and turned slowly round with it. "Anybody?" he said. "Either the bull or the man?"

"Money first," said Peter Sall.

"No; work first," said Hookby. "There's witnesses."

Peter took off his coat and got on the gate. (A little man, Peter, but plucky.) Before he got down on the other side a woman's voice came sharp across from the gardens: "Peter! Peter Sall! I'm a-lookin' at yer. You keep your fingers out of 'ot pies! You set foot in that medder if you *dare!*"

Peter glanced at the sovereign, hesitated, and got back in the lane. "I ain't frit o' the bull," he said, rubbing his head, "nor yet o' the Novice, but the old woman to finish with—!"

And Peter put on his coat definitely as the female voice shrilled anew: "You do your own dirty work, Mr. Ginger-wl'-the-stick! Don't you come 'ere temptin' poor silly men to make widders o' their wives! You see this?"

A long broom was flourished over the fence vigorously. Hookby put his finger to his nose and held up the sovereign anew.

"Why," said Enoch Tabb, "if you showed the Novice 'alf that 'e'd come of 'issel. A county court summons is nought to 'im. I've 'ear 'im say

'e's 'ad enough to paper a drawin'-room."

"County court!" echoed Hookby. "Do you think I'd stop 'ere for *that*? It's 'is arrest; an' if 'e resists I should call on you all to aid an' assist."

"I shou'n't wonder," said Enoch, turning to the group thoughtfully, "but what Novice 'as told that crittur. *That* accounts. Don't you go a-nigh 'im, Mr. 'Ookby; Novice is 'is pertickler friend. You *might* call; we're all family men; and that bull would charge a full regiment o' Prooshians, 'e would. I warn yer now, serious. Go back 'ome and say your thankful prayers."

Hookby's lips moved then and there. He was glaring across the meadow. The bull grazed; the Novice smoked his pipe. High overhead the crows flew homeward. The summer day-wind had fallen; from cottage chimneys white smoke curled up slowly to the blue. The setting sun reddened tiled roofs, and longer shadows stretched from the trees. "The best time o' the day," said Enoch Tabb, leaning contentedly against the gate post. "Ah! Novice is tappin' another 'alf-ounce o' bacca, an' the bull's goin' to the pond for a drink. Won-derful cool that bull looks! white's such a—*What!* goin' over, Mr 'Ookby? goin' over! Then what-ever was the use o' waitin' all this while?"

Hookby had mounted the gate. His lips were set, his eyes glittered, he breathed hard. Next minute he was crossing the meadow while an intent group jostled at the gate, and a buzz of expectation rose from the garden fence. Peel knocked the pipe out on his hand and put it in his pocket.

Hookby made a *détour*, bearing to the right, well away from the bull, which stood still on the near side of the pond and followed Hookby with its eyes. Hookby got well round and past, and converged on the Novice. The latter moved towards the pond, walk-

ing. Beyond the pond was the garden fence with its edging of eager white faces and Hookby walked faster. Then the bull moved out, after Hookby, also walking.

Peel got round the pond, but he made no attempt to reach the fence, although he might have climbed it, and there were willing hands over. When Hookby came near the pond Peel stood exactly over against him on the opposite side. When Hookby stopped on the brink the bull stopped, some way out in the meadow behind him. The three were thus in a line, Hookby in the middle, with the pond between him and Peel. Behind Hookby was the bull, behind Peel was the garden fence.

"You'd better chuck it an' come, Nick," said Hookby coaxingly. "I've 'ad a lot o' trouble, but if you come now I'll look over it."

"Thank ye," said Peel ironically.

"If I'm to catch you it'll be the worse for you in the long run."

"It'll be a long run," said Peel.

Hookby began to walk round the pond after Peel. Peel also walked round, away. The bull also walked round, following Hookby. From fence and lane rose a cackle of laughter. "The minute you start to run," said Peel, "'e'll run too." But Hookby ran.

"Look out behind yer!" shouted Peel.

Hookby had no need to look. An angry snort and a heavy thudding made him forget his quarry. He ran harder, hugging the verge of the pond. Peel loped half way round before him and retired from the procession. "Just to give 'em a lead," he explained as he approached the gardens. "Stick to the pond!" he shouted to Hookby. "If you try for the fence 'e'll nail you to it."

Hookby ran as for dear life. The sweat trickled off him. He panted; he agonized. His face, which had been red, went ashen, with the freckle spots showing darker. The thunder of

hoofs neared; already he could almost feel the breath of the infuriate pursuer. He yelled.

"'E's on yer!" roared the Novice. "Take to the water! it's yer only chance! Go right in!"

Hookby did. The pent, breathless excitement of the onlookers—the awe of possible tragedy imminent—broke and went in a great roar of mirth as Hookby was seen to turn short and rush into the pond as men thirsting from the desert are said to invade water before tasting it. When he was half hidden he stopped suddenly, clutching his breast with his hands.

"It's ketched 'im in the wind," explained the Novice. "'E'll be better; 'e won't faint. Duck yer 'ead!" he shouted. "Dash some water on yer face then! 'Stonishin' 'ow 'elpless these 'ficials are," he remarked confidentially.

The bull stopped, pawed at the bank, and then went in toward Hookby up to its knees.

"Splash about!" yelled the Novice. "Splash 'im if 'e comes a-nigh yer; an' souse 'im. You're 'is master there! I feel like a boss at a circus," he observed, charging his pipe.

The immersed Hookby set up a most desperate splashing accordingly. The bull snorted and retreated to the bank, where he remained pawing and pacing up and down between the pond and the fence.

"Well, you *are* there now," remarked Peel, who stood raised upon something on the safe side of the fence, and lolled over with arms folded easily. Now you see where evil courses lead to, as the Bench 'ave sometimes observed in my 'earin'."

"Some of you drive 'im off!" called Hookby, recovering breath. "Get something and drive 'im off; don't stand there!"

"You ought to be thankin' me for all I've done for yer," said the Novice

reproachfully. "You'd 'ave 'ad 'is 'orn through yer by this time if I 'adn't directed yer. An' just think if it 'ad been *cold!* This time o' year it's only a nice pleasant evenin' bath."

"Are you goin' to stir yourselves?" roared Hookby.

"'Ow's the bottom?" asked the Novice. "Is there *much* mud? I've often looked at that pond, an' wondered what color it would dye a white man. Your clothes 'll be scented like a gal on a Sunday when you come out."

"Get somebody to shoot 'im!" screamed Hookby. "I'm goin' ice all through. You'll all be 'ad up for manslaughter!"

"I'm a-persuadin' of 'em, Mr. 'Ookby," answered the Novice. "You'll see me leadin' of 'em with spades an' pitchforks directly, an' givin' the word o' command. You keep a-lookin' out; but if I should see you goin' sleepy I'll throw a stone at yer."

Hookby blazed out in a fury of bad language and Peel got down as if to leave, saying that was no place for him. Then Enoch Tabb from the gate reminded Hookby there were respectable women and innocent children listening, and one of the matrons told Hookby that if he was drowned it would be a fitting judgment on him. But Peter Sall advised Hookby to take off his coat and throw it to the bull to play with on the far shore, and then make for the fence; and the next minute Hookby was in his shirt-sleeves while the bull galloped round after the discarded garment. He trampled it, he tore it, he tossed it; and as he shook it a pair of handcuffs dropped back from the pocket. The animal pounded them into the turf amid yells of delight. "As if it was a Christian!" said one of the women admiringly.

"Now what'll you give me to get you out, Mr. 'Ookby?" asked the Novice when order was restored. "I shou'n't sleep if I left yer there. But you've

made the crittur savage, an' if I risk my life what'll you give?"

"Free board an' lodging in Dunston Gaol," answered Hookby.

"Say five pound?" said Peel. "Four, then? Three? Two? That'll just pay my shot and a trifle. Eighteen shillin's an' costs, ain't it?" ("Two nines o' beer," Peel told the company. "A fresh traveller an' *very* anxious.") "Forty shillings only, me being a single man."

"Aven't got it," said Hookby. But a chorus gave him the lie. They had seen at least two sovereigns when he tempted Peter Sall.

"Two pound?" repeated the Novice. "Say, is it a go?"

"One," said Hookby.

"Two, Mr. 'Ookby. Chuck 'em out in a paper; in that paper you've got w'l my name on it. Then you can say you lost it. Throw 'ard."

Hookby was muddled, saddened to the marrow, hungry, broken. He took out the money, wrapped it tightly, and threw it towards the fence. Peel laughed, jumped down lightly, unrolled and tore the paper to tatters, spat on

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the coins and pocketed them, and regained the fence. Hookby positively howled.

"Back in two minutes," shouted the Novice. "Honor bright, Mr. 'Ookby. You'll just 'ave time to get to the station."

The company raised a chorus of assurance. Peel returned with a brown-and-white mongrel at his heels. At a wave of his hand the dog was over the fence.

"Go for 'im!" shouted Peel. "Go for 'im! *Cha-ase 'im!*"

The dog scampered to the bull, barking loudly. The bull gave chase as eagerly, and next minute the two were careering over the meadow a furlong away.

"I shall go over an' see old Flindon to-morrow," said the Novice later, referring to his creditor. "'E'd got the gout, or else 'e'd never 'ave done this; 'e ain't a bad sort at bottom. An' when 'e 'ears me tell the 'istory o' this day if 'e don't stand the hull damage 'imself you may call me a 'Ookby!'"

*W. H. Rainsford.*

### SEA-TOKENS.

Round the timbers of the boat  
Waifs and strays of ocean float,—  
Carven things of human hands,  
From some undiscovered lands.

And the skipper turns to go  
Towards this land he does not know,  
Not in vain interpreting  
Signs that wind and waters bring.

As I float upon life's sea,  
Hemmed around with mystery,  
Sometimes on the tide I find  
Tokens brought by wave and wind.

These I take with careful heed,  
Treasure them and strive to read—

Tokens of some land that lies  
Unexplored of earthly eyes.

With such course as I discern,  
To this wonder-land I turn,  
Trusting at the last to glide  
Into haven safe and wide.

Shall I find upon the shore  
Those whom now I see no more?—  
Will they take the rope I cast,  
Draw me in, and moor me fast?

*Arthur L. Salmon.*

Temple Bar.

### THE "YELLOW PERIL" BOGEY.

When the German Emperor in the summer of 1900 descended on the Yellow Peril, and posed for half an hour as the European Michael, he set an example which has proved infectious among observers of the situation in the Far East whose imagination is more easily excited by the spectres of their own creation than controlled by the sound knowledge and calm judgment that alone make any opinion of value. The Yellow Peril is again being raised by Russian, French, and even German writers and politicians, whose names are well known, in order to excite Continental opinion, first against Japan, and secondly, and perhaps more definitely, against England, the ally of that Great Power of the Orient. There is no more popular theme in the Continental press and periodicals to-day than the alleged approaching combination of the yellow races, welded and led on by Japan, the magician of the Far East, for the purpose of defying, humiliating, and in the end menacing Europe.

The prospect placed before the unin-

<sup>1</sup> A typical instance of these opinions may be found in the description of England given by a Belgian Senator, M. Picard:—"Ce peuple

structed reading public is a revival of the Hun and Mongol terrors, and the names of Attila and Genghis are set out in the largest type to create a feeling of apprehension. The reader is assured in the most positive manner that it is the doing of that enterprising nation of Japan. Nay, there is a still greater culprit, it is England, who stands behind her, and unfortunately a very large number of foreigners believe it, and add this one to the long list they have compiled of our enormities as a nation.<sup>1</sup>

Before examining the Yellow Peril in a matter-of-fact manner it will be as well to give one or two specimens of what is being written about it on the Continent. M. de Lanessan, an ex-French Colonial Minister who has studied colonial questions with some assiduity, has published a long article aiming at showing what China may become under Japanese teaching and leading. He is aware that some of the Chinese authorities have made use of Japanese instructors, not merely for military but also for pacific pursuits, est aussi enthousiaste et brigand comme nation, qu'il est honnête et loyal comme individu."

and he assumes that results have been attained many years before they are possible. For instance, he asserts that "the Viceroy of Yunnan has now under his orders an army of 50,000 men well trained by Japanese officers, and provided with modern weapons." This statement is not based upon fact, and is a typical exaggeration among the collection of details put forward to make out a plausible-looking case. Yunnan is one of the poorest provinces of China. If the ten Japanese officers who went there in 1902 have succeeded in drilling a thousand men, they are as many as the Viceroy would care to pay for. In order to create a sense of peril, it is necessary to exaggerate, and M. de Lanessan gravely assures his readers that the education which the Chinese are receiving at the hands of the Japanese "contains nothing favorable to the Western nations."

In another part of his paper he extols the "military qualities" of the Chinese, whose sole defect from this point of view is that they have "no taste for the soldier's profession" and "no sense of military honor." But these defects are removable, and wherever they are given a chance Japanese instructors are already removing them. General Frey, a French officer who served in China, has just published a book on "The Chinese Army, as it was, as it is, and as it will be," in which he supports M. de Lanessan's conclusions, and enlarges upon the formidable proportions that the future Chinese army—the force of a nation of 500 millions—will attain. It is possible to agree on this point to a great extent with the author, and to hold the highest opinion of the military qualities of the Chinese race without foreseeing or apprehending the disturbance of the present political system or the danger to Europe that has been conjured up as the inevitable consequences of the re-

vival and progress of the Far Eastern States in a fit of nightmare.

But if French writers are somewhat alarmist, it is in Russia that the general imagination is running riot on the subject of the Yellow Peril, arising from the anticipated and dreaded *accaparement* of China by Japan. The Russian papers are full of the subject, and as they only deal thus persistently at any rate with matters approved of by the official authorities, it may be concluded that design and calculation are at the root of the demonstration rather than mere imagination. The expression of these opinions is not confined to the journalists of St. Petersburg and Moscow. A Russian officer, Commandant Eletz, who served in China, has lately been lecturing on the subject in Brussels and elsewhere. Some of the gallant officer's remarks were a little surprising—as, for instance, his assertion that "the arrogant and dictatorial attitude of some ambassadors, especially the English," was responsible for the present situation, which he described as "worse than before the Boxers." He evidently forgot the presence in Pekin of M. Lessar, who outdistances all competitors in arrogance and imperiousness, and indeed admits of no rivalry in those respects. Commandant Eletz does not confine himself to one extraordinary statement. We, who think that English action in the Far East for the last ten years has been extremely supine, are assured that the attitude of the English ambassador is especially arrogant, but in the next passage a still more serious charge is laid to our account. Our "territorial acquisitions by force" (*brutales*) have been, it appears, the real incentive to the Chinese and Japanese to combine and create a formidable Yellow confederacy. Yet it is Russia, and not England, who has absorbed Mongolia and Manchuria, and come down to the Yellow Sea. A little

inaccuracy of this sort is not surprising on the part of persons who see in the employment of Chinese laborers in South African gold mines a contributory to the Yellow Peril.

An officer of the Russian Imperial Guard entrusted with a semi-official mission as a propagandist does not allow himself to talk nonsense such as this without a strong motive. What is it? Russia is brought face to face with Japan. She tried a game of bluff and browbeating, and Japan did not flinch. Russia recognizes the seriousness of the position, and is alive to its hidden dangers. But against a small Power such as Japan is still considered to be, against an Asiatic Power which she always must be—and Asiatic on the Continent means inferior—she cannot call out to her too faithful ally, France, for aid. No matter what the reverses of war, neither pride, nor self-interest will allow of such an appeal—pride, because Russia is, after all, a great empire on the map; self-interest because, if Russia cannot vanquish Japan, the question must be asked in Paris what possible use can Russia be against Germany? All these contingencies have been passed in review at St. Petersburg, and the necessity has been realized of creating the impression of a common danger. Hence the Yellow Peril has been evoked. Russia does not want aid against Japan, but against "a peril which is common to all Europeans and their immense interests in China." The situation is painted as worse than it was before the Boxer rising, and the prediction is made as a crushingly conclusive argument that "Chinese soldiers will become first-class, and that Japan will make out of them the most formidable army in the world."

The object of these statements is clear. It is to rally France and Germany to the side of Russia, to revive in 1904 the triple alliance of 1895

which humiliated Japan in the hour of victory, and to avert, for the benefit of Russia, the unpleasant admission that she has gone too far and must draw back under the pressure of diplomacy or by the force of arms. These are the definite aims and objects which have made Russians set their wits together to conjure up the Yellow Peril, and some of their sympathetic friends in Paris are backing them up. In Berlin, too, the idea has been well received. If there is hesitation there, it arises from the doubt as to what the three allies of 1895 could accomplish against the other three allies of 1904, for every one ought to know that, though there may at this moment be no written bond, the co-operation of the United States with England and Japan in face of such a menace would not be delayed one hour after the other side had revealed their intentions.

As our Continental friends are for their own reasons devoting so much attention to the so-called Yellow Peril, it is not wholly waste of time to give it careful consideration from our point of view, and to reduce the problem to its correct proportions. Assuredly if there were a real Yellow Peril, we could not escape feeling its consequences just as much as any of the others. It would mean the disappearance of our trade throughout the greater part of Asia, the probable loss of Burma, a constant menace to India, and the closing of Central Asia more effectually than is done by the Russian tariff. The magnitude and tempting character of the prize that our possessions in Southern Asia would offer might even prove the safeguard of Europe, by diverting the overflow of those millions of armed warriors before it reached the Volga. It is with no intention of diminishing the possible consequences of the peril, whenever it may have attained cor-

porate reality, that I proceed to expose the non-existence for us of the Peril itself within any considerable period of time. We have to deal with the questions and facts of the day and our most carefully arranged political combinations must be based on them, and can at the longest only have force and value for twenty years. There are some questions that must be left for posterity. It is perfectly clear why the Russians are conjuring up the Yellow Peril, but the very reasons which are actuating them in creating this racial Frankenstein should make us see in it a Yellow Protection.

The great and central fact upon which all these suppositions are based is the Chinese nation, 400 millions or more of active, vigorous, unchanging and self-perpetuating individuals, upon whom time, contact with European civilization, and the ravages of famine, pestilence, and war seem to have produced none of the accustomed and anticipated impressions and modifications. There we are confronted with an ocean of humanity, impassive, unimpressionable, for which we have no plummet, that is tranquil to-day, but that may at any time become agitated by some national upheaval as sudden and terrible as the typhoons that sweep its seas. It is not surprising that the imagination should run beyond the limits imposed by custom and common sense at the contemplation of a society and a nation which in all essentials are what they were at least 2,500 years ago. But up to a recent period there had been no sense of grave peril as the result of this contemplation. The Chinese were distinctly free from the military spirit, and what was still more assuring, they had effected no real progress in the military art. The purchase of modern arms and artillery had not made them any more formidable as opponents than they were in the gingal and bow and arrow period.

The study of the Chinese question suggested then a mystery rather than a danger.

But the progress accomplished by the sister nation of Japan raised apprehensions and changed the perspective. Here was one of the Yellow races emancipating itself from a past scarcely less hoary than that of China, and placing itself without an apparent effort on a level with the foremost nations of the world, and especially, and above all things, in military science and equipment. The overthrow of China in 1894-5 as a feat of arms did not count for much, but the scientific manner in which it was accomplished created a deep impression, and that impression was further deepened by the incidents of the international campaign in China in 1900-1. There the Japanese were associated with the picked troops of all the Powers, and there is no disputing the fact that they displayed the greatest courage and dash of them all. If they had a competitor for the first place, it was the Anglo-Chinese regiment led by English officers. This demonstration of what Yellow troops could do on the field of battle was enhanced by the poor show of the Russian troops. If a secret ballot had been possible of the opinions of the foreign commanders as to the merit of the different contingents, there is scarcely a doubt that the Japanese would have been placed first and the Russians last. Of course the Japanese were more on their mettle than the English or the French. They wished to show what they were made of before Europeans, and their temerity sometimes cost them more than was necessary, but on the other hand it furnished some ground for the boast of a Japanese officer that when they had to deal with the Russians "they would walk through them."

If the question of Japan's future had remained detached from that of China, it would still have presented a

serious aspect for the Power which had practically absorbed Mongolia and Manchuria, which aspired to control the affairs of Corea as well, and which regarded the Chinese ruler as a mere puppet. From its geographical position Japan commands the route of sea communication between Russia's old possessions at Vladivostock and her new occupations round Port Arthur. By its industrial and commercial necessities Japan requires an outlet in Corea, and Russia is well aware that she will never acquiesce in her being ousted from that peninsula, whilst it is perfectly clear that Japan's occupation of Corea in a military sense would render Russia's position in Manchuria so precarious as to deprive it of any real value. Finally, neither her pride nor her political aspirations would allow Japan to look on idly while Russia acquired the control of the central Chinese Government at Peking and converted the Manchu Emperor into a vassal prince. Her feelings on that subject might be compared to ours if Germany attempted to place a Hohenzollern on either of the thrones of the Netherlands. For all these reasons Japan represents a formidable obstacle, and one that must become more formidable with the lapse of time, unless Japanese influence can be excluded from the Asiatic mainland until Russian preponderance has been firmly established there. But Russia has already failed to accomplish this object. Japanese influence has asserted itself not merely in Corea, but also in Manchuria, and, more remarkable still, it has acquired an ascendancy over the councils of China.

The gravity of the expansion of Japan for Russia is not to be denied. Before she has consolidated her position, while indeed it reveals to the eye of the casual observer the most glaring weaknesses of all kinds, Russia is exposed to the morally certain and probably

imminent first trial of strength with Japan, on the result of which her future position in the Far East must depend. The ordeal is rendered the more severe by the fact that all her diplomacy and all her expenditure, which has been enormous, have not availed to make the Chinese Government subservient to her. Instead of being able to pose and act as the protector of the Chinese Government, which was the original aspiration of the Russian Government, it has to recognize that the co-operation of the Chinese trained forces under the able Viceroy Yuan-Shih-kai with the Japanese is assured. For the moment, then, the interests of China are merged in those of Japan, and Russia, who had hoped to set one country against the other, finds herself confronted by the two.

Under these circumstances it will be seen and admitted that Russia has displayed very considerable ingenuity in bringing up the Yellow Peril as such a menace to "all Europeans" that they ought to band themselves together once more in China for the purpose of contributing to the success of Russia's own little game, or, as the hope can scarcely be indulged that England will turn upon her ally, that the triple alliance which revised the treaty of Shimonoseki to the detriment of the victor, should be resuscitated in order to arrest the progress of Japan and prevent the interference of England. Whether Russia succeeds or not in her plan, it is quite certain that she could not have conceived a more ingenious device for obtaining support in the coming struggle without having to make the admission that she stands in need of assistance against an Asiatic and therefore apparently weaker antagonist. But even if she were to succeed in her plan to the fullest extent, it is inconceivable that England would stand aside and thus consent to lose a most favorable opportunity for es-

tablishing her naval superiority and security on an unchallengeable basis.

If it is clear that Russia has discovered and obtruded the Yellow Peril only for the purpose of promoting her own designs, and if some Frenchmen out of complaisance to their country's ally have pandered to the same idea, those who can regard the alleged danger with calm and unprejudiced minds, as the peoples of Great Britain and the United States are able to do, must pronounce it for the present generation at least the creation of either a disordered imagination or a subtle policy, and in either case a matter not calling for their opposition or interference.

Let us leave aside the platonic theorizing of M. de Lanessan and the interested diatribes of the Russian officer, and let us examine coolly and dispassionately the real significance and the more remote possibilities of the alertness of Japan and the conjectured awakening of China. The Japanese can have no objection to our taking careful stock of the situation and to our expressing our candid opinions. So long as we fulfil our formal engagements with them, they will not mind our indulging in some speculations as to the future of certain questions in which they, not less nor more than ourselves, are deeply interested.

We may have nothing but admiration for the energy and thoroughness with which the Japanese have gained their place in the family of nations and maintained it by courage and constancy in the face of danger, and at the same time we may have reasonable doubts as to whether the Chinese, even under Japanese leading, are going to imitate the wisdom and to display the self-restraint that they have exhibited. The Japanese are not likely to lose their heads or to be carried away by even the most signal success in any struggle with Russia. They will feel quite convinced that such a contest cannot

find its definite settlement in a single campaign or even in one war. They will also feel that the very magnitude of their success calls for a special display of moderation and dignity, so that they may be held to wear their laurels worthily. The Japanese have a very remarkable appreciation of the fitness of things, and above all they really desire to figure well in the estimation of the British and American publics. They are self-respecting, and they wish to be respected on and for their own merits. But after all they only represent half—the better half indeed in every way—of the Yellow problem.

On the other hand, it is impossible to feel any assurance at all about the proceedings of the Chinese. Success in their eyes does not signify the obligation to show themselves worthy of it, but merely that it provides an avenue for escaping from their responsibilities, and a means of gratifying their own latent passions. The defeat of the Russians might well be followed by a resuscitation of the Boxer movement, and by an attempt to exclude, or at least curtail, the rights of all Europeans in common. The fact is that the Chinese Government, so long as it is subject to the dominant influence of the Empress-Dowager, is worthless and rotten. The possession of even a passably efficient army is no proof or guarantee that the Government is animated by a right spirit, or that it means to turn the fruits of victory to reasonable account and not to abuse them. The Russian presentation of the Yellow Peril makes the most of these possibilities, which are not hidden from any observer, but what is entirely overlooked in it is the fact that Japan, not less than England and the United States, is altogether opposed to the Boxer programme, and would send her troops just as freely as we should to cure Chinese Chauvinism and to uphold the right of treaties. Japan, it may be

remarked, has pledged herself to the policy of "the open door," while Russia is bent on closing harbors and treaty ports and preventing all access to the region that she seeks to monopolize. These facts speak for themselves, and are not to be set on one side because some designing persons cry out that Europe may find itself again exposed to the peril of a Tartar invasion.

In resolving the problem of the Far East we must proceed step by step, and deal with each successive phase as it arises. The Yellow Peril is not practical politics to-day, it will be the affair of some future century. But what is most pressing is to ascertain how far the patience of the Powers interested will endure in face of Russia's manifest intention to appropriate as much as she can of Northern China. The acts of provocation are committed by Russia. It is she who by her aggressiveness is making herself the enemy of every one else, and the success with which the easy tolerance of England has allowed her measures to be crowned really constitutes the only visible Peril in the Far East. Yet her diplomacy has been so astute, and her representations have been so specious, that serious consideration has been paid to her suggestion that she is quite innocent and inoffensive, while the Japanese are calculating villains in the first place, and are destined in combination with the Chinese to become the most formidable enemies of the human race later on. It is surprising that any credence has been given to such a misrepresentation of the truth, but the transparency is too clear to admit of protracted deception.

Even if there were a great deal more fact upon which the Yellow Peril theory might be based than there is, that would still furnish no reason for allowing the Russians to accomplish their own object, which is nothing less than

the accaparement of China by Russia. And if Russia were to be permitted to carry out her policy, what would be the position then for the rest of the world? It would be confronted by a Yellow Peril far more formidable than it could ever become under the care and direction of Japan. This position of the question only needs the slightest consideration for it to be realized that the grave peril for the rest of the world does not come from the side of Japan, even a victorious Japan, but from that of Russia herself. The affinity between the Russians and Chinese is quite as marked as that between the latter and the Japanese. When Li Hung Chang was shown at Moscow the portraits of the old Czars he exclaimed, "But these are my ancestors." They are given to political speculation in long anticipation of the event on the Spree; a theme for their consideration may be suggested in the appearance of Russo-Chinese hosts on the Vistula in the year 1925.

If it is fair play for Russia to dazzle Europe with the phantasmagoria of a Yellow Peril under the auspices of Japan, we are far more justified in directing serious attention to the well-calculated and hitherto successful measures of Russia to secure for herself the control of China. She has already lopped off the trans-mural possessions of China in the north, and nothing but defeat in war will make her resign them. In four or five years' time, assuming that peace is preserved or that she experiences no reverse, she will be ready to make her second spring forward, and this will be to Peking itself. The possession of Peking means the commencement of the conquest of China, the termination of the "open door" period, and the reversion to the policy of partition with all the advantages on the side of Russia and all the obstacles against ourselves, America, and Japan.

An entirely fresh vista is then opened up. Russia, having secured all the outlying possessions of China, opens the new phase of the China question with a bold declaration that the time has come for breaking up China. The proposal is favored and supported by France and Germany, both of which States are even now perfectly willing to enlarge their areas of authority or spheres of interest in China. France claims the province of Kwangtung, in which is the great city of Canton, and by that period a railway largely built with French money and under French and Belgian engineers will be far advanced towards completion, forming a trunk line through the west of China from Russian territory to French. That is a serious outlook for us, and no *entente cordiale* can diminish its perils for British enterprise and interests. Nor is the outlook more cheering if we turn to Germany. The province of Shantung is already her preserve. No Englishman can take up his residence in that part of it covered by the yellow and black flag. Does any one think that Germany is satisfied with that province as her share? Already there are projects of encroachment into Nganhwei and Honan. But a far more serious blow is intended. The Germans have their eyes on the Yangtsze Valley, which theoretically is the British sphere, and the British Government, contented with theories, has done nothing whatever to establish its claim on the sound foundation which Germany did in Shantung by the occupation of Kiaou-Chau. It has been admitted by the Foreign Office that there is a different reading in London and Berlin of the Anglo-German agreement of 1901, and it needs no second sight to predict that the coming *casus belli* between England and Germany will arise in the Yangtsze Valley. Under such circumstances it is suicidal policy for us to remain inactive while Russia

is consolidating her position, from which she will be able to beckon her allies, present and contingent, to her side, and while Germany and France are acquiring the claims created by the construction of railways, the investment of funds and establishment of commercial, property, and individual rights that must carry with them extensive encroachments upon our hitherto nominal sphere in Central China.

The Yellow Peril as expounded on the Continent has no practical meaning for us. It is a will-o'-the-wisp that may divert us from our path and lead us far astray. Even if the worst according to the Russian prophecies were to happen, it must be remembered that Japan, the motive power according to M. de Lanessan, is an island State which would always be liable to the moral and naval pressure that the English-speaking States, England, America, and Australasia, could bring to bear upon it.

But if we substitute Russia for Japan the Yellow Peril assumes a totally different aspect. Russia is not an island State. She is a vast land empire stretching from the Baltic to the Pacific. She has few vulnerable points, and once she is secure in Manchuria there will be fewer still open to attack. Naval reverses will not bring her to her knees, when her land communications across Siberia have been perfected. She will be able to deride the terrors of a blockade. These may be serious matters for all her neighbors, but for British interests in Asia, commercial as well as political, they must signify a heavy and perhaps a deadly blow. While we can afford to look on the development of the so-called Yellow Peril under Japanese auspices with calmness, and even to encourage its progress with a clear reservation as to our sphere in the Yangtsze Valley, no such tolerance can be safely extended to the realization of Russia's schemes for ob-

taining the control of the destinies of China. Her success would mean the creation of that formidable militant Power that is described in such impressive language as threatening Europe with a return to the days of the "scourges of God." But whereas the Peril under the direction of the Japanese

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would never be more than a phantom for any State except Russia, it might become in the hands of Russia a menace to the peace of the world, and the means of overthrowing the British Empire in Asia and of laying the whole fabric of British commercial prosperity level with the ground.

*Demetrius C. Boulger.*

## DOMESTIC DRAMA

### IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

My dear, of course I've come. It is to-day?  
 Your Sale of Work, I mean? Then that's all right.  
 How nice the things all look! Such pretty rooms!  
 D'ye know, I'm quite ashamed I've never been.  
 I've always longed to come, but somehow—no,  
 It wasn't that. Oh, no, I've been quite well,  
 But don't you find yourself that Kensington  
 Is rather—well, remote? I never liked  
 To drag the horses out so far, poor things.  
 But now I've got a motor—yes, of course!  
 Makes all the difference.

No, thanks, no tea:  
 I mustn't wait. I've promised to play Bridge.  
 I wish I could have stayed and helped to sell,  
 But—oh, to-morrow? Yes. Now let me think.  
 I'd love to—no, I can't. How tiresome!  
 I've got to play again—at Wessex House.  
 D'you know the Duchess? No? Ah, well, poor dear,  
 She simply lives for Bridge. Oh, everyday!  
 It's such a pity! Such a waste of time,  
 And money too! She always plays so high.  
 But if one knows her—well, it's difficult:  
 One simply has to sacrifice oneself.  
 And I'm so weak. I wish I was like you.  
 You're so unselfish. But, my dear, you are.  
 Why, look at all these people here to-day,  
 Turning your pretty house all upside down.  
 Ah, well, yes, if they buy. Yes, if they buy!  
 That's very true. They want some charity  
 To cover—well, their hats! Do look at that—  
 That shocking red one. It's a scarlet sin!  
 And as for—Goodness! Is it half-past three?

I must be off directly. What a bore!  
I meant to buy such heaps of things. Oh, no!  
I've got a minute still. Now, let me see,  
I want some Christmas presents.

That looks nice,  
That fan. How much is that? Oh, yes. And this?  
Is this one cheaper? 'M yes, that seems a lot.  
I'd love to have it, but in these hard times,  
You know yourself, my dear, one simply can't.  
You mustn't tempt me. Now how much is this?  
A guinea? Yes, that's more the sort of price.  
But even that—I'm having such bad luck;  
I haven't held a decent hand for weeks.  
No, I don't think I ought to.

Oh, I know!  
I've got some nieces down in Devonshire.  
I'd like to give them something that would last,  
Something to wear—oh, no, not jewelry.  
You see they hardly ever see a soul.  
Their father's got two hundred and a house,  
And seven daughters and an empty church.  
No, something really *useful* 's what I mean,  
And inexpensive.

Belts? The very thing!  
How much are—oh, I see! No, after all—  
They're so unhealthy, aren't they, nowadays—  
I think perhaps—oh, stockings? Yes, quite nice.  
Now what are—h'm! D'you know, I hardly think  
They'd care for those. They always knit their own;  
Besides, silk wears so badly. What are these,  
These charming handkerchiefs? Two shillings each?  
Exactly what I want. Yes, seven, please.  
Poor darlings, how they'll love them!

Well, Goodbye:  
I really must be—oh, my dear, how sweet!  
This ducky Bridge-box! Yes, I'll have it, please.  
The poor old Duchess wants another one;  
I've got to give her something, anyhow.  
A guinea? That makes—one-fifteen, I think?  
I'll let you have a cheque. Then *au revoir*.  
Now, don't forget me. Come and lunch some day.  
You've lots of omnibuses, haven't you?  
That will be nice. I *have* enjoyed myself.  
Yes, can I have my motor? Thanks, so much!

**A NATION AT PLAY: THE PERIL OF GAMES.**

The signs of the times seem to be pointing to the fact that we as a nation are becoming over-intent upon our amusements; are forgetting the proper relations of recreation and work, and are inclining to mistake pastimes for serious business.

History tells us that Nero fiddled while the imperial city was in flames, and in fiction we read that a gladiatorial display ushered in the last days of Pompeii. May it not happen one of these days that we shall be found going forth to our play rather than to our work and labor while the fate of the Empire is hovering in the balance? Has it not, indeed, been so with us since the birth of this twentieth century? Is it too much to say that within the last two years the performances of an Australian XI. in England were more closely studied and commanded more general attention, than the prospects of peace, or even the death-roll in South Africa; that for one man who troubled his head about the sayings or doings of Louis Botha there were a dozen at least who had at their finger-ends the latest performance of Victor Trumper? Which name, we would like to know, has been the more loudly sounded throughout the length and breadth of England—Sir Thomas Lipton or General Egerton? Was our failure to bring the Mad Mullah to book in Somaliland to be mentioned in the same breath as the dismal shortcomings of the *Shamrock*?

If we have not in the last few years made any very appreciable advance in our researches in the arctic regions; if we have not yet satisfactorily solved the problem of air navigation; if we have not made substantial progress in the matter of our naval gunnery,—we

may, at any rate, claim that we have evolved a new trade or profession. In days gone by there were a good many ways, taking one with another, of earning a livelihood either with respectability or *éclat*. There were the Church, the Bar, the Army, and the Navy standing, in the matter of prestige, though certainly not in that of money-making, to other professions much in the same relation as Eton, Harrow, and Winchester stand to the other public schools. Later on we arrived at a stage when we were prepared to extend the franchise of gentlemanship to a goodly proportion of doctors and bankers, stockbrokers and land-agents, actors and artists *cum multis aliis*; and still later we were invited to familiarize ourselves in every sense of the word with a sort of hybrid animal which, going by the name of a gentleman-help, was commonly neither the one thing nor the other. Only, however, in the last decade of the nineteenth century did we discover that it was well within the limits of possibility for a *vetus ordinis heres* to drift into the position of being a professional football-player. Professional players of other games had long been familiar to us, and up to comparatively modern days there had been no difficulty about assigning to them their proper social status. But in the matter of the more popular game of the present era, the days of the "Arabian Nights" would seem to have returned to us, and Aboo Hassan, the rich merchant's son, may awake one morning to discover that he has become a professional football-player. For it would appear that those gentlemen who play this game frequently—playing it, we will say, as a pastime, for we seem to know that they have other pro-

fessions—are in most cases members of a union which defines the proper times and proper places for playing, and puts a great taboo on games played in certain company. The resolutions passed by this all-important body are as binding as those of a trades-union, the laws immutable as those of the Medes and Persians: it has the power to make and unmake the professional player, to bid or forbid his playing in a particular match or on a particular day, and occasionally to stamp as a professional football-player a man whose last desire in the world would be to figure as such. And thereby hangs a curious tale. It was intimated to a celebrated player some few seasons back that his acceptance of a wedding-present in the form of a house would be a capital offence—capital, that is, in so far as it would affect his rating. The presumption was that the present was being offered to him by his friends and admirers not from good-will or admiration of his social qualities, but as a recompense for good service in the football-field. And on this ground—we really do not know whether the house was ultimately given or not—it was decided that if the gift was accepted the recipient would be held to have forfeited his status as an amateur, and would in the future be regarded as a professional football-player. When we read this story in the papers of the date, we found ourselves wondering at what exact point the line—in this case a very broad line—is to be drawn. Is it to be at the door of the house, and if so, why there exactly? This problem we propounded to a friend who poses as an authority on these matters, and were informed by him that the matter was as plain as a pikestaff: that the house had a pecuniary value, insomuch as the possession thereof implied a yearly saving of the sum that must otherwise be paid as rent; and that, regarded from this point of view, the house was

equivalent to a sum of money. But supposing, we inquired, that instead of a house the present had taken the form of a service of gold plate, and that the lucky bridegroom, thus saddled with a white elephant, had sold the plate and bought a house with the money?

"My dear fellow," was the reply, "it's a matter of common-sense, not of casuistry!"

In the days of our youth, when we played the game of cricket with some success, we were now and again presented with a bat or a ball for some especial performance. These articles certainly had a pecuniary value, and though we were not in the habit of selling them there and then, the possession of them certainly kept money in our pocket, by obviating the necessity of purchase on our own account. Of course the prize in our case, was not the original aim and object of our playing the game, nor are we to suppose that the recipient or non-recipient, as the case may be, of that particular house had had it in view at the period when he first threw his heart and soul into football. In both cases we should define the love of the game, and the necessity of taking exercise in some form, as primary motives, and the prize, whether it was a bat for a cricket score, a piece of plate for a boat-race, or a house for a distinguished football career, as separable but gratifying accidents. It is a fact—an unfortunate fact, perhaps—that we live in a generation which does not reward excellence with laurel or parsley crowns, but we should be sorry to think that the accidental circumstance of winning a more material prize must *ipso facto* convert the recipient into a game-professional.

This tale of a storm in a teapot is by way of parenthesis, but the moral of it, as our friend the Duchess would say, is that successful athletes must not accept valuable wedding-presents, and

that a Football Union is in the habit of doing its work, and investigating the circumstances that attend action, with far more thoroughness and exactitude than either county, district, or parish council.

Does not the mere existence of these Game Unions and Associations accentuate the fact that we are growing too serious over our amusements? Intelligent men go nowadays to committee meetings, &c., relative to some pastime, with all the seriousness of a politician engaged in an international controversy; and in country districts, for every elector who will take the trouble to go and listen to the member for the division perhaps once in every two years, you may count half a dozen at the least watching a local football-match on any Saturday afternoon in the winter months. For a year or two there was a certain amount of healthy excitement about the election of the members of the various councils established under the Local Government Act; latterly, so far as we can judge, any man may for the asking become a member of any of these councils on which he has a mind to sit, but there is the keenest possible competition for places on the local football committee. If we read of thousands of people unable to secure places in the hall where the Leader of their party is advertised to speak on the burning political questions of the day, tens of thousands are willing to pay double prices to watch twenty-two paid men fighting out the final tie for the Association Football cup. In the same paper that tells us of widespread distress in the North of England, we read that in Staffordshire "seventy-eight employees left work in a body to watch the play [football], to the complete dislocation of the work of the colliery," and "the stipendiary awarded the colliery owners 5s. damages from each man and 3s. from each boy to cover the loss."

This furnishes a bit of pleasant reading for the ratepayer of the period.

*Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

It is the working man who is the king of the situation—one day clamoring for relief, on the ground that no work is obtainable; on another, content to leave work and wages to their own devices if only he may look on at a football-match. And yet he may plead, not without show of reason, that as his wife and daughters, in the matter of hats and boas, follow the fashions of their social superiors, so, too, he is only following the example of better dressed and more highly educated men than himself in regarding play and recreation as the primary objects of existence. We notice, perhaps, the shortcomings of the mechanic more closely, because his increasing wants and requirements bear hard upon the pockets of the ratepayer; but we prefer to ignore the fact that men of higher sorts and higher conditions have set him the example of regarding work as a grievance, and the excitement of playing or even watching games as a necessity of life.

"The Circus," wrote the Roman satirist, "holds all Rome to-day; and a din strikes on my ear, from which I gather the success of the green rag. For, were it to fail, you'd see this Forum of ours sullen and dazed as when her consuls were routed at Cannæ's dusty field." Forty years ago this sounded to our ears like a poet's exaggeration, but now, if we read Sheffield or Birmingham for Rome—or, shall we say, the Oval for the Circus?—and then substitute Majuba Hill or Stormberg for Cannæ, we have the picture repeated.

As it was clearly not the working man but his social superior who was originally responsible for this modern form of lunacy, the monomania for

games, the royal purple must be transferred to proper shoulders. So now

Quidquid delirant reges, imitantur  
Achivi.

And as in the case of the hats and boas, the more unworthy the ground-matter for imitation, the more exaggerated that particular form of flattery. The cultured smoker of modern days rejects the pipe in favor of the cigarette, and now we hear on all sides that the rising generation in our villages is besotting its intellect by excessive cigarette-smoking. We reject decent and sober-minded literature in favor of the society novel, that in nine cases out of ten teems with the nasty or the sensational; and now our police magistrates' time is taken up by half-grown but wholly developed criminals, whose minds have been contaminated by the vile trash of the penny novelette or low-class newspaper. Is it wonderful, then, that where rank and fashion takes up a new cult, worshipping the hero of the playing-field, we see an increasing multitude of our so-called working classes devoting every spare minute and a good many ill-spared minutes of their time to the same form of idolatry?

The public school, the training-ground, as we expect it to be, of our future statesmen and soldiers, is marching with, if not ahead of, the times, and the game-master is an essential feature of the programme. We cannot wholly quarrel with this, as circumstances are, for two reasons. In the first place, if the playing of ball-games is a matter of such paramount importance in England, our boys must be educated to take their part; and in the second place, the man who has come to the front in the athletic world before settling down to scholastic work has rubbed shoulders with all sorts and conditions of men, and on that account

is a more capable educator in the ways of the world than the mere bookworm can claim to be. Furthermore, a head-master may with some justice remark that the modern parent is not over-careful to inquire whether the teacher's syntax is above suspicion, or whether he can tell us off-hand who was Anchises' nurse, or how many years Methuselah lived; but he is very much interested in the fact that his boy's tutor made a century at Lord's or stroked the winning University Eight. And yet in the face of this we venture to assert that the presence of the game-master is, under certain circumstances, a distinct blot on our public-school system. With the gentleman himself we disclaim the idea of having any personal quarrel. He may be, and very often is, one of the very best fellows in the world, but accident or the fashion of the day places him in a distinctly false position. It is true that where he is notoriously a good scholar or mathematician, or even a very excellent elementary teacher, he has the opportunity of being an immense power for good. For without undue stretch either of charity or imagination we may pre-suppose that the attainment of the intellectual excellence was his primary aim in life, and that the capacity for coming to the front in games was either innate or a result of that steadiness of purpose and concentration of energy in virtue of which the exceptional man does well all that he takes in hand to do at all. In the present Cabinet are several men of undoubted ability and capacity for work, who either have figured, or on occasion do figure, as successful game-players. But neither was it his skill at golf that won Mr. Balfour the Premiership, nor has any one ever seriously imagined that the appointment of our Colonial Secretary was even distantly connected with his prowess as a wicket-keeper. Yet in the same breath we may add

that the accidental circumstance of the latter gentleman having proved his ability to hold his own in the best of company on the cricket-field may, in the eyes of some of the inhabitants of Britain beyond the seas, magnify at the same time his office and their opinion of his administrative powers. That little extraneous particle of sympathetic attention which Mr. Lyttleton possibly or probably commands in the minds of a section of our colonists is intensified in the schoolboy's attitude towards his athletic tutor. It is always difficult to dissociate from the young mind the idea that work—"grinding" or "sapping," he calls it—is of itself toilsome and disagreeable, while game-playing, on the contrary, is pleasurable. A deeper impression is made on a boy's mind by what he sees than by what he hears; and finally, if he reasons at all, he reasons by analogy. Watching, then, his tutor's performances in the cricket-field, and convinced by the evidence of his eyes that the doctrine preached on the playground is sound and productive of happy results, he is ready to admit that—to use a homely phrase—his instructor "knows a bit more than other people," and therefore will accept his dogma in the schoolroom with greater interest and more confidence than those of a non-athletic master, whom in his own mind he writes down a "duffer." Apart from this, the teacher who to the solid merit of ripe scholarship adds the graceful elegance of athletic proficiency, is unconsciously posing as an object-lesson for boys by proving to them that mental cultivation need not in any way interfere with the skilful playing of games at proper times and seasons. If we can be sure, then, that our game-master is scholar of first and athlete of second intention,—scholar, shall we say, for eight hours and athlete for four hours of our day?—let us by all means enlist his

services for our model school. But from the moment that a game-master is known to hold his place solely on the ground of his capacity for giving instruction in the art of game-playing, he must indeed partake of the nature of an angel if his presence in a school is not by way of being prolific of more harm than good. For he stands, as it were, convicted of being either a dandified by nature, or one who has wasted his opportunities and allowed game-playing to take the place of the more serious pursuits of life. And yet, whatever may be his shortcomings in the matter of scholarship, however pronounced his failure in the "Schools," his athletic attainments will establish him as a hero, and a model for imitation in the eyes of a majority of our boys, and more especially of the small fry.

The legend runs that in years gone by a small Harrovian at Lord's grew pink with excitement when an ex-Cantab., who had performed a unique feat in a late University match, nodded to him as he passed by.

"Look, father, look!" he exclaimed, nudging the old gentleman, "that was Cobden."

"Eh, who was it, my boy?"

"Cobden."

"Ah yes, to be sure, Cobden," repeated the old gentleman. "Now I wonder," for he felt bound to feign an interest in the stranger's personality—"I wonder whether he is any relation to the great Cobden."

"He is the great Cobden," was the answer.

To the small urchin, who too often, alas! has come out of the nursery—that is, the preparatory school—possessed by a rooted idea that Latin and Greek are "beastly," and that cricket is the first and foremost object of existence, the great "Cobden" or the great century-maker who takes the bottom form is a far more interesting and admirable

individual than "Hoppy Smith," who was Bell scholar and corrects the VI. Form composition.

"I see from your last report," remarks a paterfamilias who is wiser than some, "that your Latin prose is very shaky, my boy, and your verses very careless. Now, that won't do if you want to go to Oxford and so forth. You can't get on in the world if you don't write good prose and a decent copy of verses."

"Not get on! Why, look at Mr. Jones, father. They say that he couldn't do a Latin verse or a bit of prose to save his life. And he is a long way the biggest swell among the masters. By George! you should see him hit!"

The opinion of the idle little monkey, who thus assigns to Mr. Jones the great hitter the pride of place among his colleagues, is fortunately, perhaps, not likely to carry much weight, but he is by no means an exaggerated type of a daily increasing horde of youngsters who, hailing, we will say, from Boeotia or Arcadia, and congregating at our public schools, pin their faith on the heroes of the playing-fields, and arrive at the very comfortable, but not very profitable, conclusion that "sapping" is "rot" and "bosh," and that game-playing is the *summum bonum* and the end-in-view of school life. We must legislate for the ignorant and foolish as well as for the wise and the seriously minded, and it is doubtful policy in our life school to give the student a chance of copying from a model which has serious defects in its composition.

Preparatory schools, lest any stage in the training of our men of the future should fall behind in this respect, are yearly and daily paying a more pronounced attention to the cult of athleticism, and the art of playing ball-games on scientific principles is in a fair way to elbow out of its due place the proper training of the intellect. Whether Caesar or Pompey, Hector or Achilles,

Napoleon or Wellington, was the better man of the twain, is to the boy of twelve a trivial question as compared with the rival claims of W. G. Grace and Ranji to be regarded as the hero *par excellence* of the nineteenth century. For one boy who knows that David wrote many of the Psalms, half a dozen will know the name of the able gentleman who answers questions in "The Captain." It is a matter of very minor importance whether the Mad Mullah is caught or continues to baffle our generals, but our small hero-worshipper is sorely grieved when he reads that a popular ex-Cantab. has been "held" out in the country "without opening his account." It is as well, perhaps, that Master Carruthers should take something better than Third Form when he goes to Eton; but it is absolutely essential that he shall play with a straight bat and qualify for the Lower Boys' XI. in his house. Even the learned Principal of Dotheboys Hall, albeit only a Pavilion cricketer himself, is careful to ensure the fact that *mensa* and *domus* shall be taught by a Blue, or somebody who *ought* to have been a Blue. You may see him showing a parent round his playground when a boys' match is going on, and pointing out the various members of his staff. One has played football for Cambridge, another plays for his county in August, and a third was twelfth man for the Oxford XI.

Be it remarked, by the way, that this last celebrity is not quite such a *rara avis* as the uninitiated might imagine him to be—either university being responsible for about half a dozen of the species in any given year.

And the young gentleman who is anxious to secure one of these appointments—comfortable for the time, perhaps, but, as in nine cases out of ten leading to nothing, delusively comfortable—is as careful to draw attention to the fact that he is good at games as to

his place in the class-list. If, on the one hand, it may be very fairly said that no very recondite scholarship is required by the instructor of the very young idea, and that cricketers as a class are good fellows and good managers of boys, is there not, on the other hand, the certainty that the whole atmosphere of our preparatory schools is daily becoming more tainted with athleticism in the place of intellectualism?

We meet our friend Lambert, the senior assistant-master at a large preparatory school, in the train one afternoon. Lambert is a man of many parts, an ex-scholar of his college, a good cricketer, and, generally speaking, a cheery sort of fellow. To-day, however, he looks careworn, yellow, and dyspepsical.

"Well, Lambert, and how are things going with you?"

"Things going? Things gone, you mean, gone to the devil!"

What has happened? A simultaneous outbreak of measles, scarlatina, and diphtheria? A fire? A death? No.

"We have just lost our match at Foxborough by one wicket, and would you believe it?—that little double-distilled donkey Palmer dropped two catches in the last over!"

We are relieved to find that it is nothing worse, but it is quite evident that if we are not careful to dissimulate our feeling of relief we shall fall at least fifty per cent in Lambert's estimation.

"Dear me! what a dreadful thing! What an incorrigible young scoundrel. He'll bring his father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave if he isn't careful. What did you say his name was?"

"Palmer."

The name sounds familiar, and we rack our brains to discover in what connection we have lately read it.

"Palmer! Palmer! What do I know about Palmer?"

"Why, I've told you, haven't I? He

dropped two catches,—things that a baby in arms might have caught."

"Oh, yes, but it wasn't that. Palmer?" and as the light comes, "Any relation to that boy who got in top of the roll at Winchester?"

"Same fellow,—that's just the sort of silly thing he can do. He is as clever as they make them, and the annoying part of it is that he really could play cricket if he would only give his mind to it, but he simply won't give his mind to it: he stands in the field with his mouth wide open and dreams of Latin verses or some such rot, and then a dolly-catch comes and he drops it."

Suppressing a strong desire to suggest that perhaps the young scholar might not have won his way to the top of the roll at Winchester if he had been in the habit of dreaming of cricket scores and catches in the country when he ought to have been doing Latin verses, we so far sympathize with Lambert as to admit that Palmer's conduct in not concentrating his attention on the matter in hand was most reprehensible.

Any one who studies the question at all carefully will admit that the question of game-playing in the modern preparatory school is approached with a far greater amount of seriousness than used to be the case twenty or thirty years ago. The young animal of every species, and more especially the young male, argues the game enthusiast, requires relaxation and exercise: the kitten plays with his mother's tail, the puppy races after a ball, the cockerel spars with his twin brother, and the playing of games comes natural to boys. So far, so good—we readily admit that a boy who does not care for outdoor games is a rare and unnatural creature, either priggish or over-pampered. But is it necessary, or even wise, that the fragrance of that catechising infection which we suppose to be as much an accompaniment of the

zealous schoolmaster as it was of the serious Miss Blimber should so constantly extend to the playground? Is a game over which Providence in the shape of a Blue is continually keeping a watchful eye necessarily a better game or a greater relaxation than those we played unwatched, unassisted, untutored in years gone by? There is more science, probably. But is there the same amount of free and healthy enjoyment? There is more knowledge of and reverence for the great names of the cricket- or football-field. But do our boys play the game with more zest themselves, or is there the same scope for originality? We fancy not. For we seem to remember that some forty years ago, at a period when working hours were perhaps too long and playtime all too short, we gave up every single available minute of a summer day to cricket, and never had the slightest difficulty in finding a sufficiency of keen and enthusiastic playmates. There was no one to coach us or set us right, no game-master to tell us at one minute that our bat was not straight, at another that point was not in his proper place, least of all was it ever necessary to hire a professional to bowl for us. Probably we had some vague ideas where the field ought to stand for fast and slow bowling,—possibly a father or elder brother had told us at some time or another that a crooked bat commonly implied a short innings. But experience was, after all, our game-master; the want of science was balanced by the presence of originality of method, we did our own bowling alike of necessity and choice, and found in a long stop a sensitive and satisfactory substitute for a net, in a judicious spanking with the bat the simplest remedy for a dropped catch or supposed slackness in the field. As boys were then, so would boys be now, if left a little more to their own devices and permitted, in the playground

at any rate, to make a little more of original instinct unfettered by magisterial admonition and supervision.

There may be merit of a sort in a copy of Tom Brown's verses, consisting of gleanings from the stock-pot supplied by the "Gradus" and the "Vulgus"; if there is absence of originality, there is evidence of research. In a copy made up of endings borrowed from other boys and phrases extracted from some easy-tempered master who, acting on the principle of the unjust judge, is induced to lend an ear to constant importunity, there is no merit of any kind soever. A copy of either type as compared with a far more faulty copy, the result of a boy's personal effort and unaided originality, is as paste to a diamond or brass filings to retorted gold.

"Hammer it out yourself and I'll show you your mistakes afterwards," is the dictum of the real teacher who has in view the true aim of elementary education, which is, we take it, to develop a boy's own powers of resource and train him to think for himself. If the modern system of taking the management of their games entirely out of young boys' hands had no worse effect than that of stifling originality and reducing to a minimum the power of initiative, a strong case would be made out against the over-assiduous attentions of the preparatory school game-master. But beyond all this we are in danger of training the young generation to believe with our friend Lambert that the game as a game is part and parcel of life's business, and that a dropped catch or failure to take a pass at foot-ball are matters of vital importance. As the modern master carries into the playground his passion for laying down the law, so, too, the modern boy is only too apt to enter the class-room with his thoughts so entirely preoccupied by the pleasant things that lie outside

its doors that little power is left to grapple with the stern realities of work, and with his brain clogged and crowded with so many facts and figures of the cricket- or football-field as to leave room in it for little else besides.

With the game-master, apart from his office and—for so we venture to believe it—his over-rigid sense of duty, we have long since disclaimed the idea of a personal quarrel, and with game-playing at proper times and seasons we have a most hearty sympathy. No one can feel more strongly that there are plenty of useful and all-important lessons to be learnt on the playing-fields. But they are lessons of a type that do not come by admonition or precept; for pluck and patience, endurance and concentration of energy, coolness in the presence of difficulties and modesty in the hour of success, may be numbered among self-taught virtues.

And after all, are the niceties and the little petty details of game-playing so seriously worth the teaching that men with all the capacity to become useful citizens should devote the best years of life to giving instruction in them? or are they so seriously worth the learning that the boys, whom we expect in

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the future to become worthy servants of the Empire, should fritter away their young lives in the too accurate study or the over-laborious practice of them?

We are growing accustomed to being called a nation of shopkeepers, and we seem to be going the right way towards earning the still less enviable title of a nation of game-players.

The thew and the sinew, the ready eye and the ready hand, the fortitude and the endurance, characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race which have won us our place in the world, may in part be due to our sporting and game-playing proclivities, but they are things that we may as well be without if they are to carry us no farther than to our cricket- or our football-fields. Not by such arts as these has the greatest Empire the world has ever known been built up. Let us remember while there is yet time that an empire almost as great tottered to its fall when the citizens of the mother-city grew too serious over their amusements. Never was England more formidable in the eyes of Europe than when she was Puritan; and that was an ascetic Rome whose legions bore down all opposition.

#### AMERICA IN THE FAR EAST.

Has America a Far Eastern policy? I gather from Mr. Frederick Greenwood's article in *The Pilot* for December 12th that he shrewdly doubts it. Verbally, he confined his doubts to a definitely stated contingency. If Russia by herself and of her own power thrashed the Japanese, might we "rely upon the active support of the United States in that difficulty"? If by active support is meant taking up the sword, and it is hard to see how it can mean

anything else, Mr. Greenwood thought not. But I seemed, rightly or wrongly, to detect in the spirit of Mr. Greenwood's references to American action a wider doubt than this, a doubt such as I have ventured to imply in the opening sentence of this article. Has the United States a Far Eastern policy? Might not Mr. Greenwood's doubts be extended far beyond the particular conditions he postulated? Might they not, in fact, be made to embrace any and

every development in Far Eastern affairs short of the intolerable extreme of a loss of American lives? I suspect that, putting the question at its widest, Mr. Greenwood's answer would be but an amplification of his doubts on the specific point he raised.

And yet, in some ways, the question seems an absurd one. Did not the United States bear her share in the relief of the Pekin Legations? Has not Mr. Hay again and again asserted that his Government stands for the open door? Is not the Manchurian question one of the great preoccupations of American diplomacy? Have there not been times within the last few years when Russia and the United States were obviously at diplomatic loggerheads, and at such times has Mr. Hay ever shrunk from pressing home with sharp insistence the American point of view? Finally, does not the sphere of America's international activity widen with the years; is not the old ideal of seclusion and passive isolation palpably out of date; are not the Americans in fact what they so often and proudly proclaim themselves to be on paper, a "World-Power," with the responsibilities and the duties that attach thereto? How, then, can there be any question that the United States must be reckoned an active, tangible factor in the Far Eastern crisis, or that her great and growing stake in the commercial development of China, and especially of Manchuria, has committed her to a fixed and definite policy?

Undoubtedly, America has done all this; undoubtedly, these things are facts. But facts are as misleading as statistics, unless one knows the forces and the conditions above, behind, and around them. It is a fact, for instance, that Americans took part in the relief of the Pekin Legations; and, by the side of that fact, it may well seem a mere speculation whether a single

American soldier would have been landed in China but for the accidental presence of an American army in the Philippines. But it is also a fact, and a more important one, that the American efforts were directed towards a single end, the rescue of the American Minister and of American missionaries; that when that end was accomplished, a profound distaste of the situation developed all over the United States; and that American diplomacy was forthwith directed towards winding up the whole wretched business at the earliest possible moment. One remembers how roundly, at the time, their eager squeamishness was denounced, even in England, and with what heat Mr. Hay was charged with treachery to civilization, Christianity, the "Brotherhood of White Men," and I know not what else. But neither Mr. McKinley nor Mr. Hay had much option in the matter. Public opinion compelled them to a speedy withdrawal, and what public opinion compelled politics also counselled. What lay at the root of the American repugnance to the part they found themselves playing? There was a suspiciousness and dislike of Germany; there was a real and most honorable resentment against the atrocities that followed the occupation of Pekin; there was also the fear of a general war. But beneath all this, as a fundamental objection, lay their instinctive, ineradicable aversion to "foreign adventures," to anything that seemed to smack of a "spirited" foreign policy. Mr. Greenwood, I imagine, is one of the few Englishmen who have gauged the force of this aversion and its results. It should, of course, be the essence of any discussion on American policy outside of America.

Nations are slow to accept the conclusions of their own acts. We see the United States bounding out of her long innocuous isolation, felling an in-

tegral member of the European family, planting herself in the West Indies and on the Isthmus, strewing the Pacific with stepping stones from San Francisco to Hong-Kong, and starting an Asiatic Empire of her own. We conclude that, being imperial in fact, she is also imperial in tendencies, outlook, ambitions; and that is precisely where we make the mistake. An empire is easier to come by than the spirit of empire, and we altogether overrate American facility and underrate American Conservatism, if we think that because they have the former they must also have the latter. The fact is there, plain enough, but not the consciousness and the mental horizon we read into it. The sphere of American interests has broadened, but the Americans themselves have not broadened with it. The "man in the cars," as I have often argued, is still wholly against anything, not directly connected with American lives or American territory, that may lead to "foreign complications." Washington's warning against "entangling alliances" still holds the field absolutely. The policy of isolation and non-interference still represents the national will. For all practical purposes American self-engrossment is hardly less complete today than it has been any time during the last hundred years. The questions that really touch them are still American questions. The desire to have as few political dealings with foreign Powers as may be is still about as strong as ever; the determination, even at some sacrifice of American interests, to keep as much as possible to themselves, and to avoid all situations in which there may lurk a chance of "complications" has in no way weakened. The palm without the dust is, and for many years will be, the limit of American intention. Of all things an "active foreign policy" is the furthest from her thoughts.

I am ready to admit that, in the long run, the broadening of American activities must make the ideal of seclusion untenable. But those who know America best will, I think, agree that that time is so far distant that neither this generation nor the next will see it. I also admit that the present administration is in this respect somewhat ahead of the masses of the people. But then it is the masses who govern America, and direct even her foreign policy. And while the opinion of the masses remains what it is, American policy in the Far East becomes subject to a considerable discount—such discount as is implied in the statement that there is no possible development which would tempt the United States to draw the sword, unless it were to rescue the lives of American citizens. I can conceive nothing which American opinion would reject with such savage unanimity as a proposition to go to war with Russia in the protection of her treaty rights. Of course, if a shot were once "accidentally" fired, the case might be different. But as a policy, elaborated and submitted to the people, and pointing towards a Russo-American conflict, however great the provocation, Americans would have none of it. Diplomacy, to be successful, must ultimately rest on the implication of force. But the beginning and the end of Mr. Hay's diplomacy is despatch-writing. So astute a statesman in his heart of hearts must feel a sort of final impotence when he reflects that public opinion will support him only so long as he spills ink, but no blood, and that his "protests" and "demands" are founded on nothing but bluff. One cannot bluff for ever; even a Bismarck needs a Moltke in the background; and Mr. Hay, I suspect, may one of these days find himself manœuvred into a position essentially that of the French at Fashoda.

Sydney Brooks.

## THE IRONY OF CHRIST.

Bishop Thirlwall in his famous essay on "The Irony of Sophocles" introduces his theme with the remark that "some readers may be a little surprised to see irony ascribed to a tragic poet." The surprise, perhaps, is greater to find the same mode of speech attributed to our Lord as one vehicle for the transmission of His message. Commentators and preachers have for the most part shrank from the idea as though it implied a certain derogation from the sublime import of His mission, if not also from His divine character. Doubtless the explanation of their timidity lies in their acquiescence in the popular but fallacious notion which identifies the accidents of irony with its essence, conceiving it always as involving personal spleen and inhuman contempt for those against whom it is directed. Carlyle makes Teufelsdröckh a sharer in this opinion: "Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the Devil: for which reason I have long since as good as renounced it,"—a curious comment on the prophet's own favorite manner. Were sarcasm merely the expression of a hard and indifferent attitude toward men, nothing could be more foreign to the spirit and work of Christ. But even this, the most dangerous form of irony, has its moral uses, and may well take its place as a not unjustifiable weapon in the armory of the religious teacher and reformer. Divest it of all personal rancor, purge it of the taint of intellectual pride, of the spirit which Byron ascribes to Gibbon when he pictures him as—

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn  
sneer;  
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,  
and it may be as a "terrible and fiery

finger, shrivelling falsehoods from the souls of men." As Ruskin says, "folly and sin are to a certain extent synonymous; and it must be well for mankind in general if all could be made to feel that wickedness is as contemptible as it is hateful." Using the term in its widest sense, we find irony as the distinguishing mark of the loftiest spirits of the race—of a Plato, a St. Paul, a Shakespeare, a Pascal, to name but a few—and we may well conclude that He Who saw life in its moral and religious aspects with an unrivalled steadiness and sanity can have been no stranger to a permanent element of human experience, and therefore an inseparable adjunct of human speech.

Of course, there are types of irony of which Christ never made use. Some are wholly obnoxious to the purport of His appearance; some we feel intuitively to be, though innocent in themselves, inconsonant with His function as the Revealer of God and Redeemer of man. As an illustration of the former, take the wanton or malignant irony "by which a man humors the folly of another for the purpose of rendering it more extravagant and incorrigible." The darker side of this irony may be seen, as Thirlwall says, in the weird women who feed the ambitious hopes of Macbeth, and afterwards lull him into a false security, raising

Such artificial sprites  
As by the strength of their illusion  
Shall draw him on to his confusion.

And at the other extreme, the light and sportive irony that delights in simulative self-praise or in assumed depreciation of another—the covert language of love and sympathy—has no place in Christ's recorded sayings.

Quaint conceits of language, "the feigned abuse" of "perplexed lovers," the playful interchange of ironic banter, though natural among equals, are not to be expected in the converse of One Who was conscious of a mission higher than any entrusted to the sons of men, and Whose soul was straitened till it was accomplished.

Nor, again, can we detect in Christ a touch of that irony which Socrates raised to a philosophic method, and which henceforth has been associated with his name. Socrates was conscious of his ignorance, whereas those with whom he argued were not; and in this disparity lay the irony. It consists, as Zellar remarks, in the fact that without any positive knowledge, and prompted only by a desire for knowledge, Socrates addresses himself to others, in the hope of learning from them what they know, but that in the attempt to discover it, upon a critical analysis of their notions, even their supposed knowledge vanishes. But whereas Socrates calls men to self-redemption through self-knowledge, Christ summons them to self-surrender and to faith.

Apart from these species of irony, the Gospels have preserved for us abundant illustrations of our Lord's use of this mode of speech. The persons who are its objects were the sophists of the time, the scribes and Pharisees. What could be more ironical than His picture of them as blind teachers leading blind scholars, and both falling into the ditch? Or His condemnation of their hide-bound pedantry: "Beautifully (*καλῶς*) ye reject the commandments of God, that ye may keep your own tradition"? Or His scathing invective that lays bare their moral hollowness in that while they "build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, they are really of the same spiritual kin as their

forefathers who "killed the prophets"? The twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel contains one of the most cutting and searching pieces of irony in literature, truly terrible in its sustained passion and revealing power. Some critics will have it that our Lord here exceeds all the proper bounds of decorum, and falls into the temptation that besets every prophet, of turning in misanthropic rage upon the generation which declines His guidance and takes its own way. To which, perhaps, Dr. Martineau's vigorous words are a sufficient reply:—"The prophetic spirit is sometimes oblivious of the rules of the drawing-room; and inspired Conscience, like the inspiring God, seeing a hypocrite, will take the liberty to say so, and to act accordingly." But even in the righteous indignation proper to a holy nature, Christ never ceases to be genuinely human. He plays no cynic rôle. Believing in God and in the human soul, his irony is but veiled pity, and the pity is so intense that it at length burns away the veil and we hear wrung from Him the cry:—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killst the prophets . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

When we turn to the teaching addressed mainly to His immediate followers we find a mild and gracious irony often on His lips. Two examples must here suffice. The reader of the Gospels is always conscious that between Christ and the men of His time there was "a great gulf fixed." In spite of His repeated warnings, even His Disciples obstinately clung to a crude and materialistic interpretation of His words. That He Himself fore-saw the tragic issue of His life, and was at pains to prepare the minds of His Disciples for it, is a feature of the evangelical narrative without which

the whole picture of His life becomes chaotic and unintelligible. Yet it was this bitter ending to all their glowing day-dreams that they refused to face. He knew that attachment to His cause would involve imprisonment, wounds, and death, that as the master so should the servants be. So far apart were their respective outlooks, that only by a kind of gracious irony, interpreted, it may have been, by a sad and wistful smile, could His find a point of contact with theirs. Here doubtless is the explanation of a saying on which traditional exegesis has been forced to put an unnatural meaning because of its prosaic apprehension of the words. When St. Peter, as the spokesman of the apostolic band, pleads for some reward of their sacrifices: "Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee," Christ makes the strange reply: "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, *with persecutions*." It is as though for the moment He accommodated Himself to His hearer's point of view, and by so doing most effectually set it aside. He seems to say: "You have sacrificed relatives, lands, and houses for my sake, but you will be repaid in kind a hundredfold. You came to me paupers; you will leave me men of substance." When He adds—*"with persecutions"* the irony is obvious. Two pictures are flashed before the Disciples' eyes. In one they see themselves happy and flourishing members of society, with health, wealth, and troops of friends; in the other they are hunted and harassed outcasts, reckoned the refuse of the world, made a spectacle to angels and to men. The irony drops and the paradox is resolved when He makes it clear that spiritual and temporal rewards be-

long to different spheres of thought, and have no common denominator, by adding: "and in the world to come eternal life. But many that are first shall be last; and the last first." The other illustration is in connection with a sore crux of expositors from the days of St. Jerome to those of Trench,—the parable of the unjust steward. The villain of the story is the opportunist pure and simple. He seeks his own selfish ends at the cost of honor and principle. He would stand well with all parties. His stewardship being threatened, he opens up negotiations with the tenants, scales down their just debts, and when the blow falls that deprives him of home and comfort, they are at hand to supply his needs and to justify his wisdom. Then follow the words that sadly perplex the literal-minded: "And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fall, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Are we to see here an exhortation to put out money at spiritual usury? This is a difficult idea. But all is plain and natural if we read the verse as an ironical comment of our Lord's on the story. He would teach that while in this world a dexterous manipulation of opportunities may meet with success, it is absurd to suppose that such a policy holds the key of the kingdom of God. By disloyalty to conscience and principle a man can make friends of the unspiritual; but does he really expect that these will welcome him in his day of spiritual stress to the everlasting habitations?

We speak of "the irony of fate." The Greek wished to express by the phrase "the contrast between man, with his hopes, fears, wishes, and undertakings, and a dark, inflexible fate." It is needless to say that He who made the truth of the divine fatherhood the vital possession of the human spirit recognized

no such contrast. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that He was blind to the surprises and contradictions of life. The irony of circumstance appealed to Him profoundly. How ironical, for example, was His own outward lot contrasted with His inner dignity! "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Or again, what an ironic spectacle did His contemporaries present in their respective attitudes to Himself and the Baptist! Their reasons for refusing allegiance to one or other were contradictory. They objected to John on the ground of his asceticism, but when Jesus came, eating and drinking, they turned on Him on the ground of His free living. With grave and sorrowful irony, He compares Himself and His forerunner to the children in the market-place who called to their fellows and said: "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented." His parables are full of the same consciousness of life's ironies. Take the picture of the Judge urged by the importunate clamor of a widow to avenge her wrong, and surrendering with the cynical remark: "Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet be-

cause this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me." Justice in this world is often at the mercy of an accident: not righteous claims, but persistent vociferation will frequently succeed in gaining it. Or take that other graphic sketch of the supper and the invited guests. As Christ gravely enumerates the excuses put forward for refusing the proffered Messianic blessings did no smile of gentle irony curve His lip or shine in His eyes? Must not even the dullest have read the soft sarcasm of the words: "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come"? The irony takes on a more sombre hue when, piercing the veils that hide the true trend of life, He warns men: "Many be called, but few chosen"; or in words that express one of His favorite thoughts: "Many that are first shall be last; and the last first."

Thus do we see that He has consecrated this intellectual gift and redeemed it from all ignoble use, in making it at once an instrument of punishment to the wilfully blind, and a guide to a wider outlook and a more spiritual interpretation of life for those who, though blind, long for the dawn.

*The Spectator.*

#### BRITISH MANNERS.

It is quite open to question whether two neighbors who have long lived side by side on terms of sufficient cordiality to ensure peaceable relations, whose appreciation of each other's qualities is persistently testified to by the intelligent of both countries, do not run some risk of imperiling that attitude of neutrality when they enter into closer bonds involving more constant inter-

course and more frequent occasions of friction. Given two nations whose point of view, whose characteristics great and small place them morally so far apart, as England and France, and it seems doubtful whether in reality much purpose is served by personal contact. The doubt must inevitably become a certainty unless each side is resolved to bring to the relationship

all the tact, all the reserve, and all the generosity which the delicacy of the situation demands.

The autumn has been marked by the visit of two representative bodies of our countrymen to France, the ice of several decades has been broken, and English men and women have been received on French soil with a cordiality that impressed each guest with its sincerity. One wonders what impression these Anglo-Saxons made, and especially the band of Parliamentarians as they progressed through the country, feted in public and in private, toasted and harangued.

For a fortnight 180 of our race, men and women, have been under the critical gaze of a hypercritical people, and one hopes that the favorable impression carried away by our legislators and their wives has found an echo in the minds of their generous hosts. It was a grave responsibility that each member undertook when he joined the party, and he added to it further by taking wife and daughter to figure in foreign eyes as representatives of their sex and class. Did Mr. Toby, M.P., inform himself before setting forth of the habits and customs of a people of whom he knows less than he suspects? Did Mrs. T. and Miss T. consult such of their friends who had been abroad on points of etiquette, that, islanders as we are on the outskirts of Europe, have remained unknown to and unremarked by us? One fears not, and one shudders to think of the sins of omission and commission condoned by the hosts of our fellow countrymen on the ground of an imperfect civilization. To a people who have made society a fine art, who have inherited their conception of its duties and privileges, to whom every little formality is a tradition sanctioned by the many eminent men and women who built up the fabric, to whom the amenities of social life are ample compensation for the

sacrifices it necessitates, to these people the Englishman's attitude in regard to society is wholly incomprehensible and painfully shocking. Take a typical case of one of our nationality asked out to dine in Paris—and the picture is not overdrawn. He arrives late—probably the last—neglects to apologize, omits to have himself presented to those of the party with whom he is not already acquainted, talks English across the table to a compatriot, insists on discussing subjects on which French susceptibilities are most liable to offence, confines his conversation after dinner to one lady of the party if she happen to please him, or remains silent if there is nobody there to his liking; finally, quits the house without saying good-bye to his host and hostess, and crowns all his misdemeanors by forgetting to leave a card next day or pay his *visite de digestion*.

It is this brutal disregard of the accepted code of continental manners that makes it almost impossible for cosmopolitan Europe to assimilate the travelling Britisher. The freemasonry that exists abroad by right of which the well-bred member of any European nation is accepted by and fits into the society of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and smaller cities, does not extend to the representatives of our nation, who seldom possess the *open sesame*. Of course all this may be the result of the "superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race," and this contempt of the laws of society perhaps shows strength of character and is the secret of the Empire's greatness. It may be so, but there is a charm nevertheless about a society which exists and has existed on certain principles of mutual consideration, by which the hostess devotes herself to her guests, and the guests in their turn, are prompted with a desire to contribute each one their share to the general enjoyment of the evening. One cannot but be susceptible to an atmosphere

towards the creation of which every detail has been carefully studied. First of all the flattering note of invitation, then the cordial welcome and introduction, to those in the room (accompanied by a word of explanation if, with quick intuition, the hostess sees the name is not sufficient indication), the place at table between sympathetic friends, and after dinner a conversation that admits of every one contributing their ideas. Discussion, not too profound, for that might lead to offending some one's pet prejudices, and, when discussion threatens danger, a quick reversion to the harmless topics of the day. Madame de Staël, after a year spent in England under conditions that gave her an opportunity of seeing all that was distinguished in society, recorded her impressions in one of the volumes entitled *Considerations sur la Révolution Française*. Her admiration for our Constitution, institutions, parties, principles, laws, and by-laws knew no bounds, but she was reluctantly obliged to admit that our men had no manners and that our social intercourse lacked one great essential, namely, conversation. According to her, English men and women speak only when they have something to say, and then they exhaust every phase of the subject—and themselves. The collapse which ensues in the conversation, says the vivacious Frenchwoman, does not seem to discompose the hostess or disturb the company; it is accepted as quite natural.

The defects in our social system must remain characteristic of us as long as our men remain as indifferent as they are to society—in fact, as long as they are still only partially civilized. The French nation has undoubtedly put women on a higher platform than has the British, and the greater refinement of their social conception is no less indisputably due to this fact. The position of a wife and mother in a French

family is legally and instinctively a more honorable one, and the mother-in-law, though often the subject of ridicule on the stage, enjoys an authority and consideration which that relationship is totally deprived of with us. Wife-beating is unknown amongst our Gallic friends, excitable though they are; and, as every one knows at home, that pastime is commonly indulged in by our lower classes at the expense of a 2s. 6d. fine. In England many little things testify to the accepted "superiority" of the male sex. A woman bows first, as to her lord and master; in France a man salutes his idol whether noticed or unnoticed, and stands with his head uncovered if she stops to speak to him, while the younger men never omit to kiss a lady's hand, to shake which would seem an impertinence! To assert that all these formalities are meaningless is the abrupt conclusion of most "self-respecting" Englishmen, but they are nevertheless the evidences of a refined civilization and have their value if life in society is desirable and useful.

The addition, therefore, of these finishing touches to the manly qualities of our British fathers, brothers, and sons would make of our male belongings the paragons of the whole earth; and if good is to come of renewed relations with the politest nation in Europe, let us begin by studying and imitating their manners.

Let our tourist, before he quits his native land, ask what is expected of him in countries not his own, and let him deny himself on his return the pleasure of boasting to his fireside friends that he has run a tilt against every prejudice, practice, principle, and idiosyncrasy that he found amongst the unfortunate people he came in contact with. When the Briton realizes that he is susceptible of improvement he will be a very good fellow!

*Onlooker.*

## THE MAGPIE.

The magpie is, with the one exception of the jay, the most striking in color and the most graceful in form of all the members of the crow tribe. For reasons which are not far to seek, connected with his numerous enemies, he is nowhere exactly a common bird in England; while for reasons connected with his individuality, he is, happily, nowhere quite unknown. There are few inhabitants of a country district who have not caught at least a distant view of his unmistakable shape and movements and flight; and there are equally few inhabitants of a town who have not, at some time or another, seen a ghastly mockery of the wild bird, sorely mutilated and bedraggled, but still attractive withal, hung up, it may be, in a small cage against a wall, in a back court, and condemned to make sorry sport, like the captive Samson among the Philistines—while he can have no spark of merriment within himself—for the casual on-looker or passer-by. A caged eagle whose flashing eye is sadly eloquent of the far-away mountain tops, of pinnacles of rock untrodden by man, or of the boundless spaces of the air of heaven, is hardly a more melancholy spectacle than is a magpie, whose nature it is to be always on the move, always flitting from bush to bush, or taking huge bounds over lawn and lea, always inquisitive, always on the alert, always cheery, confined for life within a few square feet of space, with, perhaps, only one perch to vary his position, his tall torn and broken against his prison bars, deprived of half its length and of all its beauty, the brilliant white of his body begrimed with dust and dirt, till it has become a sullen gray, and its iridescent and metallic shades of blue, purple,

bronze and violet, reduced, to all appearance, to one sordid and sombre black. The cry of Sterne's starling, "I can't get out, I can't get out!" is, to him who knows and loves the character of the magpie, the pathetic under-song of every cramped and feverish movement of his body and of every humorous make-believe of his lissom and well-trained tongue and throat.

Let us first look a little more closely at the form and plumage of the bird when he is fresh from his native haunts, and then try to picture to ourselves, what is more important and interesting still, something of his life-history, of his habits and his aptitudes, something, in short, of the heart and the brain—the latter, as in all the crow tribe, very highly developed—which lie "behind the feathers."

It is difficult, except at the breeding season, to get nearer to the magpie than eighty to a hundred yards, and, at that distance, he appears a simple mixture of black and white, each color laid on in broad and effective, and therefore conspicuous, patches, much as is the case with the oyster-catcher or sea-pye, the scaup and the tufted duck, the sheldrake and the merganser. But take him in your hand when he has just been caught, or killed, by his deadly enemy the gamekeeper; or, better still, watch him from the distance of a few yards only, as you can do in Norway—where he is a prime favorite, a chartered libertine with everybody, and, indeed, is almost domesticated—and observe how deftly these two ground colors are intermixed, and how delicately they are shot with other tints as the light glances across them. The head, the neck, and the upper breast are a glossy black, the prevailing color of most of the crow tribe.

The secondary feathers of the wing and the back are also black, but resplendent with bands of bright green, shading off into purple, blue, and deeper green. The lower breast and the under parts are pure white of the softest texture, and so are the graceful inner webs of the flight feathers.

Even thus far, the magpie will strike you as a bird of almost matchless beauty, but its greatest and most conspicuous ornament of all is its tail. The tail is considerably longer than the whole of the rest of his body, beak and all, and when the bird throws it jauntily upwards to keep it out of the damp grass, or uses it to help him steer his way in his wavering, uncertain flight from plantation to plantation, it expands into the loveliest and most exquisitely shaped of fans. The two centre feathers are the longest, and of exactly equal length, while four others on each side shelfe off in gradually descending scale, the whole of them aglow with half the colors of the rainbow.

There are few birds whose habits have changed more or more rapidly, with the changing times, than those of the magpie. He has learned—a sure mark of high intelligence—how “to keep pace” with them, and to adapt himself to circumstances. Observers of nature, of a century or so ago, speak of him, with hardly an exception, as one of the most familiar and friendly of birds, fond of man and of his works and never far removed from them, haunting the rickyard, searching the “mixen” for food, perching on the barn top, the occasional companion, and not always the enemy, of the hens, the ducks and the pigeons of the farm-yard, his huge nest constructed on one of the old ash trees or elms which hem the homestead in, conspicuous yet secure. He was, in short, in England then, much what he is in Norway now, a canny or uncanny bird who might

know a little too much of the private history and prospects of the farmer and his family, their births, their marriages, and their deaths, but still, on the whole, a friend to be respected, to be entertained, and never to be molested, or molested only at the farmer's personal peril.

Now, all that is changed. He is always cheery still, but is yet the most suspicious and wary of birds, eye and ear always open, ready to detect, not so much the presence of his lurking prey, as the presence of his lurking foe. The gun and the pole-trap and poison and the other gruesome stock-in-trade of the game-keeper have driven him off from all “well-preserved”—or, as I would rather call them, from all “ill-destroyed”—estates: from all estates, that is, in which every larger animal which is not game, or which is not preserved for hunting, is dubbed “vermin”—a name which ought to be reserved for the most noxious and noisome of insects—and is, as far as possible, promptly and unscrupulously destroyed. It must be freely admitted that the gamekeeper has more excuse for destroying the magpie and his near relation, the carrion crow, than he has for destroying other noble and interesting birds, such as hawks and owls; for, during two or three months of the year, when he has five or six growing young to feed, he is an active and skilful bird-nester, sparing neither eggs, nor callow, or fully fledged young birds. But that his misdeeds, even during these three months, are much exaggerated is clear, I think, from two facts: first, that in Norway, and in other countries where he is protected and domiciled, there is no lack of young ducks, young poultry and young pigeons running loose; and secondly, because smaller birds never seem to regard him as their natural enemy, never mob him as rooks or swal-

lows and martins will mob a hawk or cuckoo; or as starlings, blackbirds, and thrushes will, in their ignorance and presumption, mob the stranger and belated owl. A magpie with his very small wings and uncertain flight, could not catch any full-grown bird upon the wing, even if he would. Charles Waterton had thirty-four nests of the magpie, in one year, in his park, implying a sum total, when all had reared their young in safety, as they did, of over 200 birds; and yet nobody who knows the facts will deny that he had other birds of almost every possible variety, and in exceptionally large numbers, including partridges and pheasants, in his domains.

Observe the habits of the magpie closely, through a glass if possible, during any of the nine remaining months of the year. A bicycle, run between two high hedges, will sometimes enable you to become the unseen guest of a whole family, disporting themselves by the roadside. What is yonder magpie tugging at in the middle of the pasture? It is a huge earthworm, clinging as hard as he can cling for dear life to the mother earth, which still protects two-thirds of him. The magpie drags him from his lair, and, swallowing him piecemeal, hops off in quest of others. What is that other magpie doing, not pulling but pecking hard at something in the hedge-bank hard by? Mark the place as exactly as you can, go straight to it, and you will find the fragments of big small shells, still sticky with the slime of their just-devoured tenants. Others of the brood are zigzagging over the grass, or flitting from bush to bush, prying into every nook and cranny, and picking up, now grubs and caterpillars in abundance, now a mouse, now a frog, now seeds and berries from the hedgerow. The father, meanwhile, or more probably the mother, anxious for, yet rejoicing, like Diana among her

nymphs, in the presence of her numerous and beautiful progeny, beautiful as herself, stands sentinel on the topmost twig of some neighboring ash tree, her lustrous tail waving gracefully up and down, never from side to side, as the breeze catches it, much as does that of a butcher bird, perched on a similar coign of vantage, or of a water wagtail scuttling over the freshly mown lawn, or among the stones of the rippling brook. Weigh in the balance, if such things ever can be weighed, the beauty and interest and cheeriness of the bird, and the good he does, during three-quarters of the year, against any mischief he may do, during the remaining one quarter, by lessening the number of pheasants or partridges which are to be slaughtered at the annual battue, and say which scale will kick the beam.

A word or two upon the name of magpie and other local appellations given to this sprightly bird. The subject, like most etymological questions in natural history, is of interest in more ways than one, and its investigation throws light upon the historic character of the bird. "Pie," or, as it used to be spelt, "pye," is the Latin *pica*, a bird which, as early as the time of Ovid, who was a real observer of birds—the best, I think, in the whole range of classical literature—was believed to have the power of mimicking anything it liked, *imitantes omnia picæ*. It took the form of "pyot" in Scotland, where the oyster-catcher, which is so like it in plumage, so unlike it in character, is still called the sea-pyot, of pyanot in Northumberland, of pynot in Lancashire. "I saigh," so ran the Lancashire dialect, the Lancashire spelling, the Lancashire belief, in the year 1775, "I saigh two rotten pynots (hong 'um), that wur a sign of bad fashin, for I heard my gronny say houd oss leef o' seenen two Owd Harrys oss two py-nots." As for "mag," the other half

of the name, it was given as a term of familiarity, probably also of endearment, half felt and half pretended; pretended, in order to avert the evil consequences which might result from any expression of the opposite, just as the Greeks, by way of disarming them, called the Furies the "kindly goddesses," or the ill-omened left hand, the "well-named." Mag is short for Madge or Margaret, which, in its turn, comes from the Latin *margarita*, a pearl. The original form of the magpie's name was magot-pie or magot-pye, as we find in Shakespeare:

The raven rook'd her in the chimney-top,  
And magot-pyes in dismal discords sung;

and in other early writers:

I neither tattle with jackdaw,  
Nor magot-pyes in thatched house straw.

In fact, men called the pye a magot-pye, or mag-pie, much as we call a daw a jack-daw, a parrot a poll parrot, a tit a tom-tit, a wren a jenny wren, a redbreast a Robin redbreast. It should be noted that the magpie is, or was, called in Kent the haggister, a term of which I have no explanation to offer—unless indeed it be a corruption of eggister—while in Lincolnshire it is still called the egg-lift, a term which speaks for itself.

The nest of the magpie is, in every way, remarkable. So large is it, so out of proportion to the size of the bird, and, to all appearances from below, so unfinished, that a legend has been invented to account for its incongruities and shortcomings—so clever a bird, so unsatisfactory a nest! When the world was still young, so runs the story, the magpie, though she was sharp enough—too sharp, perhaps, in other things—found herself, I suppose by way of compensation, quite unable

to construct her own nest, and called in other birds to help her. "Place this stick thus," said the blackbird. "Ah," said the magpie, "I knew that afore." Other birds followed with other suggestions, and to all of them she made the same reply. Their patience was at last exhausted by her conceit, and they left her in a body, saying with one consent, "Well, Mistress Mag, as you seem to know all about it, you may e'en finish the nest yourself"; and so, with its dome unfinished and unable to keep out wind and rain, it has, in consequence, remained to this very day.

No one who imagined or propagated this legend can ever have climbed to a magpie's nest, still less faced the difficulty of getting round it or above it on its lofty perch, of finding the small hole in its side, or of forcing his hand through it, often at the cost of much blood, and so reaching the gray-green eggs, freckled all over with brown, from five to seven in number, deeply and securely housed within it. I have climbed, in my time, to some sixty magpies' nests at every stage of their construction and of the growth of their inmates, and I have never reached *terra firma* again without marvelling at the high constructive art displayed in them. At the bottom comes the layer of sticks so kindly suggested by the blackbird; then a layer of some big lumps of well-tempered mud and clay binding them together; and so on, sticks and mortar, mortar and sticks, in alternate strata, as though it were lath and plaster laid by an accomplished plasterer. Then succeed thinner twigs and pliant rootlets wound round the deep cuplike hollow, which can be reached only through a hole in the side, just large enough to admit the bird's body, and fenced round outside by a perfect *cheval-de-frise* of the sharpest thorns the bird can collect, chiefly blackthorn. The whole is surmounted

by a dome of sticks, loosely yet securely interlacing, not intended to keep out the rain, which is unnecessary, but serving as a perfectly secure protection against any larger bird of prey which might wish to force its way in, whether to suck the eggs, or to take possession of a nest so much better built than any which it can build itself. It would be a bold raven, or crow, or hawk, who would attack the magpie through such a porthole in such a fortress.

On occasion, the magpie has been known to outdo even the raven in his affection—I do not say for his mate—but for his home and for the offspring which, in germ, were housed within it. Towards the end of the earlier half of the last century, a pair of magpies built their nest within forty yards of a stable in Scotland. The owner tried—as gamekeepers skilled in their murderous profession always do—to shoot the male bird first, sure of being able to get at the female, through her best affections, at his leisure, afterwards. But as the male bird took good care of himself and kept well out of shot, he grew impatient and killed the mother-bird. What happened? The male magpie, within a day or two, sought and found a mate who was willing to take upon herself, at a moment's notice, the duties of both wife and mother, and she at once began to sit upon the alien eggs. She shared her predecessor's fate; and the male bird was actually able to induce a third, and yet a fourth, helpmeet to perform the same irksome duties, and to run the same risks, with the same sad result. In another part of Scotland a still more extraordinary case occurred. The date, the place, and the names of the landowner and the gamekeeper concerned are all given, in this case, as in the other, by Macgillivray.<sup>1</sup> The male bird managed to escape the gamekeeper, but no less

than six successive female magpies were shot sitting, one after the other, on the same eggs.

The questions which occur to one, in connection with such a strange story, are legion; but questions, I fear, they must always remain. How could the male bird find a disengaged female at that time of year at all, and, still more, at so short a notice? How did he make her understand what she was wanted for? What arguments did he use? Did this new Bluebeard "upon compulsion" feel any compunction of conscience in luring one bird after another to marriage, to motherhood, and to death? Were the birds related to him before, and, if so—the most likely explanation, I think, of all—did each member of this strange stock recognize the paramount and overmastering obligation of preserving the family at all hazards, an obligation which, as Maeterlinck tells us in his fascinating work *The Life of the Bee*, is fulfilled in the most self-forgetful—nay, self-annihilating—spirit by the bees? Perish the individual, perish any number of individuals, but let the stock survive! We know not; but again I would remark how inscrutable are the hearts and minds of animals; of birds above all other animals; and of the members, as it seems to me, of the great corvine genus, above all other birds!

The magpie has been known, under special circumstances, to transfer her parental affections from her own young, which she had lost, to those of another bird. A brood of young ravens, which had been taken from their nest, were being brought up in a cartshed by the carter's boy who had taken them. The young of a magpie, who had happened to build her nest near the shed, were taken and destroyed by the same boy. The bereaved parents hearing "the young ravens which cry," and which, at that stage of their growth, seem never to

<sup>1</sup> "British Birds," i. 570.

be satisfied, consoled themselves, it is to be hoped, in some measure for their own loss, by assiduously supplying the wants of the "ravenous" young birds till they were removed from the shed by their owner.

On one occasion, an old magpie's nest gave shelter to a tenant more unlike to herself even than an owl or a starling. It had been noticed that an exceptionally fine fox, found in the same cover time after time, gave the same splendid cross-country run, making the same points, reaching the same plantation, and then always disappearing at the same spot in it, beyond which neither eyesight nor scent could track him. One day however he forgot, for the first and last time, the length of his brush. His tail was espied hanging out of the hole in an old magpie's nest to which, when hard put to it, he had managed to climb, and in which he had now, once too often, claimed the right of sanctuary. Poor Reynard was "caught at last."

When the magpie is building or laying, it is difficult to find her at home, she slips off at the first alarm; but when once she has begun to sit, it is as difficult to get her out of the nest, as it was before to find her in it. "Her strength" and safety, she thinks, and rightly thinks, as does a squatting covey of partridge, "is to sit still." Repeated blows of a stout oak stick on the trunk below often fail to dislodge her. I have, many times, climbed halfway up the tree, and on one occasion have even touched the nest itself, before she went off. Is she more anxious about her own life, which, indeed, at this time of year, is "in jeopardy every hour," or that of her young? A gamekeeper will sometimes fire one barrel of his gun right up through the nest, hoping to make short work of her; but, at that height, the nest, owing to its "armor-plating," its successive layers of sticks and plaster, often

turns out to be shot-proof. Out dashes the bird, and dropping down perpendicularly ten feet or so, as if shot, flurries or misleads her foe, and then, putting rapidly the trunk of the tree between herself and him, often escapes the second barrel unhurt. Unfortunately, it is as easy to poison or trap a magpie as it is difficult to shoot her. Her dead body forms one of the commonest and most conspicuous trophies of the gamekeeper's ghastly gibbet; and so it comes about that whole estates in Dorset and in other counties, and many wild tracts of moorland and woodland which are admirably suited to her habits, and whose charms would be indefinitely enhanced by her presence, seldom catch a glimpse of her graceful movements or her exquisite plumage.

There is nothing in nature quite like the magpie's chatter or clatter of short quick notes. Mr. Hudson compares it to the sound of a wooden rattle or to the bleating of a goat, with a dash of the human voice—the guttural voice of the negro—thrown in. One of her English names, "magot," and one of her French names, "margot," fairly represent the sound; while two of her other colloquial names, "chatter-pie" and "nan-pie," express sufficiently the popular opinion as to her loquacity. Harsh and rasping the note no doubt is, but it is suggestive of much that is delightful in the country side. Strangely enough it has often proved of use to her most deadly foe, the gamekeeper; for it is her habit, when she sees a skulking enemy, to chatter vehemently, to follow him about, and worry him till he has disappeared. Many a stoat, a dog, a cat, sometimes even a lurking poacher, has been discovered by the gamekeeper, guided by her easily recognized note of alarm. May not Shakespeare have had at least an inkling of this habit of the magpie when he says:

Augurs and understood relations have  
By magot-pyes and choughs and rooks  
brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood?

A flock of wood-pigeons, of peewits, of starlings, will rise in a body from a field, and make off, when they hear the magpie's note of alarm, and so, perhaps, escape some youthful sportsman who may be creeping down the hedge to have a sly shot at them. The sight of a fox—perhaps because the magpie recognizes in him her worst rival in point of astuteness—seems to throw her quite off her balance, and makes her more than ever voluble. She has sometimes been observed, with great want of magnanimity, not unshared however by other "higher" animals, to make repeated dashes at a beaten fox, when he is laboring over his last fallow; and, more than this, she has sometimes, by her scolding, guided the huntsman and the hounds, when they were at fault, to the spot where exhausted, but still intrepid, he is lying down and awaiting his final agony, his mind made up "to fight in silence and in silence die."

On the wide expanse of Puddletown or "Egdon" Heath, which I described, in a previous article, as being one of the last refuges of the raven in Dorset, there are a large number of deep circular pits, dispersed at intervals over its surface, without an angle in the whole, and tapering down to a comparatively narrow point. They are not the work of human hands, but geologists are not yet agreed as to their exact cause. One of them, Culpepper's Bowl, is large enough to conceal an ambuscade of a thousand men, and is deep enough to hide from view the well-grown oaks or mountain-ashes which grow within it. Some of these pits lie concealed "under the greenwood tree," all of them are "far from the madding crowd;" and are still, in their little way, sanctuaries of wild

life. The shelving banks of sand and peat are clothed in summer with bracken which often out-tops the head, and are honeycombed with rabbit burrows. At the bottom of one of them a fox may often be found taking his siesta, after his night-long wanderings, safe from the "view-halloo," and with his favorite prey, should he need it, close at hand; while, at the bottom of another, I have often disturbed a roe-deer, a truant from the neighboring Yellowham Wood, where, as in most of the larger covers in Dorset, they are to be found in numbers; for Dorset, alone of English counties, can boast of the exquisitely graceful roe-deer as a familiar and a permanent inhabitant. In one of the gnarled or stunted hawthorn bushes, which grow within the pit, safe from every wind that blows, and heavily laden, sometimes by the overmastering ivy, sometimes by the luxuriant honeysuckle, which lavishes its sweetness on the air around, the "bush-magpie" often makes her nest, scarcely to be distinguished amidst the leafy tangle. Here, and perhaps only here, as far as my experience goes, you can stand on *terra firma*, and look down upon the dome of the magpie's nest immediately below you; you can all but see into it.

The surroundings of these pits are in perfect harmony with the pits themselves. Lie down half buried in the heather, or amidst the dwarf gorse—which, in autumn, is festooned with streamers of the delicately tinted dodder—and you will see, after an interval, the other magpie flitting in slow flight and crracking merrily as he flies, from pit to pit, or from bush to bush, or perched upon the top of a holly, his tail fully spread, and swaying gracefully up and down, as it fans or is fanned by the passing breeze. In the hollow of the moor below, you may watch a circle of herons, perhaps twenty in number, gathered together

from the rich valley of the Frome which lies beyond and has given them a good night's fishing, waiting patiently for the approach of evening, and with Duddle plantation, in which so many of them have been, and, I hope, so many more of them will be safely reared, full in their sight. You may see the mallard wheeling in narrower and ever narrower, and lower and ever lower circles, as he nears the bed of heather, in which his mate, or one of his mates, is sitting on her eggs; and best of all, if you are very lucky, once perhaps in a month, you may hear far overhead the sepulchral croak of a pair of ravens who are on a passing visit from the sea-cliffs to Millicent Clump, or Raven Tarn, where they, and perhaps the long line of their ancestors, have been born and bred.

Fortunes of empires often hung  
On the magician magpie's tongue.

And no sketch of the magpie would be complete if it failed to say something of the folklore, of the legends, the superstitions, and the attributes, self-contradictory though they often are, which have attached themselves to the bird at different times and in different countries. Her geographical range is not much inferior to that of the raven, stretching as it does from the Western United States, over the whole of Europe and over two thirds of Asia, right away to Formosa or Hainan. The poet therefore was geographically accurate when he said: "the magpie scatters notes of presage wide." It would never do for the magpie, pert, prying, pushing, inquisitive, acquisitive bird that she is, to be behind anybody else in anything; and if the history of the raven begins with Noah, hers must do so also. She was the only bird—so runs the legend—who refused to enter the ark when Noah bade her, but preferred to stay gossiping on its roof

about the drowning world. The patriarch rebuked her for her contumacy, her self-will, her evil example; and, ever since, she has been what she is, a bird of mystery, of suspicion, of omen—of what kind of omen in any particular case it is safer not to say till you see what comes after it.

In one of the hymns of the Rig Veda, the earliest of the Hindu scriptures, the magpie is a bird, now of good, now of evil influence. On the one hand, she is the harbinger of consumption and disease; on the other, when a witch has deprived two young princes, in their sleep, of speech and life, it is two magpies who are sent, like the two ravens, the messengers of Odin, to procure the "water of speech" and "the water of life," and so undo the evil work. In German mythology, she is a bird of the infernal regions, now changing herself into a witch, now acting the part of the traditional broomstick, and carrying a witch through the air, upon her back. But she is never represented as wholly bad; she is white as well as black, a "motley" in fact; a beneficent as well as a malignant influence, and she gives warning by her chatter—and here the folklore is based on facts, as we have already seen—of the prowling of the wolf, or of the unexpected advent of a guest. "When the pie chatters," says an old proverb, "we shall have guests." In Italy, she is proverbial for her tittle-tattle. Hence her name *gazza*, or chatterer, from which again comes the word *gazzetta*, or "gazette," for a newspaper which, like the bird, reveals secrets. In a large part of France, where people go out, in sporting dress, to kill the thrush, the robin, and the skylark, and welcome the swallows, upon their return, in springtime, to their shores, by wholesale massacre on electric wires set up for the purpose, the magpie is the only bird, large or small, which does not seem to wear a hunted look. Her nest,

which manages to cling somehow to the lopped and scarecrow poplars, which the inhabitants fancy to be trees, is, in the eyes of the lover of birds, one of the few alleviations of a railway journey through large tracts of a country, which, if God made it beautiful, *la belle France*, man has done his best to make unattractive or even hideous, by depriving it of its hedges, its bushes, its woods, and its birds. In Poitou, it is said that a trace of "pye-worship" still survives. A bunch of laurel and heather is hung on the top of a high tree "in honor of the pye," because, there too, her chatter warns the people of the wolf's approach. "Portez," so runs the saying, "*la crêpe* [pancake] à la pie."<sup>2</sup>

Throughout Scandinavia, as I have shown, the magpie is a universal favorite, a bird of good omen, and all but a member of the family. A sheaf of corn is tied to the top of every house or outhouse at Christmas, that she may share in the festivities of the season. A story told in the *Standard* of the 26th of January, 1877, shows, better perhaps than anything else, the queer insight and the quaint revenge which popular belief attributes to this eerie bird.

A lady, then still living near Carlstadt, in Sweden, had insulted a Finn woman, who had come into the court of her house to ask for food, by telling her to take the magpie, which was hanging in a cage, and "eat that." The Finn took the magpie and disappeared, after casting an evil eye at the lady, who had managed to throw scorn at once upon her own well-known magical powers and those of the "magician" bird. Nothing happened at the time. The lady had all but forgotten the occurrence; but not so the Finn and the magpie. One day, the lady noticed that, when she went out, a

magpie placed itself in her path. The same thing happened day after day, and the first magpie was soon joined by others. Misgivings arose in her mind, and she tried, by various devices, to frighten them away. The more they multiplied, the more she tried to get rid of them; and the more she tried to get rid of them, the more they multiplied and grew. Wherever she went she was attended by these strange and importunate retainers. They perched upon her shoulders, they tugged at her dress, they pecked at her ankles. In sheer desperation, she shut herself up in the house; but they waited outside, and when the door was opened, in they hopped. At last she took to her bed in a room with closed shutters, and, even then the magpies kept tapping, tapping outside. How the story ended we are not told; probably by a premature death, and a funeral attended in force by the triumphant magpies. In any case, the magpie must have been safe from insult and from injury, in that district at least, for a long time to come.

But it is the popular belief in England which interests us most, and which throws most light on the habits of the bird. There are few children who have not heard the lines which run, albeit with many variations:

One for sorrow,  
Two for mirth,  
Three for a wedding,  
Four for a birth,  
Five for Heaven,  
Six for Hell,  
Seven for the de'il's own sell.

A bad look-out, you may say; but some of the variations of the later lines, as for instance—

Five for a fiddle,  
Six for a dance,  
Seven for England,  
Eight for France—

<sup>2</sup> Cp. "Ornithological Mythology," by Angelo de Gubernatis, II. 254 sq. Grimm's "Teutonic Mythology," II. 675. Brand's "Popular Antiqui-

ties," III. 215. T. F. Thiselton-Dyer's "English Folklore," p. 81 sq.

make the bird to be, on the whole, one of good rather than of bad omen. All versions however agree that if you see a single magpie you must look out for storms. Wordsworth himself, a close observer and a great admirer of the bird, who sings how "the magpie chatters with delight," and again, how "the jay makes answer, while the magpie chatters," would have been sorry on his "Excursion" to meet with a solitary specimen of the magpie.

I rejoiced  
When two auspicious magpies crossed  
my way.

Happily, a magpie is very seldom to be seen by himself, and that for the most creditable of all reasons, his fondness for his family. Magpies, like ravens and like owls, pair for life, and they are as fond of their young as they are of one another, keeping them together for several months, sometimes even till the next breeding season calls them to new scenes and duties new. The parent birds are never, except by the merest accident, out of sight of each other. If you look carefully, therefore, it is generally easy to turn your sorrow into mirth; and, if not, you can at least do something to avert or mitigate the evil consequences. If you are a Dorsetshire peasant, you will respectfully raise your hat; if Devonshire, you will spit over your right shoulder three times, and mutter a mystic distich; if a Yorkshireman, you will reverentially make the sign of the cross upon your breast, or cross your thumbs; while elsewhere you will turn three times round, and so on *ad infinitum*.

There is however, I have reason to believe, in spite of the great sociability of the bird, such a thing or such a portent as a permanently solitary magpie, a "solitary" by choice or by conviction. One such is often to be seen in a valley, not a mile from Bingham's Mel-

combe, the place where I am now writing; nor have I ever seen him so frequently as I have since I began this essay. Does he know what I am doing, and has he any remarks to make about it? How one wishes, if he had, that one had ears to hear! But, whatever be the cause of his solitary life—age, disease, disappointment, despondency, bereavement, moroseness—I feel little doubt that the hermit disposition which comes, once and again, upon men who have seen and shared too much in the follies of the world, which comes upon almost all animals when they feel the approach of death, does sometimes creep over even this most sociable of birds. With the hermit's life, this particular magpie seems to have adopted something also of the hermit's mind and manner. He is less excitable, less upon the move. You do not see him hopping in long bounds over the down. You do not hear his cheerful "currack" or "margot." He has no one to call to, no one to "do for" him. He has, apparently, no relations, no friends. He must have taken a vow of silence as well as of celibacy. Like the "Bachelor" in the poem of the grand old Dorset poet, William Barnes, you may see him.

Slinken on! blinken on! thinken on!  
Gloomy and glum,  
Nothen but dullness to come.

In the very same valley, and often not far from this "solitary," is another illustration of my point, a solitary heron. It may be objected that the heron is, by nature, except at the breeding season, as solitary as a magpie is, by nature, sociable; and so, in some little measure, it is. But a heron is almost always within eyeshot or earshot of his fellows. If, in wild-fowl shooting, you disturb a heron from the ditch in a water meadow where he has speared a water vole, an eel, or a troutling, he rises generally with a loud cry of

alarm, which will be heard by his fellow who is fishing or dozing in a similar ditch a quarter of a mile away. You will hear an answering cry; and, within a few moments, you will see not one, but a pair or more of herons flapping slowly and majestically through mid air. But no one has ever seen this particular heron with or near a mate. No other heron is to be found, even as a casual visitor, within three or four miles of him. He has, apparently, no kith or kin—I wish I could add that he has no enemies, but he has escaped them hitherto. The brook, the Devilish or Dewlish, which flows through the bottom of my garden and by which he generally takes his stand, is a meagre one, very scantily supplied with fish, but there he is, year in, year out. He must be as content with a hermit's fare as he is with a hermit's life.

One more illustration I can give, as also within my own knowledge. It is that of a bird which you would least of all expect to submit to anything of the kind, the easy-going, pleasure-loving, daintily stepping, heavily feeding, arch-polygamist, the cock pheasant. Like a prematurely worn-out king or baron in the Middle Ages, this particular bird, a few years ago, took it into his head to retire from the world—from his world, the jealousies, we will suppose, the rivalries, the tittle-tattle of the inmates of his harem—and took up his abode in a remote wood, where you might as well expect to find a hen pheasant, as you might to find a woman, a cow, a mare, a sow, or any other animal of the female sex, among the monasteries and monks of Mount Athos. His solitude however lasted only for a year. He fell to the gun, among the rabbits who were, to all appearance his only companions. I am bound to say that there were no signs of self-mortification about him. He was fat and well-liking and in full

beauty of plumage; and, if he died in any sense in the odor of sanctity, it was in that of Friar Tuck, rather than of St. Anthony or St. Benedict.

I throw out these observations on what I believe to be "hermit birds" for what they may be worth, hoping that some one may be able either to contravene or illustrate them further.

A few words only upon the magpie as a pet; for so much that I have said upon the raven, in that capacity, applies to her. She has the same sort of sociability, the same secretiveness, the same thirst for education—of a certain kind—the same inherent and ineradicable love of mischief. Not that, in intellect and strength of character, she is, in any way, equal to the raven. Fun she has in abundance but hardly humor. Conscious humor, that high and rare gift of man which interpenetrates and colors everything in life, is, I think, possessed, in germ, by the raven and the raven alone. You see it in his eye, in the pose of his head, in his walk, in every movement of his body. The eye of the magpie is, like the wit of Dickens, always on the move, nervous, excitable, glittering, scintillating. The eye of the raven is like the humor of Goldsmith; it has a far-away look, it dreams, it thinks, "it bodes and it bodes," it all but smiles. The magpie will pick up many words or even sentences; and the old superstition that she will only talk, or talk well, if her tongue is slit with a thin and sharp silver sixpence, died a natural death about the time that the coins of the realm had to be "milled," and so were rendered unsuitable for so stupidly cruel an operation. Never keep a magpie in a cage; it will cramp every energy of her body and of her mind. Her tail, which is her greatest ornament, will be ruined, and the magpie without her tail is only a ghastly parody of herself. Keep her out of the house by all means, for she has a well-

developed taste for silver spoons and sixpences; and if she ever happens to find a dressing-case open she will ransack its contents, select the most sparkling or most valuable, and hide them in so very safe a place that, if she does ever find them herself again, there is little chance of her owner being able to do so. But give her the run of the stable-yard, of a field, and of a garden, and all her faculties will be developed to the utmost. She will alternately pet and plague all the four-footed or feathered inhabitants of the homestead. She will have private hiding-places everywhere, and will "plant" the garden with every conceivable object, animal, vegetable, or mineral. If they, all of them, would only grow, what a varied crop there would be! The gardener will have some compensation for his losses in the strange objects, the ever fresh treasure-trove, which he will always be turning up; and you, if you do allow yourself to be too much irritated by the occasional loss of a knife, of a ball of string, of a garden label, of a pair of garden scissors, will at least have the consolation of seeing others irritated by like losses, thanks to the same incorrigible rascal. "There is something not altogether displeasing to us in the misfortunes of our friends." You may try to break the magpie of his thieving habit, but you will never succeed. The more he puts you out, the more he enjoys it. He will watch, with his head on one side, every operation which is going on, and will have something to say to it when he is least watched and least wanted.

I will conclude with an anecdote, illustrative of the magpie's love of mischief and of sport. There was a field wherein clothes were often hung out to dry on posts, which were let down into deep wooden sockets buried in the

ground, and were carried away, and put under cover, when they were not in use. A gravel path ran round the field, and a tame magpie, which had the run of it, was observed to walk repeatedly and demurely from the path to a particular point in the field, conveying each time a stone in her bill, and then returning without it. A magpie seldom continues at any one amusement for any length of time, but this amusement went on so long that the curiosity of the owner was aroused. There must be something unusually novel or piquant about it. He went to the spot and found that a large toad had fallen into one of the wooden sockets and that the magpie was amusing herself by deliberately stoning it! As each shot told, the toad gave a little hop of distress in the hole deep below, which the magpie capped by a big hop of satisfaction and an irresistible cur-rack of delight above.

Pity is it, nay a thousand pities, that this Merry Andrew of the woods, this pretty, restless, Flibbertigibbet, this "magician" magpie, with her marked character and her varied associations, the favorite of the whole of the Scandinavian races, tolerated or encouraged even by the bird-exterminating French, should, in obedience to the insatiable demands of the annual battue, be banished from so many large and picturesque tracts of "merrye" England, that she should wear a hunted look, and should owe her bare existence, not to the love of beauty and of nature—one of God's best and highest gifts to man—but only to her own sagacity and her suspiciousness, not without good reason, of those who were once, who ought to be still, and who, one would fain hope, may one day again be, her best friends.

*R. Bosworth Smith.*

## A RODEO IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

"Rodeo" in Spanish means a cattle market; in its Californian significance the word is translated by the Century Dictionary "round-up." But the difference between the round-up of the Western plains and the rodeo of California is racial as well as lingual. The round-up is characteristic of the West and the Westerner. As a function—if it can with any propriety be termed such—it bears the same relation to the rodeo which coarse Irish frieze bears to brocade. Compare the two words vaquero and cowboy, and remember that the Sierras lie between them!

On a big rancho, such as the lovely Atascadero, preparations for the rodeo would begin some weeks before the event. Of the exact date Don Juan Bautista, the padrone, has duly notified all neighbors within a hundred miles. The señoritas have looked to the strings of their guitars and mandolines, Prattling of the caballeros and their feats of horsemanship; the mayor-domo has strengthened the underpinning of the platform built for the ladies beneath a gigantic live oak: a sanctuary high out of the dust and overlooking the rodeo-ground. Hard by, a trout stream bubbles and bubbles on its way to the Pacific; and in the cool shade of a clump of willows, upon canvas stretched tightly over damp earth, rough tables and benches furnish a leafy banqueting hall.

Upon the eve of the rodeo such guests as come from a distance arrive at the ranch-house: a long, low, "adobe" building, red-tiled, and crowning a small hill. Some bring, each, half a dozen vaqueros and forty or fifty horses. Father Carlon, of the Santa

Barbara Mission, is an honored guest, the best of good fellows, a rare story-teller, and, of course, a *laudator temporis acti*. He will be sure to remind his old friend, a tall New Englander, who sailed round the Horn in the forties, that he—the miserable heretic!—was constrained to walk, draped in a sheet, carrying a couple of tapers, from the landing at Santa Barbara to the steps of the Mission Church, which then and there received him into her bosom, giving him absolution for all sins and the best-dowered maiden in the countryside for a wife!

At the back of the house, where the peons and Inditas (Indian serving-girls) are making merry, the Jew Nathan is exploiting the contents of his pack: filmy mantillas, robozos, embroidered gloves, silken hose, and the like. He it is who has introduced into Arcadia the credit system. To-day he hardly dares to show his shrewd face to the padrone; to-morrow—half a score of years hence—when he has set up a small store in the nearest town, Don Juan Bautista's name will be writ large in the ledger. The son of Nathan the pedlar is destined to live in a palace of Van Ness Avenue, the Juden Strasse of San Francisco; the son of Don Juan Bautista, that handsome youth who sings so charmingly, will peddle, in his turn, not rebozos, but tamales<sup>1</sup> in Monterey, the ancient capital of Alta California.

Within, the "adobe" is given up almost entirely to the women. The men will sleep beneath the live oaks, or in the huge barn, or on the floor of the veranda. But sleep is not to be thought of till long past midnight.

<sup>1</sup> The tamale is made of chicken (sea-gulls are said to be used when chickens are unavailable) chopped up with raisins and olives, simmered in

After supper the young people sing. Around the camp-fires of the round-ups in Colorado and Wyoming the writer has listened to "Over the Hills to the Poor-house," or "Remember the Tramp has to Live," ballads dear to the heart of the cowboy; but invariably the songs of the rodeo were love-lilts; both words and music charming and pathetic, eloquent of a simple, kindly, courteous people.

Dances succeed the songs. Don Juan Bautista is anxious to entertain some American visitors with El Son and La Bamba, the latter a favorite of the Inditas. A girl places on her head a glass of water, and then, slowly revolving, picks up the handkerchiefs which the vaqueros fling at her feet. Another Indita is crowned with a huge sombrero. Upon this is placed another and another, till the pile of hats is nearly a yard high. A pretty and accomplished performer will be sure to have dozens of silver coins dropped into her lap. After the contra-danza, not unlike our Sir Roger de Coverley, the guests bid each other good-night. Then, for an hour at least, gusts of laughter will burst from the rooms given over to the girls. These die down into silence, broken only by the shrilling of the grasshoppers and the croakings of frogs.

Outside the house the air is delightfully fresh, and fragrant with a thousand odors sweet in the nostrils (and the memories) of a Californian; odors of sage and pine, of wild lilac and the pungent tar-weed, and aromatic herbs innumerable. Above, the stars flare in a sky the color of a lapis-lazuli. Before dawn the sea mist steals up from the ocean, and steals back again, leaving behind a largesse of moisture, bespangling every blade of grass, each thirsty sun-parched leaf.

But long before the sun rises above the distant peaks of the Coast Range the vaqueros are in the saddle. And

from each neighboring rancho men, lynx-eyed, indefatigable, patient, have ridden forth into the cañons and hills, driving before them the cattle, suffering none to escape. Now and again some incident breaks the monotony of this colossal "drive." A recalcitrant two-year-old makes a wild rush for freedom down a slope where the ordinary man would hesitate to follow afoot. Rocks, crumbling shale, bristling manzanita and chaparral, squirrel holes, present no terrors to the vaquero. Horse and rider swiftly overtake their quarry. It doubles with incredible activity. From above another vaquero shouts derisively. The horse needs no touch of the huge jangling spurs. He turns and pursues, supple as a cat. At length, panting, spent, foaming at the mouth, the baffled beast rejoins the herd.

Nowadays such methods no longer obtain. Upon the small wire-fenced ranges cattle are driven at a walk to the corrals; an obstinate beast is allowed to escape. He will be easily captured on the morrow. But twenty-five years ago fences, with rare exceptions, were not to be found on the big ranchos, and the gathering together of cattle was an undertaking which had to be accomplished swiftly, thoroughly, and at all hazards.

Meantime, near the rodeo-ground the barbecue<sup>2</sup> is being prepared. Some old vaquero, too infirm of body to ride into the hills, is in command of half a dozen peons. Under his directions trenches have been dug and are now aglow with red-hot ashes. Near these, in the shade of an ancient sycamore, are rows of willow spits piercing hundreds of small juicy steaks. Presently a couple of Inditas bring down from the house the *salsa*, a sauce cunningly compounded of chillies, tomatoes and onions. The padrone himself super-

<sup>2</sup>The barbecue is a picnic, of which the principal feature is the roasting of meat upon spits.

intends the cooling of the wines. If you look into that pool just below the waterfall, where the big trout lie, you will see no trout, but dozens of bottles —claret and beer and lemonade for the señoritas. Other Inditas arrive with sweetmeats, azucarillos and the like, and one of them carries two big pails full to the brim with tamales.

Above the laughter of the women and the hoarse directions of the men you will hear the bellowing of the cattle. They are coming in small bunches from every point of the compass, out of every gulch and cañon, blackening the brown pasture in front of the corrals and seeking the shade of the trees, the cool pools of the creek, and the laguna below the ranch-house.

Very soon now the cutting-out begins, and the branding of calves in the big corral. To-day calves are branded early in the spring, and beef cattle, the fat steers, are "cut out" later. Yesterday one rodeo served for both purposes. But "cutting out" and "branding" challenge little attention and interest on the part of the company assembled; although you will see the women nudging each other when some famous vaquero enters the corral. Their entertainment will be provided later, when the business of the rodeo is over, after the siesta which succeeds the barbecue.

By this time the sun is high in the heavens. Clouds of fine white dust hang over and about the corrals. The face of the landscape has changed, taking on that worn, worked-out expression familiar to all who have sojourned in tropical or semi-tropical countries. The exquisite elusive tints of early morning and late evening, the delicate heliotrope and rose shadows, the ethereal amber and blue haze, the opaline mists, have vanished. It is high noon.

Don Juan Bautista dismounts, gives his horse to a boy, and ascends the

platform. He tells his guests that the barbecue is awaiting them. An anticipatory glow of pleasure lightens up the somewhat stolid, yellow faces of the dueñas. One stout dame confesses that a well-roasted rib, tasting of the fire, tickles her palate more than all the tamales and chiles rellenos (stuffed green peppers) in California. The señoritas follow demurely, smiling, wondering possibly what caballero will wait on them in the willows. All are enchanted with the arrangements made for their comfort. Year after year, the same place, the same food, the same faces, provoke the same courtly phrases of appreciation, which flow so smoothly from Latin lips.

The English stranger, perhaps, recalls some lines in the "Iliad." This feast is Homeric. The amount of meat eaten amazes him. Some of the vaqueros perform prodigies. The white spits are passed from hand to hand, and the reek of the roasted meat seems to intoxicate the revellers. An inordinate appetite comes with the eating, engendered by the pungent salsa, and a thirst to match it. In another country, at another time, in any place save this clump of willows, such a scene might arouse repugnance, disgust. Here, in a world set far from civilization, these Gargantuan meals excite nothing but a mild surprise. Even so ate Agememnon and Achilles and the patriarchs of Israel.

After such a banquet sleep is the one thing possible. The men roll their cigarettes and smoke them; the women, smiling languorously, slip away. A stout Mexican puts to the blush the adage concerning empty vessels making most sound. Flat on his back, he snores abominably. Forgive him! He has been in the saddle since four in the morning, and has ridden eighty miles on the previous day! Beside him, in a graceful pose, lies a handsome youth with black curling hair and an olive

skin of remarkable texture. Look well at him. Of the many now assembled together his name alone will be remembered. A seraphic expression informs his delicate features. This is José Damietta, the brigand, highwayman, and desperado, lover of many women, slayer of many men, the famous outlaw, now an innocent and obscure boy, known only as a bold and skilful vaquero. He smiles in his sleep, revealing his white, even teeth. Ten years hence he will be shot down, like a mad dog, by the Sheriff of San Luis Obispo and his posse!

Two hours pass.

The breeze stirs the tremulous leaves of the cottonwoods; some of the cattle move slowly out of the shade of the live oaks, and begin to browse upon the bunch-grass; the distant mountains reveal prismatic colors underlying their dun livery; the foothills have assumed a garment of pale green; the skies above are less crudely blue; the creek seems to prattle more joyously as it hastens to the seas; the blue jays flit chattering through the thickets of manzanita; the quail are calling in the chaparral.

José Damietta is the first to wake up. He rubs his onyx-colored eyes and rolls a cigarette. Seeing—and hearing—stout Anton, the Mexican, he smites him hard upon the shoulder. The giant rises, groaning and wrathful. The others open their eyes and mouths. The vaqueros chaff each other. José reminds Anton that he missed the near hind hoof of a calf twice running, and that Carmelita looked very contemptuous. Anton grunts out an inarticulate oath as José leaves the willows and betakes himself to the corrals, where a fresh horse is awaiting him. The horse neighs as his master approaches, carrying the heavy saddle and the bridle with its immense steel bit inlaid with silver. José is a dandy, but evidently he considers his horse's appear-

ance before his own. He rubs him down, humming a song as the coat of the fine animal shines beneath his touch. Then he carefully adjusts the gay blanket and flings upon it the huge saddle. The horse grunts as the cinch is pulled tight and snaps playfully at José's shoulder. Beyond, at the edge of the corral, flutters a petticoat. José sees it, and smiles as he springs into the saddle. The horse plunges twice before he is steadied into the easy, familiar "lope."

"Ojala! Josito!"

José twirls his tiny moustache.

"Ay! Magdalena, mi querida!"

The girl at the corner of the corral drops a handkerchief with a tantalizing laugh, springing back as she does so. José touches his horse's flanks with the big blunt spurs. The horse glides into a gallop. Man and maid—the one going at top speed, the other standing motionless—eye the small piece of cambric, snow-white against the brown, sun-baked ground. José swoops out of and back into the saddle; the horse turns, is stopped almost at the feet of the girl, who holds out her hand for the handkerchief. José coolly pockets it. The girl blushes and praises the horse. José displays its paces, vaulting on and off and over the animal. The girl watches him with parted lips, her eyes suffused with light, her bosom heaving beneath her rebozo.

In and about the big corral the company have again assembled. Expectation animates the faces of the dueñas and sparkles in the eyes of the señoritas. They are about to witness a thrilling feat of horsemanship—el colear.

In the centre of the corral stands a young bull, long-horned, lean, savage. At a word from the mayor-domo the huge gate is flung open and two horsemen dart in. The gate is closed. The bull hesitates, grunts defiantly, and

turns tail as a reata (lasso) whistles about his head. Three times he gallops round the corral, quickening his pace beneath the hoarse shouts of his pursuers. At the right moment the gate is flung open. The bull, seeing liberty and the cool laguna, bolts wildly for the opening. The vaqueros, who have decided by lot their positions, race up alongside, one on the right, the other on the left. As the bull passes out of the corral each man reaches for the tail. The vaquero on the right has the obvious disadvantage of being obliged to "tail" the bull with his left hand. The unwritten rules of "el colear" exact that the beast shall be thrown and *tied* within sixty feet of the corral!

As the three thunder through the opening it is seen that Anton, the stout Mexican, has the tail. With a twist of the wrist he places it beneath his left knee. At the same moment, obedient to the touch of his rider, the horse turns slightly to the right, the bull crashes end over end. A column of dust obscures the huge body. As it clears away Anton is to be seen afoot beside the bull, the pella, a piece of soft raw hide some seven feet long, in hand. With incredible swiftness and dexterity he binds the bull's legs so that the animal cannot rise. Then he bows proudly to the assembled company, who acclaim his triumph with loud cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and clapping of hands. But perhaps the most thrilling moment is yet to come. The bull, helpless but infuriated, must be unbound. The señoritas eye with apprehension the long curving horns.

"Ay de mi, but his horns are sharp!" exclaims Carmelita.

Anton springs into the saddle. The other vaquero takes in hand his reata, loosening the coils with his thin, finely-formed fingers. Anton approaches the bull, who makes a vicious thrust at

the horse. Silence has fallen upon the company.

For a minute man and beast spar for an opening. Then Anton bends down and loosens a knot, freeing one leg. He bends again. The bull rises, shaking his shaggy head, glaring defiance at his smiling conqueror. Anton incites the furious beast to charge by waving a crimson silk handkerchief.

"Ojala!" exclaims Carmelita.

The bull charges valiantly. Anton turns and flies; the other vaquero widens the noose of the reata. Anton, glancing back over his shoulder, allows the bull to close in upon him. Everybody begins to laugh; the danger is over, but not the fun. The bull is timing his last rush when the vaquero behind flings his reata. With magical precision the noose falls just in front of one of his hind legs; a jerk of the wrist from the vaquero seems to invest the circle of raw hide with the sinuous life of a serpent. The loop writhes up and around the leg of the bull. The vaquero takes his "turns" round the horns of the saddle; his horse halts suddenly, sticking out both forelegs. Rider and steed stand for an instant rigid, as if fashioned out of bronze. The bull crashes down, staggers up, and stands still, a ludicrous object on three legs, the fourth leg extended behind like the handle of a teapot. His captor loosens the coils about the horns of the saddle. And now a quick eye will just perceive a small loop travelling with amazing speed from the hand of the vaquero, along the reata, till it reaches and encircles the head of the bull. In an instant the beast is securely tied up head to tail. The vaquero gallops round him, as he totters and falls, amidst the shouts and laughter of the onlookers. The vaquero dismounts and loosens the coils. When the bull is once more free he declines further combat. Presently you will see him knee-deep in the laguna, none the

worse for his encounter, but a humbler and more domesticated beast.

The picking up of coins, big shining pesos (dollars), follows. The padrone lays several in a row, each some five and twenty yards from the other. These the vaqueros must snatch from the ground, riding at a gallop, and each coin so snapped up becomes the spoil of its Autolyeus.

Meantime the señoritas are entreating a young man to perform a feat which has made him known from Monterey to San Diego. He is a cadet of the Bandini family, famous for its dashing cavaliers and beautiful women. Laughingly he consents. Below, his horse is tied in the shade of a live oak. His host and he disappear, the former returning alone after an absence of some twenty minutes. Every eye on the platform is turned towards the adobe ranch-house, some two hundred yards distant.

"Ay—ay, here he comes!"

Young Bandini approaches at a gallop, holding aloft a tray covered with glasses filled nearly to the brim with champagne. He charges the platform at top speed, and as one nervous girl shrieks her apprehension of a catastrophe, reins up, presenting his brittle wares unbroken, the wine hardly spilled.

Races bring the afternoon's entertainment to a close. Horse is matched against horse, and man against horse. In the latter the competitors must run to and round a post some thirty yards from the starting-point. As a rule the man afoot wins easily.

Fifty years ago (and less) a bull and grizzly bear fight was likely to be an attraction at a big rodeo. The grizzly had to be captured by the vaqueros: a seemingly difficult and dangerous task, yet one easily accomplished by these wizards of the reata. Grizzlies were very common in the ranges and foot-hills of the Santa Lucia mountains,

and ravaged the flocks and herds of the rancheros up to a comparatively recent date. All bears, no matter how numerous they may be in certain localities, are hard to find when you look for them; but the grizzly was occasionally met in open glades lying between ridges of impenetrable chaparral, and there fell an easy prey to the vaquero, who would rope him, tie him to a tree, and then gallop away for assistance. Three men were sufficient to lead "Uncle Ephraim" to the corral prepared for him. Two—one on each side—flung their reatas over his head and kept them taut; the third man brought up the rear with his reata fast to the monster's hind leg. If he struggled, they stretched him out. As a rule, after the most furious resistance he would waddle along quietly enough.

The writer never witnessed one of these Titanic combats. The bear had the best of it nine times out of ten; but old Californians testify that the sport was, comparatively speaking, tame, the bull or bear frequently declining to fight. If prolonged, such a contest must have been unspeakably cruel and demoralizing. Bull-fights, too, common enough before the Stars and Stripes were unfurled at the Presidio of Monterey, are now forbidden by law. The writer was invited to one of the last held in Southern California. The feat known as "la silla" was attempted by a veteran who, it was said, had learned his art in Madrid. When the bull is sufficiently enraged, a chair is brought into the ring, in which a bandillero seats himself, holding in each hand a small beribboned dart. The men who have been engaged in provoking to fury the bull now retire, and the bull, gazing with bloodshot eyes around the arena, sees a silent figure sitting alone in the centre of the ring, presenting his back to the charge. The bull rushes, head down, at his enemy, who smiles. A second later

the chair is tossed aloft, but the man at the supreme moment has leapt aside, deftly planting his darts in the animal's shoulders. A marvellous feat, truly! But at the bull-fight in question the hero's pluck failed. As the bull charged, the man in the chair fled, leaping nimbly to the top bars of the corral. The spectators shouted with laughter, but public opinion approved the torreador's flight. Of all present, the bull seemed to be the most surprised and disappointed.

Such a scene as the writer has attempted to reproduce is of the past. The few big ranchos which remain yet unsubdivided in Southern California are fenced, cross-fenced, owned by Americans, and "run" upon sound business principles, which eliminate all expenses save those which are absolutely necessary. The padrones, as they were called, grudged nothing to their guests. Their hospitality was large as the domains over which they held undisputed sway; in every sense—patriarchal. Some of these hidalgos—for hidalgos they were—could not compute the value of their possessions. Vallejo, for instance, in 1846 had eight hundred trained vaquero horses on his ranchos, of which thirty-five were picked *caballos de su silla*—his own private saddle-horses. He owned at least forty thousand head of cattle, five thousand mares, sheep innumerable, and other animals. Amongst his peons were carpenters, weavers, blacksmiths, masons.

The writer recalls with pleasure the welcome which he has received at the hands of rancheros whose very names are forgotten on estates they owned less than a quarter of a century ago. It was no easy matter to escape from your kindly host and hostess. The courteous phrase, "My house is yours, señor," was no empty figure of speech. A fresh horse, to be chosen by the traveller out of his host's *caballada*, was

offered freely; at the foot of the bed, beneath a napkin, lay a heap of "guest silver," never counted, out of which the needy were mutely entreated to help themselves!

If these simple, generous Arcadians could return to the land they loved, with what dismay and horror would they perceive the changes which the Anglo-Saxon has wrought. The splendid trees are cut down; the foothills, ablaze with gorgeous wild flowers, have been ploughed up; the marshes, the haunt of myriads of wild-fowl, have been drained. Only the mountain peaks of Santa Lucia remain the same, sentinels of a paradise across which is inscribed the grim word—Ichabod!

The change, of course, was inevitable. The dawn of a new century finds California rich and prosperous. Gold, silver, oil, wheat and fruits have filled her coffers to the brim; and yet, south of Point Conception, the soil and climate of the lotus land would seem to be pre-eminently adapted to pastoral uses and the Latin temperament. The daughters of the pioneers who succeeded the Spanish bloom like the roses of Santa Barbara—and fade as quickly. Nervous diseases make them old in middle age; anaemia sucks the good red blood from their veins, even as the Southern sun sucks the sap from the grass. In a country where sickness was once almost unknown, doctors, dentists, faith-healers, and quacks increase and multiply as the quail did of yore. It is interesting to speculate what the end will be. In the late eighties men from the blizzard-stricken mid-west, from the boreal northern States, from the over-populated Atlantic seaboard, poured into Southern California. Deserts, it is true, the arid lands around Los Angeles and San Diego, were irrigated by this human torrent, and now bloom like the garden by Bendemeer's stream; but the flood

percolated also into immense areas where it was lost. Hundreds of thousands of acres, diverted from their pastoral uses by the feverish energy of the Gringo (the name given by the old Spanish-Californian to the Yankee), have been suffered to relapse into sheep and cattle ranges again. Innumerable homesteads upon Government land have been taken up, ploughed up, planted to vines and fruit trees—and abandoned. Gold came out of the waste places of California in prodigious quantities, and an ironical fate has

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ordained that it should return in Protean form whence it came.

The old order has been obliterated by the new. One song, a favorite with the caballeros and señoritas, had peculiar significance:

Adios, adios, para siempre—adios!

The writer has said elsewhere that he never heard it sung without reflecting that it was the swan-song of the Latin to the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon.

*Horace Annesley Vachell.*

#### A RAMBLE IN CLUBLAND.

The reign of Victoria saw the development of the club, and the extension of Clubland has kept pace with the expansion of the Empire. There are clubs in the chief cities of the colonies which rival the palaces of Pall Mall. But it is in London especially that the old order has been changing, and to the intelligent foreigner the clubs are not only among the most notable features of evolution out of architectural chaos, but a source of curious admiration. Even in Paris the Frenchman loiters behind: whether the *cercles* are strictly select or comparatively open to all comers, there is a depressing air of formality and gloom in antechambers, with silver-chained officials in *grande tenue* standing at attention as each member enters. The German is not a clubable man—the masses of the aristocracy are more or less impecunious, and the burghers still cling to the simple tastes which indulged themselves with pipe and tankard in the *gasthaus* or beer-cellars. The Russians and Hungarians have paid us the compliment of modelling their institutions closely on our own, and the fashiona-

ble resort of Golden Petersburg has been christened the English Circle.

In London, as any stranger can see at a glance, the clubs are the centres of life, light, and leading. Literally of light, for the ranges of great windows brighten the interiors in anything except the dark eclipses of a yellow fog. Of life, because there is perpetual going and coming through doors for ever on the swing. In times of political excitement in the leading political clubs, the crush and rush are tremendous, and the porter charged with the keys of St. Peter is one of the most notable men of the period. How brain and strength stand the constant strain is to me a mystery. He must have a royal memory for faces. When a member turns up, after long absence, he receives him as the old waiter at the Slaughters' welcomed Major Dobbin on his return from India, handing the letters awaiting his arrival as if he had been in daily habit of dropping in. He marks and notes each member's arrival and departure, knowing that if he makes a serious mistake he will undoubtedly be reported to the

committee, and yet he must keep his temper with the equanimity of a saint, venting suppressed irritation in casual objurgation of his satellite pages. He must have an iron constitution, for he dare not break down, looking for consolation to the day when he may retire on a pension. Yet these hardy veterans seldom do break down; they generally drop and almost die in harness.

The select and senior clubs are certainly the centres of leading. There Cabinet Ministers hold unofficial council, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer hobnobs, over Apollinaris and whisky at luncheon, with the chiefs of the naval and military departments who are encroaching with their departmental demands. It is startling to think how lightly some momentous compromise may be come to, involving the fate of a Ministry and possibly the peace of the world, when you are curiously looking on. Humbler members of both Houses talk themselves into clubs and caucuses which seldom come to much. The club dining-room at the luncheon hour is an invaluable safety-valve through which they blow off their steam. Late in the afternoon the judges come dropping in from the Law Courts, and the bewildered president, ruminating on a difficult decision, lays his head to that of a learned brother and gets a lead without sacrificing his *amour propre* or compromising his dignity. There is a gathering of aproned bishops and shovell-hatted deans when Church assemblies are in session, or some controversial Bill is before the Upper House—equally excited if less clamorous, than the congregations of jackdaws and starlings in a cathedral close—much is discussed and settled in informal convocation. And as for the military clubs, there the members resolve themselves into eternal councils of war, where each order and promo-

tion is subjected to scathing scrutiny, and if either service is going to the devil, assuredly it is not for the lack of professional wisdom.

The club of the day is a social *bourse* for the expression of free thought and the interchange of ideas. It had its beginnings with the long peace, when the world began to breathe again after the fall of Napoleon. It is strange to recall the prejudices to be overcome from quarters that might have been supposed the most enlightened. Croker may be said to have stood sponsor to the Athenæum, but that literary club had no obstacles to encounter: literary men were understood to be free-lances, and the way for the Athenæum had been prepared by the Alfred, which was to wither under the shade of the greater establishment. But when Lord Lynedoch, almost simultaneously, proposed to found the Senior United Service, he had to surmount the most uncompromising opposition. Lord Liverpool and Mr. Huskisson were not to be conciliated, and Lord St. Vincent gravely pronounced it "unconstitutional." It is doubtful whether they placed their reasons on record, but perhaps their idea was that if not a school of vice, it would encourage extravagance among men not generally overburdened with money. As matter of fact, it is noteworthy that results have been the reverse. But if that was their point of view, there was presumption in its favor. The old proprietary clubs closed their doors to all except men of rank and high fashion, at a time when not to be in debt was disreputable, when Senators lived in chronic gout and intoxication, and when Ministers set the example of risking their future and their fortunes on cards and dice. If you passed the portals and the fiery ordeal of the ballot you must live the pace. At least there were only two roads to follow: one leading up through great ability or good con-

nections to high politics, and the other along the ordinary track frequented by the loungers of Bond Street or Rotten Row, of gaiety, dissipation and slightly veiled profligacy.

The changes have been great since Dickens and Thackeray, as painters of manners, were in the flush of their name and popularity. So far as I remember, no one of Dickens' middle-class characters belonged to any club, except Joe Bagstock, who, having come into a comfortable independence, when his brother died of Yellow Jack in the West Indies, must, of course, have belonged to the Service. Both novelists were, almost *ex officio*, members of the Garrick and Atheneum, but Dickens was never much of a clubman, and Thackeray, to the last, had a predilection for the free and easy symposium of the back kitchen. The tone of the clubs has refined and sobered down since he satirized the notorieties and celebrities in the "Snob Papers." Self-assertion of every sort is discouraged by opinion. Unfortunately the bore is always with us, and there are loud-voiced members, but Jawkins no longer takes his stand on the rug, laying down the law on European questions. No man dares to monopolize the papers like "Old Brown"; nor have we ever seen a Captain Shendy in the flesh, blowing the staff of the coffee-room sky-high because the mutton-chops were underdone. Nowadays the captain quietly backs his bill, and in due course his complaint is submitted to the committee. Indeed, I remember a case where the servants complained of the conduct of a baronet, "a arbitrary gent," who, among other things, had ordered a waiter to stand on a special square of the carpet and not to move without permission. The upshot was a special general meeting of the club, as amusing as any farce at the Palais-Royal, when correspondence was read and evidence taken. The meeting

laughed itself into good humor, but the offender, who was fortunate in having two popular brothers, narrowly escaped expulsion.

Walker, in "the Original" writing of clubs as they were then, strikes the true note when he says that they are an admirable imitation of the comforts of a home, but only an imitation. For your entry-money and moderate subscription you may have the run of a palace, with the services of an admirably trained staff. But the luxury of the living is overrated, and the more celebrated the *chef* and the higher his salary, the less he concerns himself except on special occasions. Silenus' dinner in the strangers' room may be a great success, but Shendy's mutton-chop may still be unsatisfactory. What you do get is a fairly cooked meal at a moderate price, with undeniable wine. But the economy is not merely to be reckoned up in pounds, shillings, and pence. The youth who, a hundred or even fifty years ago, would have been dining at a Covent Garden hotel, at the "Blue Posts" or Long's, or in a tavern in Fleet Street, drinking port for the good of the house, going to Ranelagh, Vauxhall, or Cremorne, and winding up at "The Finish," the "Back Kitchen," or worse places, now has every inducement to finish quietly at the club. There is no more harmless recreation than the rubber or the game at billiards; the library, with its luxurious retirement, may encourage literary tastes if there is any natural bent that way, and the youth may do worse than lounge into the smoking-room, where nowadays the general conversation is correct as in a boudoir. No man now makes a smoking-room reputation by loose stories or indecent jests. Though now, indeed, as to smoking, the old restrictions are relaxed, and the difficulty is for non-smokers to hold their own even in the hall or the morning-room.

The most aristocratic of clubs is nevertheless essentially democratic, and nothing gives a better idea of the immensity of the Empire, of its resources in the way of talent, and of the importance of its great metropolis, than the way in which eminent men are submerged. They not only find their level; they often sink below it, and distinguished service is almost forgotten or ignored. At every turn you rub shoulders with an ambassador out of place, with a colonial governor who has just been paid off, with a pro-consul who has ruled a vast Indian dependency, with a retired general who has handled army corps in the field, or an admiral who has hauled down his flag and is thenceforth laid up in ordinary. There are few of them who do not meet with equals or superiors; at all events with men of more commanding position, who, in some cases, can still control their fate. Socially, the last elected member is supposed to be on an equality with all the rest, and, incidentally, membership becomes a stepping-stone to advancement on the ladder of aspiring ambition. In the political club, the man with something to say has opportunities of recommending himself to the chiefs of his party, with chances that would never come to him if he were vegetating in the country. I knew a case where a man of ready ability took a long step towards fortune by helping Lord Beaconsfield with his overcoat in the hall of a club. He had been a great traveller and explorer, and a casual remark struck his Lordship so much that he invited his new acquaintance to accompany him along Pall Mall, took his arm to the Coburg Hotel, and never lost sight of him afterwards.

Even more important to the aspirant in letters is membership in the leading literary club. The mere address on his card gives him a certain *cachet*. He is thrown in the way of those who

can help him; he makes friends with the publisher who may bargain for his new book; he runs up against the eager editor who is looking out for bright articles; and he is brightened up over the luncheon or dinner-table by breezy talk with congenial spirits. Solitude may be in some ways favorable to inspiration, when you are thinking out the details of a plan or musing over a fixed idea. But there is nothing like the quick contact of mind with mind, the striking of flint and steel, with perhaps the glow of old burgundy or the sparkle of champagne, for striking out fresh and original suggestions.

Champagne suggests the Service clubs, where, though moderation in liquor is the established rule, there is always an atmosphere of conviviality and good fellowship. Nothing has done more than these military societies to cherish the *esprit de corps* of the Services. They are veritably the hostilities of strange and happy meetings. The subaltern, who has run up from Aldershot to dine and go to the play, comes to a sudden stop in the hall as he recognizes his old chum of the Academy, bronzed and weather-worn almost out of recognition. If they were Frenchmen they would fall into each other's arms and kiss on either cheek. Being Britons they exchange a hearty handshake and walk off to inspect the dinner-bill. There is no theatre that evening for the Aldershot man. As Desdemona hung on the lips of Othello, he listens to thrilling tales of adventure, told in matter-of-fact fashion, and in which the *raconteur* provokingly suppresses his own personality—it is his habit to leave the Victoria Cross to speak for him—till in the excitement of recollection he is swept along and they are away among sniping Pathans in the Afghan passes, hunting Dakoits through the Burmese swamps and jungles, or rushing a Boer position in the converging fire of rifle, pom-pom,

and guns of position. The subaltern, who has never heard a shot fired in anger, is keener than ever to rival these exploits.

See the swarming and buzzing in one of these clubs, like the disturbance of a nest of hornets or the upsetting of a hive of bees, when the rumors of a great expedition have been confirmed by official announcements. The envy of the fortunate regiments figuring in orders—of the lucky fellows who are assured of desperate fighting, who have every chance of leaving their bones abroad, or of coming home crippled or mutilated, who will probably be decimated by deadly epidemics, and who will certainly look wistfully back to the much-abused club cooking. The war spirit is worked up to fever heat, and, like the reserved stores of power in a hydraulic gun-carriage, will tell with tremendous effect when set free. There is no shadow on the joyous send-off dinners given to the departing warriors, though there will be a sad touch of solemnity at the regimental banquets when the memories of the missing are recalled.

Though, indeed, in all clubs, but specially in the older institutions, *memento mori* might be inscribed over the doors—you may gauge the death-roll by the frequency of the ballots. Thackeray moralizes over the vacant chair left by Tom or Dick, who is dismissed with a casual remark if his absence chances to be noted. And undistinguished members vanish unobserved, as they had lived in obscurity. But nothing is more impressive to the thoughtful man than marking the decadence of familiar personalities. As the wrinkles of care gather on the brow, the complexion fades to a corpse-like pallor, the strong back is bowed, and the legs begin to totter. The obsequious commissaire is eager to help the infirm member up the steps, and to offer the arm that is sometimes accepted with

a smile of resignation, sometimes rejected with a touch of natural irritation. The silver cord is being loosed, and the bowl must soon be broken at the cistern. Men accustomed to domineer learn in good time a strange humility. I know an eminent philosopher—a man, as Mrs. Badger remarked of a former husband, of European reputation—whose vigor shines in his decay, and who shows extraordinary tenacity of life. Lost to sight for weeks and months, he turns up at long intervals. He lies on a sofa where he used to lay down the law, and contents himself with mutton broth at the table where he was wont to indulge. He used to hold his intellectual inferiors at arm's-length; now he is grateful for the inquiries and attentions of the humblest. I have seldom been more touched than when, not many years ago, I came across one of the most masterful of editors; he had been shelved, he had left bustling night-watches for seclusion, and was stricken with a mortal disease. Though always gracious with the courtesy of an autocrat, he had never been more than condescending. Even over the Lafitte and unlimited Heidsieck at his hospitable table, it would have been dangerous to play with the lion. Now his face lighted up gratefully at a simple inquiry after his health, and when one dropped into a seat at his side, he clung like the club bore.

Then there are the doctors, who show a determined face to the age and disease they used to fight in others. No man is more elastic than your fashionable physician—he is supposed to bring light and hope into the sick chamber and to cheer the spirit that he may strengthen the physique. He used to come up the steps with a bounding tread, and no man was more ready with jest and anecdote, when he dropped, *en passant*, on the elbow of the chair in which you were

lounging. He was all spring and action. Perhaps, like one I remember, and who was universally lamented when he left us, he was a famous *bon vivant* and the life of a club dinner. Gathering in the guineas by handfuls, he was indifferent to the sum total, and if you went to consult him and he liked your talk, he would keep an antechamber full of anxious patients in expectation. His weakness was professional indiscreetness. He would let you into the confidences of the lady who had left the consulting-room as you were ushered in. And many a story he had to tell of masked majesties who revealed themselves involuntarily, and of mysterious summonses to patients, who paid largely in consideration of keeping their anonymity. He knew the bins of the club cellar better than the chief butler, and very much better than the wine committee, and when he dined with you, would call for his favorite vintage of port and recommend it to your favorable notice. But inevitably the day came, as to many of his brothers, when he had to be helped out of the professional coach with the sober horses and the steady coachman, for gout coming on the top of a complication of maladies had marked Hippocrates for its own.

That gout, like pale Death, comes with equal foot, knocking at the doors of all sorts and conditions. Perhaps it is most conspicuous in the service clubs and in the clubs of the landed aristocracy. They may have gone through campaigning hardships in their time, they have indulged in every variety of field sports, but they pay the penalty of a long course of military excesses, when conviviality reigned supreme, or of keeping open house in their ancestral halls. Sometimes, they may be suffering besides for the sins of their fathers and it is hard for a lean and abstemious man to be racked into slow torture when he dines on the

wing of a chicken and exhilarates himself with weak spirits and seltzer. In either case nothing can be more painful than to see them limping upon crutches into the dining-room where they used to feast, looking wistfully over the dinner *carte* for the day, and resigning themselves to the invariable *menu* of mortification. You follow them in fancy into the dressing-room, where the faithful valet, with lint and *onguents*, patches up the feet which bulge in the boots of felt; to the injections of morphia which lull acute pain and prepare the victim for nightmares and troubled slumbers. Accustomed to good living and generous wines, it is a perpetual struggle to a tolerably painless existence. The society of old friends is seductive as ever, and each excess, or a single glass of champagne brings immediate and cruel retribution.

It is wonderful the respect that a younger generation pays to bodily vigor and an iron constitution. In every club there is "the fine old fellow," whose only claim to admiration is that nature has dealt mercifully with him in his slow decline, and that he has kept his faculties unimpaired. He may have been a master of foxhounds or a famous man in the saddle. He may have hunted with Assheton Smith; he has shot the coverts with Osbaldestone, and matched himself at pigeons with Ross or Delmé Radcliffe. He holds on like a tenacious eye-tooth when all its companions are gone; the marvels of his prowess in his prime are current coin in the smoking-room, and till he succumbs to paralysis or suddenly flickers out he moves in an atmosphere of admiration. He owes his apotheosis and happy despatch to the fact that "good fairies" gifted him in the cradle with phenomenal strength and an ample income. He is cherished to the last in a luxurious residence by affectionate relatives or attentive ser-

vants. Nothing can be more melancholy by contrast than the fate of other fine but friendless old fellows, who are unnoticed and ignored. They hold to life with equal tenacity, and yet they have long come to the conclusion that life is not worth the living. As a rule they are to be sought in the Service clubs. Struggling with debt, they could never afford to marry, till they retired or were superannuated for a harder struggle with half-pay. Their quarters are a dreary bedroom in St. James's, and though for a few guineas of subscription they have the tantalizing splendor of the palace, sick or well they must exist in a glare of publicity. They turn out to the club for early breakfast and sit out the weary day with its intolerably long-drawn hours. They have never cultivated a taste for books, and if they did read there could be no purpose to inspirit them. The game has long been played out; their last aspirations have vanished. No men are more indefatigable skimmers of the papers, and no men must loathe the papers more. It is something of a sensation when the waiter brings in the last evening editions, yet there is no hope of an emotion when they glance at the telegrams. Like cats, they have their favorite corners where they nod and doze, till they drop off into the last sleep at their lodgings, with doctor, nurse, and undertaker in attendance.

That class of inoffensive invalids, in the words of Captain Cuttle, are objects of clemency, but there are others who are intolerable nuisances. A clubman who must know himself to be a nuisance, in consideration for his fellow-members, is bound to shut himself up. There was an old playwright—a dead hand at borrowing from the French and almost defying detection—who used to come to a literary club in the sultriest dog-days and insist on all the windows around him being closed.

Of course the committee should have taken notice of it. For with him you were between the devil and the deep sea. If you submitted to being hermetically sealed up, you suffocated; and if you cruelly insisted on a breath of air, if he did not leave his unfinished meal with tragic action and impressive dramatic effect, he coughed you into a remorse that poisoned your own repast. That was an extreme case and few men are so egotistically selfish. But there is the asthmatic member, manfully struggling with his infirmity; and there are the inveterate snorers, who are professing to read after dinner. Nightly, in the library, you may see another of the "European celebrities," making himself unconsciously ridiculous and a subject for the scorner. His closest friends are shy of waking him up and rousing his fiery temper; if they did he would shamelessly proclaim his innocence and turn to rend them in his wrath.

The man of many clubs is generally but a familiar of one. He inevitably trends to it when out for the day. Like Major Pendennis, he has his table and lounging-chair, which no *habitué* cares to dispute. The waiters know his habits, and he has seldom to intimate a wish. He is the oracle of his special *coterie*, and, like Mr. Puffington in "Sponge's Sporting Tour," is usually "an amazin' popular man," whom those who have not the honor of his acquaintance are content to admire from a distance. If he is energetic, with a superfluity of time on his hands, he looks closely after the *cuisine* and the cellars. Except when constrained to retire by rotation, he is a standing member of committee, and though he rarely puts himself ostentatiously forward, is understood to be a Power. Indeed, the proceedings of that tribunal, when the club is governed by a Venetian oligarchy, with absolute right of election, are shrouded in solemn

mystery. The preoccupied secretary carries care on his brow, and the door is jealously guarded by servants on duty when it is in weekly session. But it is rumored that one or two members are supreme, as Lord Melville, when he dictated to Scotland in the days of Tory ascendancy. On the whole, these oligarchical administrations work admirably, and it is to be wished that in all cases the committees had *carte blanche* as to admissions. Were the right of election invariably vested in them, rejected candidates would have no reasonable ground of complaint. There can seldom be room for charges of injustice or caprice, when all claims are submitted to their judicial scrutiny. Popular election, on the other hand, has nothing to recommend it, except that it gives an ephemeral sense of importance to fussy folk, who are flattered and courted for their vote and influence. And when the candidate has been on the books for some sixteen years, his fate is a matter of no little consequence to him. His zealous partisans act as amateur whips, sending three-lined appeals to distant friends to come up to town specially for the ballot. It is ungracious to refuse—especially if you have been indebted to them yourself—however troublesome to comply. Then, on the afternoon of the ballot, the club is turned topsy-turvy, being a veritable bear-garden. There is no assurance of fair-play, for an epidemic of black-balling may have set in, and the vendettas are running their ruthless course. The more conspicuous the candidate, the more precarious are his chances, and he may be “pilled” on political grounds or from personal animosity. I remember a case where there was a rush from a Cabinet meeting with no care for concealment, to exclude a writer who had given offence by anonymous articles, of which he was assumed to be the author. It was acknowledged that he

had delivered his mind honestly, but that did not conciliate hostility. On the other hand, obscure men will slip in, who have no claim except their colorless insignificance, while eligible candidates dance attendance indefinitely.

No post demands more temper and tact than that of chairman at the general meeting. No assembly—and half the gathering is standing on its legs—is more intolerant of long-winded speeches. When business men, who speak briefly and to the point, are put up to move the resolutions, everything goes tolerably smoothly. When the committee is so ill-advised as to select an orator who rolls out rhapsodical periods and revels in poetical metaphor, then the chairman has to throw oil on troubled waters. And there is often some ill-conditioned member who fancies himself in the rôle of Objector-General—the soubriquet of a prominent member of the Geographical Society in the last generation. Then a happy interjection by the chairman is worth untold time, and I recollect how a famous judge silenced a cantankerous acquaintance by a genial smile and a simple “I wouldn’t have expected this of you, Mr. ——”

Few of the older clubs have escaped financial embarrassments, and almost all have been driven to raise the entry money and subscriptions. The financial details necessarily depend on the secretary, who should keep a tight rein on his staff and look closely into the outgoings. There was one striking example, not many years ago, where a great club, when nearly stranded, was floated off into deep water by a happy change in the management. The secretary who was superseded was naturally suspected of corruption; more probably he was only easy-tempered and careless. But, undoubtedly, dishonest stewards in all ranks of the service have great opportunities, and it

is difficult to check them. It is not often that a man in trust is fool enough to give himself away, as when a *chef*, with a handsome salary, was caught pillaging and convicted in the Law Courts. But the practice of secret commissions, against which the Lords have been legislating, is one which it is difficult to detect and almost impossible to suppress. In all these establishments, where the larder must never be found lacking, there must be inevitable waste. If the broken victuals find their way to the poor, as they generally do, that is not much to be regretted. But there is a matter that touches the diners more nearly: it is the ignoring of responsibility for the quality of the viands. If you complain of the saddle, the sirloin, or the turbot, it is a conclusive answer that they came from certain fashionable tradesmen. It would be more satisfactory, and decidedly more economical, if the clerk of the kitchen had *carte blanche* to buy anywhere and be held answerable for all reasonable grounds of complaint.

As a rule, however, nothing can be better ordered than the service. Your tastes are studied and your wishes anticipated. Nowhere is courtesy to dependents more amply repaid. It is said that club waiters are spoiled for

ordinary service, and that may be the case. They seem to recognize the truth of that themselves: they know when they are comfortably settled, and the best of them become fixtures. Nothing gives a more friendly aspect to the club than faces that have been familiar since you knew it first, and heads that have gradually silvered in your time. Nothing gives a kindly man more satisfaction than subscribing to the Christmas festivities below-stairs or the annual tips. You come to London from long absence abroad, and though it may be on an Easter Monday or in the depths of the autumnal dispersion, you are assured of a beaming welcome in the deserted halls. Servants will grow old, though never overdriven in their decline: they retire on their savings or are superannuated on pensions, but they live again in the sons to whom they transmit the succession—in the children who have been entered as “buttons” or knife-boys to step into the paternal shoes. The clubs have their faults, but had Johnson been living now he must have reconsidered his dictum, that a tavern chair was the height of human felicity, though with his habit of keeping his friends up to unholy hours, he would have been a sore thorn in the side of the waiters.

*Alexander Innes Shand.*

*The Monthly Review*

#### THE ETERNAL VOICE.

“Let not Moses therefore speak to me, but thou, Lord my God, eternal truth; lest haply I die, and be made without fruit.”—Imitation of Christ, bk. 3, c. 2, cf. The Confessions of St. Augustine, bk. 9, c. 25.

Not Moses, Lord,  
Nor any of the prophets, lest I die,  
And, hearkening not to Thee, bring forth no fruit;  
They mark the route,  
Thy word is strength to walk thereby.

Low is Thy voice,  
Scarce heard amid the streets' unthinking din,  
Scarce 'mid the empty laughter and the shout;  
Tumult without,  
And deadlier tumult far within.

Sweet is Thy voice  
For him that heareth Thee; the Charmer Thou,  
That charmeth wisely; the soul, upon Thy call,  
Forgetteth all,  
And following Thee, hath good enow.

The Pilot

C. L.

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## CHRISTIANITY IN THE MODERN WORLD. I.

When the religious history of the 19th century comes to be fully understood, it will probably be found that at no period in all the long story of Christianity has the Christian faith been subjected to so great an intellectual strain. Never has it been harder for an educated man to believe that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself," save, perhaps, in the heroic days of the Founder and His Apostles. The age of the first Apologists, in some respects, presents the closest parallel. In those days the conflict was with Hellenism, the intellectual medium created by the great thinkers of Greece, the reaction of which upon Christian faith gave us the massive system of Catholic dogma, in whose shadow the Church for many centuries lived a life comparatively untroubled by intellectual doubt. The only other epoch which can compare with the present in the respect above indicated is that of the *Aufklärung* of the 18th century. But brilliant and confident as was the Rationalism of the 18th century, it cannot compare for depth and strength with the negative thinking of the 19th, and is to

be viewed rather as the precursor of the graver and more formidable movement, which, in the judgment of the present writer, is now drawing near its close. How formidable that movement has been it will be part of the endeavor of the following pages to show. The attack has come from many quarters, from the new science, the new philosophy and the new historical criticism, each of which had earned the right to the respect and gratitude of men from its achievements in other spheres; and thus Christian men have had to live their week-day life in a world of industry and culture shaped and dominated by intellectual forces apparently hostile to their deepest faith.

"In our modern world," says Professor Herrmann, "Christianity is an alien," and, startling as is the expression, it is, in many respects, true. How intense has been the strain within Protestant Christianity the biographies of the thinking men and women who have lived through the period bear abounding and pathetic testimony. Carlyle, George Eliot, Ruskin, Darwin and Matthew Arnold, the story of each of these, in its own way, bears testi-

mony to the gravity of the spiritual crisis, and the sorrows and dangers of a life "wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." In others the same crisis of faith has mirrored itself in a different fashion, but Newman and Pusey indicate its gravity as certainly as do those already mentioned. It has been given to few of our strongest thinkers to come untroubled through the storm zone of the 19th century. Some few saints among them have lived in higher regions, but the great majority of our leaders of thought have come halting and scarred to their journey's end.

The crisis which appears in the experience of such representative minds has been felt also throughout the common life of the Church. It is manifest in the still growing religious indifference of the working classes, its shadow falls upon the preacher, its influence may be noted everywhere in popular literature and in the Press. All thoughtful and believing men feel it to be one of the most formidable signs of the times. They cannot help asking what this sinister movement means, and to what it is tending. The earnest Evangelical, such as Spurgeon, has the same feeling towards it as had Pusey and Newman. To minds of a certain type the whole movement is evil. They feel towards it as Voltaire felt towards "the Infamous." The Church has got upon "the down grade," and must be brought back to the old track, if it is not to go crashing down in ruin.

Is this really a true explanation of the present situation? I do not believe that a careful study of the conditions which have produced the current unsettlement of belief bears out this view. That study rather compels the conclusion that this great and apparently sinister movement of thought was inevitable, and that its necessity was not wholly, or even mainly, due to

human weakness or sin, but that it lay in the very nature of the case. But if this can be established, it will follow for all religious minds that this movement has been part of the great Council of God. I believe this to be true, and therefore that the outlook for Christianity at the present moment is far grander than is commonly believed, and that what we are really witnessing is the slow coming to life of a new and nobler world. I shall endeavor, in the following pages, to prove that this is the case, and, in doing so, shall, first, briefly enumerate the main causes which have produced the present anarchy of belief; shall then draw attention to the positive synthesis of Christian faith which is emerging from the long analysis of the past century; and shall, finally, show the incalculable value of this positive result for the world at its present stage of social and intellectual development.

## I.

The chief intellectual solvents which have been acting upon the traditional versions of Christianity during the last century may be grouped in three classes—the Scientific, the Philosophical, and the Critical.

(1) Foremost among these we must place the rise of Physical Science. In our modern world we all live, more or less in the light, and in the shadow, of Science. The story of the rise of the inductive sciences, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Electricity, and Biology is so well known that we need not recount it. Chapter after chapter the great Book of Nature has been interpreted to us as the scientific method has been perfected, and applied first to the simpler, and then to the more complex phenomena of the natural world. No one to-day questions the solidity and the permanence of the great structure of knowledge, the

foundations of which took so long to lay, but whose upper courses have arisen with such astonishing rapidity. Our whole modern industrial and commercial world rests upon the scientific view of nature. This view forms the basis of the entire technique of production and exchange. Without it the "great industry" of our days would be impossible. All mechanical inventions, all modern navigation and agriculture depend upon its truth, and upon the thoroughness, expertness, industry and courage with which men apply its principles to the practical problems before them. All medical and sanitary science presupposes its truth. It is, in fact, part of the mental world in which we live and move and have our being.

But an essential part of that scientific view of the world is the idea of Natural Law. The idea that Nature is uniform in her methods, that all her parts are united in one great system of causes and effects, or, at least, of antecedents and consequents; that, to put the matter anthropomorphically, she is under a Reign of Law, is postulated by all men of Science, and is accepted as axiomatic by the culture of our day. The prestige of Science at the present time is enormous. The wonder and dazzle of her theoretical achievements are still in the world's eyes, the thunder of her practical triumphs is in its ears. Legions of her specialists, working in all departments of pure and technical knowledge, diffuse her ideas through the masses, and so the educated world of to-day is permeated through and through by her principles, and tends to read all things in heaven and earth through them, just as an imaginative child sees all the real world around it in the light of some new story book of absorbing interest.

Now, that the Scientific view of nature is quite in harmony with the religious interpretation of the world may

be perfectly true. Christian thinkers may be able to show that their convictions as to human freedom, the power of prayer, the individualizing Providence of God, and the new creation in Christ Jesus, are consonant with belief in Natural Law. But what we have to remember is that these convictions grew up at the first in a very different intellectual medium from that in which they must live to-day. The creative and dogmatic ages of Christianity knew little of the Uniformity of Nature, and hence the forms in which Christian thought expressed these religious convictions necessarily became inadequate as soon as Science rose to its full power. Hence arose an irrepressible conflict in which superstition and unreasoning conservatism on the side of theology, and narrowness and revolutionary bigotry on the side of science, embittered and aggravated the real difficulties which face us when we try to harmonize the religious and scientific views of the world. But while human prejudice and folly have thus entangled the controversy, the undeni-able fact is that such a controversy was absolutely inevitable in any case, and therefore must have formed part of the Divine purpose. No one who believes in God can doubt that it was His Hand which opened this new volume of His Wisdom, and set His chil-dren the arduous task of reading the new knowledge into the old, and the old into the new. If we believe in His Providence in so far as the great sec-u-lar events of history are concerned, it is impossible to exclude the rise of Science from the same great Counsel as is recognized in the rise and fall of empires. If we grant this, we must grant also that that same Divine Prov-i-dence intended the inevitable collision between the older and the newer views of the world, with the resulting uncer-tainty of belief. But the Divine Prov-i-dence can never conflict with the Di-

vine Grace, and so we who believe in the Living God must conclude that beyond the present conflicts there must lie some great and enduring gain.

(2) The second intellectual solvent of traditional theology has been found in Philosophy. To all intents, and for all the purposes of a brief review such as this, it will be enough to assume that modern Philosophy still rests upon the work of Kant. The best expositors of Kant are agreed that his motive in elaborating the great fabric of the Transcendental Philosophy was to safeguard the interests of human freedom in the presence of the intimidating might of Nature. Although he lived before the time of the greatest scientific triumphs, Kant clearly discerned the course which inductive thought was taking. He was thoroughly abreast of the science of his day, and was himself a scientific discoverer of no mean order. He plainly foresaw what would be the results of the rise of the modern conception of Nature on the moral and spiritual life of man. His Puritan training had impressed indelibly upon him the Christian ideas of the value of the soul, the supremacy of duty and the worth of personality, and so he bent all the power of his extraordinary intelligence to the solution of the problem. "The starry heavens above," amazing him on the wide Baltic levels, as they amazed the Chaldean sages on the huge Babylonian plain, by the splendor and order of their courses: "the moral law within," the awful voice speaking to his inmost soul as to a freeman and not as to a slave,—could these two great voices, the highest and grandest that he knew, be in conflict, the one with the other? Incredible! Yet how reconcile the discord? Current philosophy afforded no adequate solution. Nothing less, Kant believed, was at stake than the spiritual life of humanity, and so he undertook and carried through the rigorous analysis

of the three great Critiques, an analysis which was at once felt to have opened a new epoch in the history of human thought. The idea that Kant was primarily a destroyer, that his analysis of knowledge was in the sceptical interest, is wholly mistaken. His aim was essentially positive; it was the vindication of the rights of the soul of man in presence of the apparent tyranny of Nature. Incidentally, it is true, he was a great destroyer. He smote the dogmatisms of his day with the hammer of Thor. No doubt his iconoclastic zeal ran to extremes, but none the less his analysis of knowledge rendered necessary a new and deeper investigation into the old dogmatic ideas, while his positive results stand to-day in the front rank for Christian thought. Since his days Philosophy has worked mainly along the lines which he laid down. Great systems have been reared on his foundations, but Idealist and Agnostic alike own his priority, and no scheme of thought can be secure of a hearing to-day that takes no account of the Critical Philosophy.

Here again it must be said that, given the rise of Science with its conception of the Reign of Law, and given the maintenance of the Christian estimate of the value of the soul, that critical analysis was inevitable, and therefore the Christian must regard it, with all its logical consequences, as "Providential." It is as certain as anything can be that in view of the new Science, with its intimidating discoveries, the old philosophies had become inadequate for the vindication of human freedom, and that unless the Christian idea of personality was to vanish from Philosophy, a deeper analysis of the very nature of thought had to be undertaken. If it had not been done by Kant, it would have had to be done by someone else, or by a school, or by a generation, instead of by one man.

(3) The only other cause of the religious uncertainty which we are considering that need be adverted to here is the rise of the Science of Biblical criticism. This critical movement is, broadly regarded, simply a phase of the great Historical revival of the 19th century, which so competent a judge as Lord Acton<sup>1</sup> declares to have been a deeper and more serious movement than the Renaissance itself. That Historical Movement, as the same writer points out, originated in the actions and reactions of thought created by the mightiest event of modern secular history—the French Revolution. That Revolution, as we know, had been long prepared for by the great French critics of the 18th century. They felt that a wonderful new world was coming slowly to the birth, “the world of Watt and Lavoisier,” the world of the Industrial Revolution and of Modern Science. They felt instinctively that the danger was great that the weight of religious conservatism and antiquated absolutism in Church and State would smother the new world at its birth, and so they toiled with furious energy to “crush the Infamous.” They were filled with hatred of the dominant past. It stood to them for superstition and tyranny, and they enlisted all the forces of their genius and eloquence and learning to destroy it. We know that they succeeded only too well. The hurricane fell, and when calm came once more, there came with it the great Romantic reaction, with its rehabilitation of Mediævalism, its passion for the past, its worship of order and authority, its detestation of the Revolution and all its works. This movement in Germany found one of its expressions in a re-awakening of Historical Science. It was countered in France by another Historical School, which, treating the Revolution as itself

one of the mightiest events of history, sought to explain and justify it by more searching investigation of the conditions which produced it; and out of the conflict between these two tendencies a new epoch in history began. Savigny, Niebuhr, Ranke and others initiated a new and more thorough method of historical investigation, which was rapidly carried into all the great departments of human life. A more rigorous standard of truth was aimed at; science reacted upon historical inquiry; the critical temper awoke to full self-consciousness, and a new epoch began. All this, it can now be seen, was inevitable; its causes were deep-seated; it was part of the normal advance of human knowledge, and it has abundantly justified itself, as Science has done, by its practical results.

But it was also inevitable that the methods which the great historians were applying with such brilliant results to the histories and early literatures of Greece and Rome should be applied also to the sacred writings and the sacred history, inevitable, at least, in lands in which the principles of the Reformation had reached their full development. That result was not long delayed. The attack came first in Strauss's *Leben Jesu* from the more radical section of the Hegelian party, the same left wing which later gave Marx and Lassalle to the Social Revolution; and it was reinforced with greater learning and superior historical acumen by the famous school of Tübingen. In this formidable attack the three movements above enumerated, the Scientific, the Philosophical and the Historical, came together in one great ocean breaker. The Scientific antipathy to anything that claimed to be inexplicable in terms of law, the Philosophic antipathy to anything that could not be brought within the dialectic evolution of the Idea, coalesced with the new Critical temper in mak-

<sup>1</sup> “Study of History,” p. 36. He quotes Freeman and Jowett in support of this assertion.

ing the most formidable intellectual attack on the foundations of Christian faith that history has ever known. The representatives of these views saw that the real heart of the whole traditional position was the historical personality of Christ, and that if they could explain that personality in terms of ordinary or even exceptional humanity, the whole dogmatic and ecclesiastical construction would in time disappear, and leave room for the victory of what they believed to be Reason and Progress. The genius, the learning and the persistence of this attack form an impressive spectacle, even for those who believe it to be radically mistaken. It was an incomparably graver matter than the attack of the *Aufklärung*, for it represented an altogether deeper and richer conception of life than the Deists and Rationalists had known.

Face to face with this new development, Protestant theology found itself, for a time, gravely embarrassed. The long extended battle front of the orthodox scholastic theology and apologetics, which had been drawn up in view of quite other conditions, was plainly no longer suited to the new circumstances. Strauss's challenge raised the central question, "Who was Jesus of Nazareth?" after quite a new fashion. No doubt criticism and theology alike had long been making towards this result, but that prolonged process had now reached its climax. The battle had at last reached its agony around the standard. To anyone who knows anything of the controversy which has been briefly outlined, it must be plain that Protestant theology had no alternative, save the course which it now took. It was inevitable that its main interest should be diverted from the circumference of doctrine to its centre; inevitable that the historical personality of Jesus should become its main concern; inevitable

that its scholars should toil at this new theme, and its thinkers elaborate the new material that its scholars had won; inevitable, too, that the entire New Testament revelation should in time be seen in a new perspective. This, too, is therefore part of the great Providential movement which has been outlined above. The movement which was brought to a climax by Strauss and the men of Tübingen has been prolonged for more than half a century, and Christian scholarship in all the more progressive countries has responded to the challenge. Never has a fiercer light of investigation beaten upon any tract of human history than upon the little handsbreadth of time that held the human life of our Lord. The Gospels have been sifted line by line by the textual critic, the "higher critic" and the commentator. Countless monographs have been written on the different phases of the life of the period, the praxis of Scribe and Pharisee, the Apocalyptic literature of Judaism, the social and political life of the people. Their inscriptions have been deciphered, their coinage counted, their sects resuscitated, their chronology revised. The theodolite and measuring chain of the surveyor have travelled through the length and breadth of the Holy Land; the pickaxe and shovel have turned up its buried past; the artist has spent long years in its cities and villages, its deserts and its fertile vales. Hundreds of scholars and men of action have lived and labored, happy if they could flash the least ray of light on the great central problem of the life of the Lord. Many treatises on that life have been written, and are still steadily flowing from the great publishing houses of Berlin, London, Paris and New York. A whole library of literature has already grown up around this theme, nor is there any sign of abatement of the interest. The work of investigation has by no means

been completed, nor can we yet speak of anything more than an approach to agreement on many of the more important points. Yet it is true, none the less, that this immense labor has not been wasted. The net result of the whole movement is that Christendom has won a spiritual result of immense value. The historic personality of Jesus has risen upon the consciousness of the Church with the force almost of a new revelation, the ultimate results of which still lie far in the future. It is literally true, as has been said,<sup>2</sup> that this century is face to face with that Great Figure as no century has been since the first. This new discovery has come gradually. It has been distributed over the last sixty years. It has come like a gradual dawn rather than a tropical sunrise. It is the great positive result of the whole complex movement, which has been described, and, in the judgment of the present writer, it far more than compensates for the apparent losses.

Now that positive result has already had far-reaching consequences in two directions. It has profoundly impressed the popular consciousness, and it is exerting a great influence also upon scientific theology.

(1) The effect on the popular consciousness.

The new light upon the human life of Jesus, which has been won by the labors of three generations of scholars, has not remained a private possession of academic circles. By a multitude of agencies, through Christian preaching and instruction, through popular lives of Jesus, written alike from the negative and believing standpoints, and through literature generally, it has reached the masses and has obviously created a profound impression upon them. What is the meaning of that

new spirit of reverence towards Jesus which has fallen upon the more earnest minds of our day who are outside the pale of the Christian communion, a reverence which is in such singular contrast with the temper of the older unbelief; of the distinction which is everywhere drawn among them between the Churches and Christ, and between the Christ of dogma and the Jesus of history; of the new interest in all that relates to the personal life of the Lord, which is the modern analogue of that Messianic interest which drew men to Him in the days of "the Galilean spring"? Popular literature bears abounding witness to that awakening of interest. Imaginative writers of the most diverse calibre, from Tolstoy downward, have availed themselves of it, and their works have been translated into nearly all the European languages; or, within the nation, have circulated by the hundred thousand; or, as is the case with Mr. Sheldon's writings, by the million. In view of what will be said later of the bearing of this new prominence of the Jesus of history on the missionary and economic problems of our day, I shall content myself with selecting two out of many illustrative quotations which might be given. I shall take, first, the well-known saying of Keshub Chunder Sen, one of the most remarkable and representative figures of modern times.

"If you wish to secure that attachment and allegiance of India, it must be through spiritual influence and moral suasion. And such indeed has been the case in India. You cannot deny that your hearts have been touched, conquered, and subjugated by a superior power. That power, need I tell you, is Christ. It is Christ who rules British India, and not the British Government. England has sent out a tremendous moral force in the life and character of that mighty prophet, to conquer and hold this vast empire."

<sup>2</sup> By Principal Fairbairn to whose masterly survey of the course of criticism I am much indebted. See "Christ and Modern Theology."

That is the testimony of a man nurtured in hereditary heathendom. Take now what Max Göhre in his remarkable volume *Drei Monate Fabrik-Arbeiter* tells us of the inner thought of that formidable new democracy that is growing up in modern Germany, alienated not only from the present social order, but from all conventional religious belief and communion. After drawing the darkest picture of the lapse from all definite Christian belief of the workmen in the Chemnitz factory in which he labored, he says, "One thing only has remained in all of them, esteem and reverence for Jesus Christ. Even the most outspoken Social Democrat and hater of faith has that; yes, assuredly, he has it in greater measure than many a man not devoted to the Social Democratic propaganda." He goes on to say that this Jesus to them is not the Christ of theology, but of history, a noble dreamer who sought to effect by religious means the bringing in of that golden world age which can only be accomplished by economic revolution. His method, they think, was impracticable. "But," he concludes, "they all hold themselves in thoughtful silence before this great Personality."

Now, if the present writer reads the situation correctly, the Church has in this temper of the non-Christian world one of her greatest opportunities. But, it will, of course, be said, "granting that all this is true, granting that this new sense of the moral greatness of Jesus is the direct result of the modern movement, we have, none the less, lost more than we have gained. The Christ in whom the ancient Church believed, the Christ by faith in whom all the great deeds of her history have been achieved, was very God of very God: the Jesus who emerges from the mists to-day is a Man. The apparition in whom men are interested is human, not divine. Consequently Max Göhre's

Social Democrats rightly regard him as a dreamer, 'a beautiful but ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain.' This is not faith." No, it is not yet faith; but if the Church uses her opportunity aright, it is the temper out of which faith may be born anew. It is her opportunity. Will she avail herself of it? It is a new spiritual situation. Will she have the intuition to discern that this situation is unprecedented, and in that unprecedented situation will she have the further intuition to follow the right path? If I am right, that path has already been marked out for her, and Christian Scholarship is already preparing the road.

(2) This brings us to consider, next, the effect of the modern movement on Scientific theology. The new prominence given to the historic personality of Jesus Christ has led inevitably to a new and more thorough examination of the circle of spiritual ideas in which He lived and moved and had His being. The freshest and most interesting work in the sphere of New Testament scholarship is probably at present being done in investigating the Teaching of Jesus, and in inquiring into the relations in which, on the one hand, it stands to the current ideas of Judaism, and on the other to the Apostolic developments.

It will, in the long run, I believe, be impossible to maintain supreme reverence for the character of Jesus, and to reject the truth of His ideas. The character is simply the ideas translated into temper and conduct. If the ideas are illusory, then the character is not in accordance with the nature of things, and in that case it is not such as we ought to imitate or admire. All such admiration is simply sentimentality; it is not ethical, and it stands in the way of human progress. But if we cannot face this, if we feel, in spite of ourselves, veneration and awe for

the character of Jesus, we must, sooner or later, go on to faith in the ideas. This, as I read the matter, indicates the true line for the Church to follow with the people to-day, if she would transmute the current admiration for Jesus into her own faith that He is the Son of God.

But the adoption of such a line of argument in the modern Christian *Apologia* has important consequences in the sphere of Theology. If we regard the Character of Christ as the central evidence for the truth of Christianity, we are led by a natural and inevitable process of thought to regard the Mind of Christ as the central norm for Theology. If the character is the Christian ideal; if this character rests at every point upon the circle of Christ's ideas, and if its moral authority depends upon their truth, then plainly these ideas must hold the primary place as normative in the Christian system. They are the substructure on which the whole edifice of Apostolic Christianity is built, the central principles of which Apostolic theology is the development and application. It would be possible to conceive of a version of Christianity which rejected the Apostolic developments; but the moment we trench upon the truth of the spiritual teaching of Jesus we depart from essential Christianity as certainly as if we admitted the moral inadequacy of our Lord's character.

The writer is not one of those who believe that Apostolic theology went from the first on false tracks, or that without incalculable impoverishment and damage the Church can depart from the main lines of the Apostolic teaching, doctrinal, or mystical, or ethical.<sup>1</sup> But, on the other hand, it seems to him that neither the Apostolic teach-

ing nor the teaching of Christ can be rightly understood if we follow the traditional method of reading the mind of Christ through the mind of the Apostles. The converse method seems the only true one, and an independent study of the mind of the historical Jesus the best gateway into the thought-world of the Epistles. What, then, are these distinctive ideas of Jesus on which His Life and Character rest. There are three that are central—the Divine Fatherhood, the Kingdom of God, and His own necessary place in the spiritual realm as Mediator of the new Life. It was chiefly the last of these ideas that the Apostolic thinkers fastened upon and wrought out with extraordinary insight and power. Their results are classical for the Christian life. The first and second, also, of course, reappear in their writings, but not with the same fulness and clearness. For them the Gospels must be our norm. Unless we understand the first and second of these ideas the character of Jesus will be unintelligible to us, and unless we accept the third it will cease to be morally ideal.

(1) Take, first, the idea of the Divine Fatherhood. The whole spirit and genius of the character of Jesus are rooted in the Fatherhood of God. His life is essentially filial in its type. Absolute trust and absolute dedication are its watchwords. The Gospels show us His public life, beginning with the Divine Words, "This is my Beloved Son," and closing with His dying cry, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit," and throughout its course the dominating principle is the Revealing of the Father. He is in all things "the Son," after such a fashion that only "the Father" can understand Him or He the Father. Apart from

<sup>1</sup> It is, of course, impossible within the present limits to show the intimate correlation between the ideas of Christ, and the leading Apostolic

ideas, of Atonement and Regeneration, the Unio Mystica, and the Church.

the truth of the idea of the essential Fatherhood of God, the life and death of Jesus are no ideal for men. They are so penetrated by this filial faith, that if it be mistaken, the whole type of character is radically mistaken also; while if that faith be well-grounded the character can never be outdone.

(2) Take, next, the idea of the Kingdom. Jesus is not content with living this filial life for Himself alone. He believes that His Father has sent Him to found a new spiritual order, to bring all men into the Son-life which He Himself lives. He does this by creating a new Society, a new order of Humanity, and in spite of all the dangers involved in the use of the term He links this new Society on to the ideals of Hebrew prophecy by describing it as "the Kingdom of God." Sometimes He speaks of that Kingdom as already present, and sometimes as future. In the former case He plainly means that it is already germinally present among men; in the latter case He thinks of it as able to attain its full embodiment and expression only in the Day of His triumph. He can view it in this two-fold aspect because the Kingdom is not only the goal of human effort and agony, not only a great spiritual structure to be slowly built up as men have built up the great structure of Civilization; it is, from the first, a Kingdom of the Divine grace, a free gift of God to men. In the latter sense it is complete from the first. It exists, in principle, in Jesus the Mediator, by faith in whom a man at once enters the great Divine Human Society, becomes thereby an inheritor of the Divine Forgiveness, the Divine Providence and the Divine Spirit, and finds at once his place and work as a Son of God in the nascent commonwealth of redeemed humanity. But the Kingdom is also future. Complete in principle as it is from the first, it has to be wrought out and built up in human history by

the toil and warfare and patient endurance of the Church. The human race has to be won into its communion, and human society has to be moralized up to the Christ standard, until at every point it is dominated by the filial life. Not till then will the Kingdom have fully come. Hence on this view the Christian life, the life of the Church, is one long crusade for the Kingdom of God. Freed from spiritual and temporal care by faith in God's Grace and God's Providence, the disciple is to devote himself in the most absolute fashion to the great spiritual commonwealth. He is to pray for it before he prays for himself; he is to seek it above all things; he is to face the Cross itself for its sake. Sparta or Rome never made such demands upon its citizens as Jesus made upon His followers on behalf of the Kingdom. No human commonwealth has ever aroused so grand an enthusiasm of patriotism in its citizens as burned in the spirit of Jesus for the great City of God. For it His followers are to exult in persecution, to hate the dearest human ties that fetter their supreme consecration, to lose their meander selves and find their true lives in resolute and thorough-going devotion to its interests. The whole drift of Christ's teaching is thus to demand public spirit on the largest and grandest scale on behalf of a great Divine-human commonwealth towards whose consummation all God's ways with man converge. The supreme example of such public spirit is found in His own Life and Death, which made that Kingdom possible for the world of men. Such, in the briefest outline, is the teaching of Jesus regarding the Kingdom of God.

(3) But the circle of Christ's teaching in general, and His idea of the Kingdom in particular, only become fully intelligible when we consider the third great principle of His own necessary

place as Mediator of the new life. It is altogether misleading to represent Him as only one who teaches truths hitherto unknown or neglected. He does not initiate the Kingdom as a Newton or a Darwin initiates a new epoch in human knowledge, by first divining and giving expression to a neglected truth, and then standing aside and letting the truth win its way. He speaks as one who is the initiator of a cosmic change, rather than as a discoverer and teacher. He has come not only to reveal the Father, but to make it possible for all men to live the filial life as he lived it. He is not simply the announcer, He is the creator of the New Kingdom. It is through faith in Him that men enter it, and through a continually deepening fellowship with Him that they are sustained in the new filial life. To deal adequately here with this great and critical question of the permanent place of Christ as Mediator would be of course impossible, but to omit it from any sketch, however brief, of His teaching, would be to omit an essential and organic part. To err here is to lose the key to the greater part of Apostolic Christianity, as well as to any coherent account of the character and teaching of our Lord. If we cannot see our way to accept its truth, we are, moreover, left in extreme moral perplexity before that considerable portion of the Gospel narratives which bears upon what is known as "the self-assertion of Jesus."

The only way to save the character of Jesus, on this view, is to excise this portion of the record, and we can only do this by critical violence, which in fact does not save the situation. But if we accept it, not only the character but the teaching comes out in its full grandeur and unity. If, in the Divine order, He holds, thus, a necessary and permanent place, it was imperative that He should make this plain, a crime of

the first magnitude against God and man had He not so spoken.

The more we study the character and ideas of Christ, and the better we understand the peculiar character of the religious experience which is depicted with such astonishing wealth and variety in the Apostolic writings, the less, I believe, shall we be content with the view that the work of Christ was only declarative of a standing Ideal order of the Universe, and the more shall we be driven to the conclusion that the Divine Will was at work through Him in an essentially creative fashion, that in Him the great Power which "sits dark at the centre" of the Universe came forth in Personal form, and initiated a new spiritual epoch of Redemption and Regeneration as well as of Revelation on the day when Jesus proclaimed the advent of the Kingdom of God.

In the light of this central truth that "*God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself,*" we can understand the permanent and necessary place of Christ as Mediator of the New Life. Entrance into the Kingdom is won by personal faith in him. Those who receive Him as Saviour and Lord find themselves living for the end for which He lived, and looking on their brethren, on Nature, on God's ways with men, with his eyes. The real meaning of the kingdom becomes clear to them only as acquaintance with Him deepens. It is only out of this deepening acquaintance that the ideal wins richness and color, breadth and detail. Our conceptions of the Fatherhood of God are "baptized into Christ." He is "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ and our God and Father in Him." So, too, the idea of the Kingdom is baptized into Christ. It is the Kingdom as Christ conceived it, imbued with His ideas of God, of the Soul, and of the true good for man. At every moment the new life and the

new thought are initiated and sustained through the Mediator, who is at once the Way, the Truth and the Life.

It is, I believe, along the line of thought thus traced out, which leads from reverence for the character to acceptance of the ideas of Jesus, and from that again to recognition of Him as Mediator of the new filial life of the Kingdom and Lord of the soul, that the current admiration of Jesus can best be turned into living faith and the obedience of the will. When that return to faith takes place the Church will find that she has not had all this long toil and conflict for nothing. She will find rather that on the way she has gained positive results of incalculable value for the world at the present crisis of its history. We shall now endeavor to show that this is the case.

Parallel with the process of theological development outlined above there have gone on great changes in the practical world, and new problems have emerged, on the right solution of which the progress, and even the very existence of civilization depends. Of these we shall consider three, the problems raised by the new relations of the higher and lower races, by the new organization of industry, and by the international anarchy of Christendom.

## II.

(1) None of these changes is more remarkable than that which has gradually brought the lower races of the world, first into economic, and then, to a very large extent, into political subordination to the more advanced peoples.

Up to the time of the discovery of the New World Christendom occupied a very small part of the surface of the globe. The 18th century was largely occupied, as Sir John Seeley has

shown,<sup>4</sup> with the international struggle for the temperate zones, the areas of the earth's surface best fitted for colonization by the white races of mankind. With the second half of the 18th century Great Britain entered on a new career, first of commercial, and then of political conquest, within the tropical zones, and since then the struggle for the tropics and their trade has underlain a very large proportion of her wars, and directed a very large part of her diplomacy. Mr. Kidd<sup>5</sup> has pointed out that this struggle for the control of the tropics has taken the place of the struggle for the temperate zones, which has been decided "on the whole, overwhelmingly in favor of the English-speaking peoples." It is, to begin with, a struggle for trade; but commercial influence, under modern conditions, almost inevitably leads to political annexation, and so, within our days, the control of the inferior races by the more civilized has progressed with increasing rapidity. One whole continent has been divided, within human memory, by the great European Powers; the British Empire has annexed Burmah; China and Siam are threatened; the United States have taken over the Spanish possessions in the tropical zones of both hemispheres; Madagascar has been annexed by France, and in the South Pacific the rivalry of the European nations has more than once gravely imperilled their home relations. The results of this vast economic movement can as yet only be dimly desctried. What is perfectly obvious is that hundreds of millions of the less advanced peoples are being drawn into ever closer relations with their stronger neighbors, as the railheads creep through the forests and over the plains, and the network of cables expands on the ocean floor, and

<sup>4</sup> "Expansion of England."

<sup>5</sup> "The Control of the Tropics."

the speed of the great liners increases year by year. The causes which have produced this vast movement are operating still, and are likely to operate with increasing power as time goes on. It is, moreover, an irrevocable step which has thus been taken. "The completion of this World Process," says Mr. Bryce,<sup>6</sup> "is a specially great and fateful event, because it closes a page for ever. The conditions that are now vanishing can never recur. The civilized and semi-civilized races cannot relapse into their former isolation." The economic bonds which bind the lower and higher races together in this new and more intimate intercourse are too numerous and too strong to be ruptured. Human society, as a whole, has therefore entered on a new phase which must have consequences of transcendent importance for the weal or woe of the human race. Mr. Bryce has described the situation in forcible language. "It is hardly too much to say," he continues, "that for economic purposes all mankind is fast becoming one people, in which the hitherto backward nations are taking a place analogous to that which the unskilled workers have held in each one of the civilized nations. Such an event opens a new stage in world-history, a stage whose significance has perhaps been as yet scarcely realized either by the thinker or by the man of action."<sup>7</sup>

Now even those who look beneath the surface and discern the true course of events often fail to realize the true gravity of the problem with which Christendom is now confronted. We are apt to conclude that such a closer relation between the lower and the higher races can only be for good, inasmuch as its inevitable effect will be to raise the lower races towards the level of the higher. But what guarantee have we that the lower will not rather

drag the higher down towards their own level? Is it so certain that the moral gains of the higher races are so secure that they can be maintained in spite of all the dangers and temptations that contact with peoples of a weaker, and often of a debased, type is certain to bring about?

We have one great illustration in history of the danger in question in the days of the decline of the Roman Republic and the rise of the Empire. On the one hand the rapacity and tyranny of the Roman governing classes abroad led to the ruin of liberty at home; while on the other hand Rome itself was flooded with the scum of the East. The speeches of Cicero give us one side of the story and Juvenal and Tacitus the other.

In Tiberim defluxit Orontes.

Religion and morality alike became debased. If this has happened once why should it not happen again? The injury done to the higher civilization may take to-day the same two-fold form that it did then. It may be that the direct contagion of the vices of barbarism or effete civilization may spread through the veins of Christendom. The master may learn the vices of the slave or freedman. But it is more probable that the evil will be of a more indirect and subtle kind. If the higher races exploit the lower, sooner or later their own freedom will become a thing of the past, and the modern Free States, like the City of the Seven Hills, and for similar reasons, will retrograde from liberty to despotism.

Nothing, indeed, can be more certain than that the enslavement or exploitation of weaker races finds its inevitable nemesis in the deterioration of the oppressor. That lesson is written plain on the broad page of human history. It was the sense of this that caused

<sup>6</sup> Romanes Lecture, p. 8.

<sup>7</sup> Romanes Lecture, p. 9.

the gigantic struggle of the American Civil War. Behind all questions of State rights there was the sense that there was in the very body of the people a huge growth that was foreign to its true life, and that must be excised even by the terrible surgery of civil war.

The only way in which the free people can govern the lower races without eventual loss of their own liberties is found when the ruling power is prepared to subordinate its own interests to the common good, and steady persistence in such a course means remorseless antagonism to the greed of the moment and to all the more vulgar ambitions of private and national egotism. The real question, therefore, is whether or not the ruling races in our own day have attained sufficient moral force for the task they have assumed. If they have, the dangers may be all transcended, and a new and better epoch may be opened. If they have not, then we are entering on one of the most tragic ages of time. For good or evil, humanity is face to face with one of its greatest problems, and human foresight, unaided, cannot even pretend to pierce the mists which shroud the future.

Now is it a mere accident or an evil fate that just at this moment Christendom should have been called, as it were, into the very presence of Jesus of Nazareth, and should be face to face with Him as no Christian century has been since the first? Is it for nothing that this Divine Apparition should have come forth once more before the eyes of men, that this Voice which speaks in such great accents of the infinite value of the meanest human soul should have been heard anew by human ears? Is it for nothing that just when this great temptation has come to the rich and powerful peoples to treat the weaker and poorer as mere instruments of their avarice, and lust, and pride, the

solemn shadow of the Cross should fall between, and just when the pride of earthly empire is at its highest, the vision of the Divine Kingdom should turn its glories dim for all the keener eyes? What Christian man, at least, can believe it? To me it seems wiser to say, "O, the depth of the riches both of the Wisdom and Knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out!"

But it may be asked, What practical programme has the Christian Church, in the light of the new knowledge, for the present situation? What can it contribute to the solution of this tremendous world problem?

(a) First of all the Churches must set themselves with a thoroughness and resolution hitherto unattained to the evangelization of the world. In the light of the situation outlined above this is the only way to a radical solution. In spite of prejudice, apathy and scorn, the missionary enterprise of Christianity has already asserted its place as a world factor, but it has by no means come to its rights either within or outside the Church. As the economic and political situation develops, and the new Christian synthesis gains in security and strength, it is sure to acquire greater and greater prominence. It will become clearer and clearer as time goes on, that not only for the sake of the heathen peoples but for the sake of the higher races themselves its success is a vital interest of humanity. In the judgment of the writer there is no real hope, no radical solution, to be found independently of this. The age of isolation is passing fast. The world is growing into one economic whole. For the moral health of mankind there must be no slums in the City of God.

Again, we ask, Is it by pure hazard or adverse fate that, just at this particular crisis, the missionary enterprise should find a secure religious basis in the restoration to its central

place in Christian thought of the Idea of the Kingdom of God? It is not enough that so mighty an enterprise should rest upon the motive of compassion alone, or on isolated texts or passages of the sacred writings. It must be shown to be involved in the very Idea of Christianity, so that a Christian life in which it has no place is as great a moral contradiction as one which is indifferent to the elementary virtues of the Christian moral ideal. This, I take it, is what the practical application of the idea of the Kingdom implies. Of course the evangelization of the lower races taken by itself will not solve the problem. The United States is a part of Christendom alike in its White States and in its Black Belt, and yet it is face to face to-day with a situation of heartbreaking difficulty, a *damnosa hereditas* of the utmost perplexity, in the relations of the higher and the lower races. Nevertheless, that situation would be infinitely worse than it is if the negroes were still heathen of the West African type.

(b) The Christianization of the lower races, therefore, implies not merely their evangelization, it implies also their training and discipline in Christian civilization. There are some to-day who believe that the world can be evangelized in this generation; but there is no one who dreams that the other process can be accomplished save through many generations. Nevertheless, all who are acquainted with the literature of the subject know of the progress that has already been made. Dr. Dennis's volumes<sup>\*</sup> show how inevitably the evangelizing movement passes into the sociological phase. The reasons for this are plain, and in view of the next stage of the argument of these articles, it will be necessary to dwell for a little upon them. Let us suppose for the moment that a mis-

sionary goes to the foreign field imbued with the individualist conception of salvation. He believes that inasmuch as his business is the salvation of souls, the preaching of the Gospel is the one thing that he has to do, and resolves to confine himself to that, and to the training of his converts in the knowledge of its regenerating truths. After prolonged labor he sees some results, the converts are baptized, and a Christian community begins to grow up around him. But he soon finds that these converts are not in the same position as converts at home. All around them lies a great heathen environment, which calls to them with a myriad voices to which their minds respond only too well. They have been brought up, perhaps, in the zenana, or harem; they breathe the tainted atmosphere of a society whose customs are shot through and through with heathen ideas; they are ostracized by their caste, or tribal warfare renders the very foundations of their society insecure; their untrained minds are intimidated by the prestige of heathen learning, or are the prey to superstitious terrors of sorcery or witchcraft. Nor do these forces act only on the minds of native Christians. The missionary soon realizes that they are one great obstacle to his gaining converts. Hence Christian missions pass speedily into the sociological stage. The endeavor is now made to create a Christian environment, to abolish polygamy, to put down slavery, to moralize existing institutions, to raise schools, colleges and technical institutes, and, in a word, to create Christian commonwealths, which may be prosperous spiritual provinces of a world-wide Kingdom of God. The aim, in short, to reach the individual soul inevitably expands into an endeavor to create a society imbued with the Spirit of Christ. The former aim must always come first and remain first, but with-

\* "Christian Missions and Social Progress."

out this expansion it is powerless to effect its ends.

It is only, then, in the success of this two-fold Christian enterprise that there can be any real hope of radically solving the problem before human society at the present time. Before it mere secular statesmanship stands helpless. It needs forces which are not at its command, and which only the Christian Church can supply. For both phases of that enterprise, the evangelizing and the moralizing of the lower races, the theological development, as we have seen, has prepared the way. But that same development has also brought to the front another aspect of the Church's duty.

(c) If we are to be in earnest with the Kingdom of God, we must insist that the whole policy of the Christian State towards the lower races shall be in harmony with the Christian ideal. The Church does not want the aid of the State in her specific work of the evangelizing of the lower peoples; she is incomparably better without it. But she has the right and the duty to insist that the State shall not abuse its power over these peoples at the dictation of private greed or national vanity. She is committed to war to the death against all attempts, for example, to bring back slavery on any pretences, or to tolerate the exploitation of the weaker peoples by the strong. She must use all her resources to insist that the higher nations shall govern the lower only in the interests of the common good. The signs are many and sinister that a stern and prolonged conflict is here advancing upon her which may

well take rank with the great fights of history, the fights of the soul, of which wars are but incidents, and which are dated not by years but by centuries. It is only by the Christian Church facing the situation in all its breadth and intricacy, and realizing it in all its gravity, that its dangers can be transcended and the victory won.

It is true that the solution here indicated, which includes the spiritual regeneration and moralization of the lower races, lies far outside the ken of most of our statesmen and publicists, as it lies far beyond the immediate horizon within which their thoughts and purposes move. But the deeper and more enduring forces in history are making towards it, and in the great movement of religious thought outlined in the earlier part of this article we can discern the slow formation of a new religious synthesis adapted to the moral necessities of the coming age. Just as throughout the 17th and 18th centuries we can discern many hidden forces preparing the new synthesis of thought and belief on which our modern democratic life rests, can "descend, at once, as it were, beneath the surface of things into a region of twilight, where, as in a vast workshop, we see, being slowly extended, the great framework of principles on which the modern theory of Society has been reared,"<sup>10</sup> so here, throughout the latter half of the 19th century, we can discern a similar process, the slow birth of new ideals, the gathering force of new motives, the increasing sense of a new Divine Call.

*D. S. Cairns.*

*The Contemporary Review.*

\* B. Kidd's "Principles of Western Civilization,"  
107

## MOVING ONWARD.

Years moving onward, onward. Whence, and whither, and why?  
Age after age in the self-same world, with the self-same stars in the sky;  
The self-same glory of light in Heaven and light that is still on the way;  
Outlooking gaze of the damsel dawn and droop of declining day;  
All things always the same, unchanged, unchangeable, all save we  
Who come like clouds, like clouds disappear, form and fall like waves of the  
sea;

Message and meeting of severed friends, Yule carol, New Year chime,  
And Eternity moving on and on, on the passionless wheels of Time;  
Peace but a hungry duel for life darkening to menace of war,  
And Muscovite legions tramping on, doing the will of the Tsar.

New philosophies, policies; new, new, but like to the old—  
Fervent in faith at the birth, then questioned, railed at, obsolete, cold;  
Mailed mastodons ploughing the main, their backs bulging over the foam,  
Watching to vomit forth lethal fire and drive desolation home;  
Fretful heart of some dreading boy in the crimsoning coverts of Spring,  
Moving, mellowing slowly on to become a poet and sing;  
Or destined by Heaven to wake and shake the world with mighty voice,  
And make the knees of the tyrant quail and the heart of the slave rejoice,  
To gather the tumult of every tide and the fury of every blast,  
And pile fresh thunders of thought upon the freshening storms of the past;  
British sentinels standing mute at the fortress gates of the world,  
And the British flag on every sea with its splendid symbol unfurled,  
Carrying liberty, reverence, law, wherever wave-pulses reach  
To bale-laden quay, to highway, stream, and palm-wattled island beach;  
Lovers, husbands, like you, like me, torn from their homes afar,  
Marching, marching, onward and on, doing the will of the Tsar;  
Past slinking and snarling, white-fanged sloth, through limitless leagues of  
snow,  
Moon after moon of monotonous months till the blue-eyed scillas blow,  
And the cold-sleeping rivers yawn and wake and mightily flush and flow;  
Peasant mother and maiden left at their desolate doors ajar,  
While their sons and lovers march warward, deathward, doing the will of the  
Tsar.

But still the glory of light in Heaven and light that is still on its way;  
Faint hearts that despont of to-morrow look up, and be done with despair  
or dismay.

For British sentinels stand erect at the fortress gates of the world,  
And the British flag is on every sea with its splendid symbol unfurled,  
And the Lord of Right still sits on His throne, still wields His sceptre and  
rod,  
And the winds and the waves and the years move on doing the will of God.  
*The London Times.*

*Alfred Austin.*

## IN GUIPUZCOA.

BY MRS WOODS.

## I.

## THE BASQUES: AND AN OLD SEA-PORT.

In the Middle Ages an island of the Northern seas, lying in the welter of oceanic weather, was inhabited by an energetic race of men given to commerce, sea-farers, sea-fighters. And eight degrees further south, a country as fertile and smiled upon by much more amiable, though still uncertain, skies, bore also an energetic and commercial race, sweeping the seas in more or less legitimate enterprise as far as the island of the north. These two races have to-day certain common characteristics. They both emigrate naturally, as it were, to America, though to different sides of the Isthmus of Panama; and both, wherever they go, carry with them their passion for a national game, played with a ball. One game is cricket and the other is *pelota*. And the excellent players of these respective games are famous and revered among their countrymen; and of no consequence anywhere else. But here the likeness ceases. For one of these races has made itself master of the great ocean and the great trade of the world; it is called the British Empire and the United States. The other is divided between three provinces of Spain and one department of France, and is called the ancient and interesting Basque race.

No one knows anything of its origin. The most learned and the most ignorant alike can guess that at one time it would have covered a much larger space on the map than it does now—only that was long before there was a

map—and that it has been driven up into this corner of Europe by invasions of stronger peoples. Nevertheless the Basques are not physically poor. Although seldom very big, they are not particularly small; they are well-knit and healthier in appearance than the majority of the lower classes in England. Their language is agglutinative; in itself a proof of remote antiquity. One of our most distinguished Celtic scholars once nursed a transitory hope that he might find cause for relating it to Pictish; and he learnt some. What kind of a feat that was may be guessed from the story the Basques themselves tell to explain why they are so good. The devil, they say, noticed with pain how few Basques came to hell, and so he determined to learn their language in order to entice them on the road. But when he had lived a whole year in the country he could still say no more in Basque than good-morning. So he gave the matter up; and that is why the Basques are still so good.

In the fifteenth century pirates were doubtless good; at any rate the Basques were pirates. So were the English, the Dutch, and the French, in fact all sea-faring nations of the time. The sea was No-man's land and the eternal war of commerce was carried on there openly with the mailed fist. The Basques had houses of commerce in Bordeaux, in La Rochelle and Brussels, and traded with Scotland and the Hanseatic towns. They brought a good number of Dutch, English, and French ships into the harbor of Pasajes and sold them and their cargoes at auction. They sent out thousands of whalers and cod-fishers, and in the seventeenth century almost monopolized

the Newfoundland fisheries. The English drove them out, as they would have driven out the English if they had been strong enough. The last big commercial enterprise they attempted was the Compañía Real Guipúzcoana de Caracas, founded in 1728, for trading with South America. And it flourished well for three and twenty years, when the king, jealous perhaps of so much provincial prosperity, transferred its Board of Directors to Madrid; and presently the Company withered away.

The Basques are still busy in a small way. They have no leading industry that I have been able to discover—except making each other's sandal shoes—but little factories of various kinds stud their mountain streams, which they utilize largely for electric power. Something of the cause of Basque prosperity in the past and its subsequent decline may be found in the pictoresque little harbors of the coast of Guipúzcoa from Pasajes to Motrico. These are for the most part smaller than the smallest of our west country seaports, but they remind me of Dartmouth, Salcombe, Fowey, and Boscastle. These too were great ports in the days of little ships, and if we had had none better, Britannia would certainly not have ruled the waves. Pasajes is considerably the largest. It could take our men-of-war a hundred years ago; it has a modern history and a possible future. But Zaraus, Guetaria, Orio, Deva sit widowed by their tiny harbors, looking out in vain to the great empty Atlantic, over whose far horizon so many sails came winging towards them in the good days gone by: pirates and merchantmen, cod-fishers and whalers, from the north and the west and the north-west.

Now the Basques of Guipúzcoa were free-traders, which was one reason why they objected to the abolition of their liberties, or *fueros*, and to complete union with the Kingdom of

Spain. Nevertheless, in the fourteenth century when the wool of Navarre went to Bilbao by way of Deva, the city laid a small tax on all the wool embarked at the port, and with the proceeds built the parish church of the Assumption. At the first glance it would appear no different from the other churches of Guipúzcoa, although somewhat larger than ordinary. A square-bodied church, the tower square, with a flattish, slightly pointed roof, the large portico cut out, as it were, under the west end. Within it you are surprised by a wonderful Gothic gateway, fretting with its sculptures the breadth of the wall before you. To left and right in its shallow embrasure stand ranks of Apostles, above are scenes from the life of the Virgin, the Assumption in the centre. Now blessed be the penny on wool which reared this noble portal—and also the cloister within—to the honor of Our Lady and for the glory of the city of Deva! The wool-merchants of Navarre have gone their way, have passed like shadows, and of all their goods nothing remains except those pennies of the tax which they paid so unwillingly. The port of Deva seems scarcely a port at all. The sea sand has silted up half the bay and only little vessels creep in at the little river mouth. The face of Nature has changed, but the work of Man remains, essentially uninjured by the years.

As we stood in the high portico admiring the sculptured archway, the doors were opened wide, and we saw right up the big dark church, which, like others of its type, is practically all nave, to the high altar. A procession was coming down it with a yellow flicker of candle flames and a golden glitter of vestments. As it came towards the daylight, the moving shapes and chanting voices gathered definiteness. The round-cheeked choristers two and two, the priests in faded crimson copes, with faces like yellow wax

under their birettas, passed out through the ancient portico, whose flags such feet as theirs have been wearing for five hundred years. And once again the Litany to the Virgin, with the haunting choristic pathos of its *Ora pro nobis*, welled up clear from the throats of the choir boys, hummed nasal from the waxen-faced priests, and echoing under the shallow vaulting of the roof, passed out, and died away along the square. Precisely these words, precisely these tones, the portico has been echoing since the builder's hand left it here fresh and new: when the short, deep-bodied ships rode at anchor in the bay, when the grass-grown strand of Deva stood full of bales of wool and trains of mules with their muleteers, and there was a noise of sailors' chanties and running chains and tackle, a chatter of merchantmen in Basque and in Castilian, and it may be in other languages beside, where now is silence, except for the occasional hoot and rattle of a passing train, and the children playing at hop-scotch.

There are always plenty of children in a Basque *pueblo*, but on this particular Sunday morning they seem to be nearly all boys. Perhaps here, as in Protestant England, the little girls are suffering the martyrdom of the best frock. At any rate, when the procession, sparsely accompanied by one or two black-hooded women, issued from the portico and passed along the side of the square, there was such a running and scrambling of little boys from the side streets that you would have thought the Pied Piper, or at least a circus, had come to town. Chubby little boys, not in the least picturesque, with very short trousers and very dirty faces, much as you might have seen them—on a weekday—in England. With noises of delight, and no signs of piety whatever, they came running after the procession, and followed it in a crowd till it reached the chapel to

which it was bound. This was an odd, ugly erection facing down a lane, and looking like a box with one side out. There was scarcely room in it for the gaudy altar in the middle and the troop of clergy and choristers who crowded into it, like a too numerous company of amateur actors on to a drawing-room stage. But the sweet solemn singing was not yet over, and outside the chapel the flock of busy, trotting children stopped short and, forming up in some sort of order, plumped down on their little bare knees, and, with clasped hands and bowed heads, said their little prayers before the chapel; so redeeming its tawdry ugliness, its vulgar theatre air, and making a picture of Paradise in the squalid street.

But we hurried back to see the cloister behind the church before the service began. A small door leads into it from the dark nave. It is light and bright, and the tall graceful arches of its windows surround what was once a graveyard, but is now a garden of abundant bloom. The windows are barred with slender shafts of stone, which, on a level with the spring of the arch, are transformed into a geometric design. But two are different from the others, and more beautiful. These are together in a corner. Behind them, beyond the pantile roof of the cloister, rises the tower of the church, and below them a tall tree of yellow roses showers its boughs, a cataract of blossom, over a bed of purple irises. It had rained earlier that morning, and the roses and pinks were smelling sweet in the high sun, which threw hard, black shadows athwart the tracery of the windows.

I find no mention of the church of Deva by architectural authorities, but I believe it to be the only one of the kind in Guipúzcoa. The gateway with its sculptured figures, and the geometrical cloister, judged merely by the eye, would seem to be widely separated in

date. But in reality they are probably not so. Deva was not founded till 1343, and geometrical Spanish Gothic superseded the French style in the fourteenth century. The rich gateway one guesses to have been among the last efforts of some architect of the expiring French school. He who began the cloister filled two arches with beautiful tracery, wherein the acanthus leaf is intertwined with a geometrical pattern distantly reminiscent of Moorish art. Then came someone, architect or another, from some centre of civilization, and said that this sort of thing would never do; that acanthus leaf was quite *passé de mode*, and they must change the design before they had gone too far. So they did; and the rest of the cloister is purely geometrical.

Within the church there is nothing to see, which is fortunate, as it is so exceedingly dark that if there were anything you could not see it. But this very darkness procures a fine effect when the church is full of worshippers, as it was for the Mass and sermon after the Litany. For most of them have their own candles; thin cords of orange-colored wax, wound round bits of brown board. The men are in the gallery, or standing at the west end. Looking thence you see in long perspective a crowd of kneeling shapes, shrouded in the black grace of the mantilla, and dim against the yellow light of their tapers. And at the far end, above the faint tapers and the dark crowd, the high altar shines with its many twinkling candles, and the acolytes and the gorgeous priests pass and fro in the perpetual restless movement of the Mass.

The sermon was in Basque and I did not attend it. But F. did so for a short and distressful time, during which he was unable to decide whether he had suddenly gone deaf or totally forgotten the Castilian tongue. The

discovery of the truth having relieved him of all sense of responsibility, he came out to seek us. But we were exploring the town. The buildings are of no interest, but the inhabitants are civil and honest. And if one should happen to come on a bull-fight day, one would find the common-place Plaza before the Town Hall transformed into such a scene as Goya loved to draw. For it seems they have no vulgar modern bull-ring here, but follow the antique mode and fight their bulls in the city square. Do they follow it still further, and do the postmaster and the grocer and the other *caballeros* of Deva put off their check dittos and tweed caps and dash into the ring in short jackets, ribbons and matador hats?—I think not.

The recognized expedition from Deva is to Icifar. This was already a pilgrimage place of some antiquity in the middle of the thirteenth century, and Deva was founded as an offshoot from it. Its miraculous image of the Virgin dates from the eleventh century and has been always especially venerated by sailors. You can drive to it if you choose, for it is not far from a high-road. But it is a climb of five hundred and odd feet, and when you have paid for the carriage you will, if you are a good Briton, find yourself on Shanks his mare after all. For your conscience will never allow you to be dragged up by the sketchy quadrupeds which do duty for horses in Spain.

It is in truth a delightful pilgrimage to Our Lady of Icifar. The road runs round the eastern corner of the bay, the cliff with its tilted strata above; below the green Atlantic churning in foam on the rocks, and a boat, with a single fisherman in it, rising and falling on the long swell. Behind looms the mountain coast of Guipúzcoa and Vizcaya—Bilbao away there behind Machachaco—before cape after cape clear in the sunshine, till dim in the

distance rises the familiar shape of Jaizquibel, above the mouth of the Bidassoa. Once round the corner, we saw the big church and the little village of Icfar, somewhat inland, but conspicuous on its ridge. It looked near enough, but to reach it we had to wind for three miles about the curves of the hills, looking down over the fresh green of coppice and meadow and blossoming orchard to the sea, and up to the near green hills and the wild distant summits of the Pyrenees. They rose as we rose, till at last we could distinguish the square cloven top of the Trois Couronnes, the King of the mountains that guard the frontier above St. Jean de Luz. By the roadside the yellow broom was flowering as only Spanish broom can flower. But if the pilgrimage is delightful, the place is disappointing. Icfar stands finely and it is doubtless an interesting sight to see processions of mariners and their relations climbing up to the shrine, bearing their votive offerings. But we did not see it. Vespers were just over when we reached the paved courtyard before the church, and the fathers of the village stood discussing its affairs, majestically draped in their long black cloaks, while youngsters crowded to the game of *pelota* against the west wall. But within the church there was little of interest. A votive ship hangs from the roof, as shown in the illustrated postcard. There is a fine *retablo*, but it is less easy to see than the said document leads one to believe. It is of wood and in an almost impossibly good state of preservation: yet that such a piece of work can have been well restored in Guipuzcoa or anywhere else in Spain is still more impossible. It is over the high altar, and there also

should be the miraculous image. But we failed to see it, either because of the darkness or simply because, like the Spanish fleet, it was "not in sight."

The church of Icfar is disappointing and so is the village. There is no five o'clock tea there. A female, indeed, "whose rags scarce held together," proffered us black coffee in the purlieus of a mule-stable; but we passed on uncomfited. Note this, ye future pilgrims.

On the way back a strange thing happened. We met a motor-car. A motor-car in this dead mediæval country, crawling up this immense hill, centuries away from civilization, at six o'clock in the evening. It was probably prospecting with a view to a motor tourist expedition from Paris to Madrid by way of Bilbao, which passed through San Sebastian shortly before the ill-fated Paris to Madrid race. And so beautiful is this coast, so excellent the road, though hilly in places, it should rather be matter for astonishment that we met upon it only one motor-car and not one cyclist. The tourist, however, commonly follows a track as inevitable and hardly wider than that of a railway train.

On the other side of Deva this excellent road, clinging round the cliff, runs level enough to Motrico. And the cliff is not bare and rugged, but clothed with southern vegetation, wild Portugal laurel, and tall heath not yet in bloom. At a turn of the road Motrico lies at your feet: a little red-roofed town, a little green harbor, perfectly protected from the great west winds and the thundering Atlantic by the mountain headland of St. Nicholas, which marks the boundary of Guipuzcoa.

### WHAT MAKES YOU SIT AND SIGH?

What makes you sit and sigh?  
An unkind word that passed me by,  
Sped by some unknown enemy.

What makes you smile to-day?  
A kindly thought that came my way;  
From whom it came I cannot say.

What need to smile or sigh?  
Each thought or word that's sent to fly,  
Goes round the world for ever and aye.

What matter where it goes?  
Because a broadcast seed it sows  
Whence comes—the thistle or the rose.

*Reginald Lucas.*

Pall Mall Magazine.

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### POETS OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE: RON.

If it be true that words create for themselves a special atmosphere, and that their mere sound calls up vague outer things beyond their strict meaning, so it is true that the names of the great poets by their mere sound, by something more than the recollection of their work, produce an atmosphere corresponding to the quality of each; and the name of Ronsard throws about itself like an aureole the characters of fecundity, of leadership, and of fame.

The group of men to which allusion was made in the last essay set out with a programme, developed a determined school, and fixed the literary renaissance of France at its highest point. They steeped themselves in antiquity, and they put to the greatest value it has ever received the name of poet; they demanded that the poet should be a kind of king, or seer. Half seriously, half as a product of mere scholarship, the pagan conception of the muse and of inspiration filled them.

More than that; in their earnest, and, as it seemed at first, artificial work, they formed the French language. Some of its most famous and most familiar words proceed from them—for instance, the word *Patrie*. Some little of their exotic Greek and Latin adaptations were dropped; the greater part remained. They have excluded from French—as some think to the impoverishment of that language—most elements of the Gothic—the inversion of the adjective, the frequent suppression of the relative, the irregularity of form, which had survived from the Middle Ages, and which make the older French poetry so much more sympathetic to the Englishman than is the new—all these were destroyed by the group of men of whom I speak. They were called by their contemporaries the Pleiade, for they were seven stars.

Now, of these, Ronsard was easily the master. He had that power which our anaemic age can hardly comprehend,

of writing, writing, writing, without fear of exhaustion, without irritability of self-criticism, without danger of comparing the better with the worse. Five great volumes of small print, all good: men of that fecundity never write the really paltry things—all good, and most of it glorious; some of it on the level which only the great poets reach here and there. It is in reading this man who rhymed unceasingly for forty years, who made of poetry an occupation as well as a glory, and who let it fill the whole of his life, that one feels how much such creative power has to do with the value of verse. There is a kind of good humility about it, the humility of a man who does not look too closely at himself, and the health of a soul at full stride, going forward. You may open Ronsard at any page, and find a beauty; you may open any one of the sonnets at random, and in translating it discover that you are compelled to a fine English, because he is saying, directly, great things. And of these sonnets, note you, he would write thirty at a stretch, and then twenty, and then a second book, with seventy more. So that one cannot help understanding that Italian who said a man was no poet unless he could rap out a century of sonnets from time to time; and one is reminded of the general vigor of the time and of the way in which art of all sorts was mingled up together, when one remembers the tags of verses, just such verses as these, which are yet to be seen in our galleries set down doubtfully on the margin of their sketches by the great artists of the time.

Ronsard, with these qualities of a leader, unconscious, as all true leaders are, of the causes of his leadership, and caring, as all true leaders do, for nothing in leadership, save the glory it brings with it, had also, as have all leaders, chiefly the power of drawing in a multitude of friends. The pecu-

liar head of his own group, he very soon became the head of all the movement of his day. He had made letters really great in the minds of his contemporaries, and having so made them, appeared before them as a master of those letters. Certainly, as I shall quote him in a moment, when I come to his dying speech, he was "satiated with glory."

Yet this man did not in his personality convey that largeness which was his principal mark. His face was narrow, long and aquiline; his health uneven. It was evidently his soul which made men quickly forget the ill-matched case that bore it; for almost alone of the great poets he was consistently happy, and there poured out from him not only this unceasing torrent of verse, but also advice, sustenance, and a kind of secondary inspiration for others.

In yet another matter he was a leader, and a leader of the utmost weight, not the cause, perhaps, but certainly the principal example of the trend which the mind of the nation was taking as the sixteenth century drew to a close. I mean in the matter of religion, upon whose color every society depends which is the note even of a national language, and which seems to be the ultimate influence beyond which no historical analysis can carry a thinking man.

But even those who will not admit the truth of this should watch the theory closely, for with the religious trend of France is certainly bound up, and as I would maintain, on that influence is dependent, that final setting of the French classic, that winding up of the Renaissance with which I shall deal in my next and last essay upon Malherbe.

The stream of Catholicism was running true. The nation was tumbling back after that high and turbulent flood into the channel it had scoured

for itself by the unbroken energies of a thousand years. It is no accident that Ronsard, that Du Bellay, were priests. It is a type. It is a type of the truth that the cloth admitted poets; of the truth that in the great battle whose results yet troubled Europe, here, on the soil where the great questions are fought out, Puritanism was already killed. The epicurean in them both, glad and ready in Ronsard, sombre and Lucretian in Du Bellay, jarred indeed in youth against their vows; but that it should have been tolerated, that it should have led to no excess or angry revolt, was typical of their moment. It was typical finally of that generation that all this mixture of the Renaissance with the Church matured at last into its natural fruit, for in the case of Ronsard we have a noble expression of perfect Christianity at the end.

In the November of 1585 he felt death upon him; he had himself borne to his home so soon as the Huguenot bands had left it, ravaged and devastated as it was. He found it burnt and looted, but it reminded him of childhood and of the first springs of his great river of verse. A profound sadness took him. He was but in his sixty-second year. His mind had not felt any chill of age. He could not sleep; poppies and soporifics failed him. He went now in his coach, now on a litter from place to place in that country side which he had rendered famous, and saw the Vendomois for the last time; its cornfields all stubble under a cold and dreary sky. And in each place he waited for a while.

But death troubled him, and he could not remain. Within a fortnight he ordered that they should carry him southward to the Loire, to that priory of which—by a custom of privilege, nobility and royal favor—he was the nominal head, the priory which is "the eye and delight of Touraine"—the Isle

of St. Cosmo. He sickened as he went. The thirty miles or so took him three painful days; twice, all his strength failed him, and he lay half fainting in his carriage; to so much energy and to so much power of creation these episodes were an awful introduction of death.

It was upon the 17th of November that he reached the walls wherein he was Superior; six weeks later, on the second day after Christmas, he died.

Were I to describe that scene to which he called the monks, all men of his own birth and training, were I to dwell upon the appearance and the character of the oldest and the wisest, who was also the most famous there, I should extend this essay beyond its true limit, as I should also do were I to write down, even briefly, the account of his just, resigned, and holy death. It must suffice that I transcribe the chief of his last deeds; I mean, that declaration wherein he made his last profession of faith.

The old monk had said to him: "In what resolution do you die?"

He answered, somewhat angrily: "In what did you think? In the religion which was my father's and his father's, and his father's and his father's before him—for I am of that kind."

Then he called all the community around him, as though the monastic simplicity had returned (so vital is the Faith, so simple its primal energies), and as though he had been the true prior of some early and fervent community, he told them these things, which I will faithfully translate on account of their beauty. They are printed here, I think for the first time in English, and must stand for the end of this essay:—

He said: "That he had sinned like other men, and, perhaps, more than most; that his senses had led him away by their charm, and that he had not repressed or constrained them as

he should; but none the less, he had always held that Faith which the men of his line had left him, he had always clasped close the Creed and the unity of the Catholic Church; that, in fine, he had laid a sure foundation, but he had built thereon with wood, with hay, with straw. As for that foundation, he was sure it would stand; as for the light and worthless things he had built upon it he had trust in the mercy of the Saviour that they would be burnt in the fire of His love. And now he begged them all to believe hard, as he had believed; but not to live as he had lived; they must understand that he had never attempted or plotted against the life or goods of another, nor ever against any man's honor, but, after all, there was nothing therein wherewith to glorify one's self before God." When he had wept a little, he continued, saying, "that the world was a ceaseless turmoll and torment, and shipwreck after shipwreck all the while, and a whirlpool of sins, and tears and pain, and that to all

these misfortunes there was but one port, and this port was Death. But, as for him, he carried with him into that port no desire and no regret for life. That he had tried every one of its pretended joys, that he had left nothing undone which could give him the least shadow of pleasure or content, but that at the end he had found everywhere the oracle of Wisdom, vanity of vanities."

He ended with this magnificent thing, which is, perhaps, the last his human power conceived, and I will put it down in his own words:-

"Of all those vanities, the loveliest and most praiseworthy is glory—fame. No one of my time has been so filled with it as I; I have lived in it, and loved and triumphed in it through time past, and now I leave it to my country to garner and possess it after I shall die. So do I go away from my own place as satiated with the glory of this world as I am hungry and all longing for that of God."

*Hilaire Belloc.*

*The Pilot.*

#### THE MATERIAL PILLAR OF SOCIETY.

Amid fiscal controversies and speculations on the future of this or that nation or civilization, a question has arisen which concerns the future of all civilizations. At the recent meetings of the Royal Society the meaning of radium was discussed, and Sir William Ramsay and Sir Oliver Lodge have given their views of the significance of the discovery. The properties of the new element have been explained to the world at length, and most people are familiar by hearsay with the stuff, which is worth £15,000 an ounce, if an ounce could be put on the market. But now we are given on the best authority

the deduction of scientists from the discovery, and a very startling deduction it is. It appears that elements of high atomic weight, such as uranium and radium, are constantly decomposing into elements of low atomic weight. "In doing so they give off heat, and also possess the curious property of radio-activity. What these elements are is unknown, except in one case; one of the products of the decomposition of the emanations from radium is helium." Now gold is an element of high atomic weight. Is gold changing, and is the process capable of being accelerated by human ingenu-

ity? Sir William Ramsay thinks that if it is, "it is much more likely that it is being converted into silver and copper than that it is being formed from them." He concludes that at this stage speculation is futile, but that further experiment is certain to lead to a more positive knowledge of the elements and their transformation. So far it is more probable that gold may be transformed into copper than copper into gold, but there is always a possibility that science may achieve the converse. If such a time ever comes, the old charlatans of the Middle Ages will be strangely justified of their heresies.

The transmutation of metals was the pet scheme of the alchemists, and many were their dreams of a potion which should transform iron into gold. So far modern speculation seems to point to a natural process of transmutation, supposing such transmutation exists; but what is a natural process to-day may to-morrow be induced or accelerated by science.

Do people realize what would happen if this mediæval dream ever became a modern reality? If it became possible simply and expeditiously to transmute lead and iron into gold or silver, the basis of our civilization would disappear. Wealth in kind would become the only form of riches. The stores of bullion at the banks would become simply heaps of scrap-iron. The great financial centres of the world, which owe their importance to their gold reserves, would lose the basis of their pre-eminence. The change, perhaps, would not come at once. For a little while coined gold and silver would remain at a fictitious value; but as the aggregate of precious metal increased immoderately and its intrinsic value fell, the nominal value, which must bear some relation to real value, would also decline. A sovereign would become no more than a dishonored bank-

note, representing, it is true, a certain amount of labor or produce, but incapable of realization in any known value, because the basis of values had fallen. Banking would come to an end; reserves of capital would cease to have any practical meaning; all forms of investment would cease; the gold-producing countries, like the Transvaal and West Australia, would be bankrupted; and the elaborate system of commerce which mankind has built up during a thousand years would crumble about our ears, for there would be no standard, no little rod, by which to measure prices.

After the first confusion of the catastrophe was over, and men had time to face the problem, they would realize that there was no way of escape. The old civilization had gone for ever. A standard of value is necessary for all people living in a complex society under different modes of life and at considerable distances from each other. And such a standard must possess three qualities,—it must not be a common commodity, but something relatively scarce; it must exist in some portable form; and it must be, roughly speaking, imperishable. A standard of value is not the same thing as a medium of exchange, but it is impossible wholly to separate them. We cannot have some clumsy and impracticable standard, and a simple and practicable medium, for it must always be possible to transpose the two, and use as the medium of exchange that which is also the standard of value. A bank-note is a convenient counter, but only because we can change it for gold by crossing the street. The essential conditions of a standard, it seems to us, are fulfilled only by the precious metals. They are rare, they admit of presentation in a handy form, and, what is more, they can be made to bear the impress of the State, which fixes their value; and, finally, they are for

all practical purposes indestructible. No other commodity known to man has the same merits. Precious stones are rare, but they exist as fixed units, incapable of adaptation to a common pattern, and they would be excessively awkward in daily use. Who is to tell in an ordinary hurried bargain a diamond from a piece of crystal? It would in no way meet the difficulty to use as the medium of exchange counters of some cheap substance marked with an index number referring to some standard of value in the shape of precious stones, for in the last resort the two uses cannot be differentiated, and we should only postpone our difficulty to a later stage.

The destruction of civilized society would be the only result. Our commerce would become barter and little more. Doubtless in time ratios of value would be fixed in practice between different goods, and instead of being able to set down the price of a ship in gold we should be compelled to state it in the terms of a number of equivalent commodities. We have got beyond calculating in coins, though we still talk of being impecunious. The basis of a complex commerce would be gone. Our methods of banking, our State finance, our company system would all disappear. Life would become barren, nations would become poorer, cities would be forsaken, population would diminish. The principle of division of labor, which is the basis not only of society but of international commerce, would be rudely shaken. Life would not become simpler, for a currency is the great simplifier of life, though we are so used to it that we can scarcely realize its absence; but society would slowly settle down to its rude elements. All complex trades and professions would be eliminated, and in that Saturnian era life would be highly ascetic, highly difficult, and extremely dull. We could not even have a tariff and a fiscal controversy with-

out a standard of value such as the precious metals provide.

We are all ready to admit that the precious metals are the root of all evil; but it is equally true that they are the foundation of that laborious civilization which mankind has been at such pains to create. To have a civilization we must have a suitable standard of value and a convenient medium of exchange, and if the metals were ever to be made freely transmutable our basis would be gone, so far as the human mind can see. It is apparently a small thing—the mere fact that by some law of Nature it has been impossible so far to change the specific character of certain metals—but it is the mainstay of our populous world. We do not always realize how delicate an affair is the system which looks so stable; take away one screw and the machine will fall to pieces. One notable tendency of modern science is to break down barriers which our forefathers regarded as eternal. Species is shown to be linked with species, substance to fade into substance, things to spring from and return to their apparent opposites. But human society has been based on certain distinctions among things, so that there is always a danger to it from that slow destruction of boundary walls in which scientific progress consists. Some day we may wake up to find that that science which we fondly thought was the buttress of our civilization has succeeded in pulling away the foundations from beneath our feet.

In view of these facts, the curious question arises, if a man of science were to find a cheap and easy method of turning lead into gold, should he, if he were an unselfish lover of his kind, keep the discovery secret and let it die with him, or should he say, "My duty is to publish my discovery, no matter what the consequences"? What answer should be given involves a very nice piece of casuistry.

## MR. WHIBLEY'S "THACKERAY."

Of Mr. Whibley's "William Makepeace Thackeray" in Mr. Blackwood's series, I must confess myself no impartial critic, because I am not an impartial critic of Mr. Thackeray.

L'Ecosse ne peut pas te juger; elle t'aime:

Monsieur Coppée writes, concerning an historical personage. We cannot judge persons, or authors, whom we love; and from childhood, for better or for worse, I have been in love, so to speak, with the author of "Vanity Fair" and "The Rose and the Ring." Don't I remember the first appearance of Giglio and Bulbo on any stage, and the small boy who hurried through their history in an evening? Dobbin and Cuff, and the Osborne boys, and jolly little Rawdon, and Becky, hurling the Dixonary out of the carriage window, and Jos Sedley, and Mrs. Major O'Dowd, and Jim Crawley, were even earlier friends. In these days the bully Cuff was a more present terror than Mr. Squeers, who, somehow, had an engaging humor of his own, and, at all events, never licked a boy on the hands with a stump, like that beast Cuff. The mill between Berry and Biggs was a match for Waterloo; I preferred it even to the spirited rally between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams. Mr. Tippens, the uncle, finger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket, stood for several uncles of my own. Before I had ever heard of Mr. Thackeray's name, I remember, when a child of eight, finding his poem of the girl and the curly page, fishing under a tree, and falling into a day dream over them, as over the lovers in Shakespeare's fairy play. Then a bigger boy seemed to discover all worldly wis-

dom in "The Newcomes" and "Vanity Fair," wisdom, kindness, true love, religion, inexhaustible humor, style that was a song and an enchantment. Mr. Edmund Yates I regarded, at the mature age of fourteen, with feelings—well, with feelings that never altered. On the inner wall of an old chapel on the Loire are scratched the words "Bayard is Deid." Some sentimental archer of the Scottish Guard had written them in 1524, when he heard of Bayard's death—with such emotion as I heard of the death of Thackeray, whom I had never seen.

Of course maturity brought a measure of disenchantment. I know now that Mr. Thackeray moralized too much, and too often—at least for the general taste—the practice was a legacy from Fielding. I know that the novels are rather picaresque than masterpieces in construction, and are not precisely terse. I have found out that Colonel Esmond is grossly unjust to his King, as regards his Most Sacred Majesty's morals; and over generous to his *esprit*, which was a minus quantity. I read in a review, last month, that Thackeray "wrote with his elbow," as compared with Dickens, and though I do not quite agree (*miror magis*), yet one has observed lapses in grammar, odd and unaccountable. Still, I stand confessed a fanatic and a sentimentalist.

In addition to these failings, I am a "Victorian." We are, to be sure, all Victorians; no born Edwardian, unless he is as precocious as the learned infant not appreciated by the elder Mr. Shandy, has yet indited criticism. But Mr. Whibley is a Late Victorian. One difference between us is that while to me (owing to the remote date of my

birth) Thackeray is a colossal big brother—or shall we say uncle?—in letters, towering far above me, Mr. Whibley surveys him from the lofty height of forty ascending years. Thackeray is no Colossus to one who views him from the crest of 1903—from that peak of increased wisdom and improved taste—and through the purer air of moral speculation, to which we, or at least to which our juniors, have so fortunately attained. My differences from Mr. Whibley are not, happily, on all points essential. “The friendships which Thackeray made ended only with his life;” Mr. Whibley writes: “He must have been noble indeed who was the friend of Edward Fitzgerald and of Alfred Tennyson.” And Mr. Whibley sets a shining example in his avoidance of personal tattle.

Victorian or not Victorian, “old-fashioned” (like Thackeray and me), or up to date, an author ought to pay to his own book the compliment of reading it before it is published. Mr. Whibley has, apparently, neglected this method of attaining efficiency. Nothing in letters has astonished me more than “the beginning of his commonwealth,” except the end, which “forgetteth the beginning.”

On page 6 Mr. Whibley writes, that, “if” Thackeray “left behind him” (at the Charterhouse) “all knowledge of the classics, he was already more apt for literature than the famous head-boy himself.” I read this phrase, and timidly hoped to say a word for Thackeray’s knowledge of ancient literature. Again, Mr. Whibley writes, “he learnt no Greek, he tells us, and little Latin” (page 4). I thought that Thackeray had modestly exaggerated his ignorance; I recalled his allusions to Homer, the Greek tragedians, and Aristophanes, whom Pen pronounced the greatest poet of them all. As to the Augustan Latin poets, I was prepared to prove Thackeray’s acquain-

tance with them. One felt confident that he did not, when he left school, “leave behind him all knowledge of the classics,” as Mr. Whibley averred. But (this was the second surprise) on page 247 Mr. Whibley writes thus of Thackeray: “He was perfectly familiar with both the Augustan ages”—that of England and that of Rome! “Horace he knew best of all, and quoted most constantly.” “Thackeray in his most careless moods suggests the classics.” Yet, on page 6, he “left behind him all knowledge of the classics,” when he went up to Cambridge. Did Mr. Whibley begin his book before he had read Thackeray, before he found out that Thackeray knew Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Juvenal, and the Augustan age generally? If so, when he did find out that Thackeray “was perfectly familiar” with some classics at least, that he knew Horace, even if he neglected him at school, why did he allow the extraordinary statements of his first chapter to stand where they ought not? Mr. Henley, who “read the most of the proof sheets,” probably did not see the last sheet with its contradictions of the first, and doubtless took Mr. Whibley’s assertion of Thackeray’s classical ignorance for granted. Happily, the critic has contradicted his own assertion.

Mr. Whibley justly and generously censures that industry of the literary body-snatcher, which unburies and publishes Thackeray’s “experiments in journalism,” and the casual hackwork—*les chaines de l'esclavage*, George Warington calls them—which a man who lives by his pen remembers, perhaps, or perhaps forgets, but certainly would not give to the world as a permanent possession. “Thackeray emerges from the trying ordeal”—of the *chiffonnier*—“far better than would the most of men.” There is one good thing (a memorable remark to the anthropologist) even in Miss Tickletoby’s “History of England.”

Thackeray, when he came on the town as a writer for the press, found literature (I mean what the public took to be literature) a blend, Mr. Whibley rightly thinks, of savagery and sentimentalism. The savagery can scarcely be revived, though attempts have been made, not unmeritorious, in the style of Mr. Bludyer. Croker was the stupidest savage, I think, and we still, like Captain Shandon, hear the crack of Macaulay's whip on "the varlet's jacket." Years had softened Lockhart, but not Maginn. Thackeray did not escape from the tone, witness the case of Lytton; I doubt if "time has amply justified whatever savagery he displayed" to "Bulwig." But "George de Barnwell" is not savage; it is a joy forever.

Mr. Whibley has a considerable contempt for Thackeray as an "art critic." But, not having seen Etty's "Sleeping Nymph," I don't know whether it was, as Thackeray said, "unfit for exhibition among respectable people," or not. Respectable people are so inflammable! I was too long an "art critic" to know anything about "art criticism." Among *les chaines de mon esclavage* those of art criticism were the most galling. There was a picture of a fat naked Susanna, humorously hung between portraits of two elders, Mr. Mundella and another, which made me avert a pudibund countenance. But Thackeray was right about Cruikshank and Leech and the Venus of Milo; and Clive's prose hymn to that lady says what ought to be said, yet "Thackeray's scorn for the cold marmoreal Greeks was eloquent even for his age." It would appear that Thackeray's taste had improved, when he wrote "The Newcomes." He must have been very young, or have seen very little—and seen that little wrong—when he wrote that the Greek genius "leaves humanity altogether inhuman." He had learned "a jargon which Ruskin adopted as his own."

Ruskin probably was not aware of the circumstance; alas, he was Early Victorian! But I am certain that Thackeray wrote with zest about many good works of art, see "The Roundabout Papers" for example, and this ought to be counted to him for righteousness, even if he so far fell from grace, in youth, as to find "a picture by Eastlake" "as pure as a Sunday hymn sung by the voices of children." He was still young, and he had not our advantages. He never heard of impressionism, any more than he knew the fierce and slaughterous but poetic joy of charging in a motor.

In Thackeray's earlier tales, say "A Shabby Genteel Story," I suppose "he seems to snicker behind his sobs," and I fancy that Shakespeare's clown chuckles behind his tragedies. "His pathos does not melt the wise to tears, his irony is seldom sustained." As to the lachrymose wise, tears seem to be a matter of date and period. If Emmy's parting with George Osborne in the dawn of Quatre Bras does not set "the tears trickling down my nose" (as in the case of Ensign Stubble), if my "waterpumps are" not "at work again," like those of that hero, when Esmond comes "bringing his sheaves with him" (a passage justly admired by Mr. Whibley), it may be because I am one of the wise. But I am Victorian enough to think these passages—and even some in earlier works—pathetic. In the pathetic, at least, Thackeray did not absolutely "wallow naked," like his great rival. "The heroic temperament is tearful," says a very ancient critic, and it is just conceivable that we do not live in the heroic age.

Thackeray is condemned for frankly confessing, in an ironical work, "Catherine," that his characters make him sick. It is a mixture of genres. I see no great harm in it. Molière, in contemporary editions, had to interline the pages where Tartuffe speaks, with

*C'est un scélérat qui parle.* The public often does not understand irony; Mr. Whibley says that "it is not easily understood." Molière did not trust his public. Perhaps Thackeray did not.

Happily, C. Jeames de la Pluche is fortunate enough to win Mr. Whibley's kinder regards. Is the hero's name C. Jeames de la Pluche, or does he sign himself "Fitzjames de la Pluche"? "I may be illygitmit," he confesses, his bith was wrapped in a mistry. Had Thackeray ever heard of the royal James de la Cloche (1668)? Jeames was born in 1801; Henry IX. was still alive! By his Christian names—Charles James—can Jeames have intended to imply that, like James de la Cloche, he was of a royal line? "Fitz-james" carries even more boldly the same pretension. "Mistry!"

Thackeray, we saw, was of a sentimental rowdy literary period when he commenced author. He himself "seems to have come straight out of the eighteenth century," for there is sentiment and sentiment. He "had the melancholy of a reserved and sensitive man," who was also "of a buoyant temper." "High spirits were his constant companions." Hardly "constant," it would seem, granting his melancholy, sensliveness, and reserve.

A melancholy, buoyant, reserved man with a constant flow of high spirits, "even when judgment deserted him for a while," Thackeray, "in the guise of a picturesque reporter," was writing the pieces of journalism later collected in "The Paris Sketch Book." He must have been a startling object in the streets of Lutetia! Mr. Whibley finds in these essays a good deal to blame. Despite his companions, constant high spirits, Thackeray "solemnly reproves the Sancho-like gravity and naïveté" wherewith they (the French) "applaud the achievements of Louis Philippe. . . ." When Thackeray compared the seriousness of a Frenchman to that of

an owl, was he in high spirits or was he solemn? As to applauding Louis Philippe, that prince's head, in the shape of a pear, was being caricatured all over the town, so Thackeray tells us, I do not know the exact dates of each paper in "The Paris Sketch Book": applause and caricature of Mendoza's royal visitor probably alternated.

Thackeray's great error was to "expect in the French, the same political intelligence which he finds in the English." Is there so much to choose? It was, at least, kind of Thackeray to expect it, if he did.

As to contemporary French literature, Thackeray was "a Philistine." Like John, Master of the Temple of God, he "fell to sin the unknown sin." He had never heard of Philistinism: nobody in England had, till long after 1840. Here Mr. Whibley, with the advantage of sixty years of progress, has Thackeray "at an avail." However, I grant that it was a Phillistine thing to call "de Balzac not fit for the salon," and Dumas "about as genteel as a courier," if the phrase was serious.<sup>1</sup> Had we seen these great writers when Thackeray did, we might have taken his meaning better. Mr. Whibley repeats that "he might have read the masterpieces of Balzac, Dumas, Hugo, Stendhal, and the rest hot from the press." He might, and that was precisely where Thackeray stood at a vast disadvantage, compared with Mr. Whibley. The masters had not cooled down into majestic statues of bronze, as we see them now: their works were only too "hot from the press," and a queer metallic vapor of the contemporary furnace dimmed their outlines. We must remember that the Briton had not yet become accustomed to the romantic but rather "hot" ideas of which the plays of Dumas and Hugo, and certain of Balzac's novels, are full. The Briton then found the vapor some-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Whibley know that it is not ironical.

what mephitic. We have grown familiar with worse things: we have ceased to that extent to be Philistine. Yet, even now, I am British enough to find the idea of "Anthony" choicely absurd, and to grin at "Kean." Dumas was not then, if ever, easily to be taken seriously, as a human being, and he was cutting his capers before a laughing public. Hugo, like Rudolphe in "Les Jeunes-France," "lacked common sense," even if he made up for it, like Rudolphe, by *les qualités les plus brillantes*. I do not know that Thackeray had read Théophile, in whom he might have found a more congenial humor. But, had I to criticise "The Paris Sketch Book," I could not omit, like Mr. Whibley, the passage on the style of George Sand. And I would not forget that, in estimating Balzac, we have the advantage over Thackeray of sixty years. As he holds that vantage ground, I doubt whether Mr. Whibley, as a critic, is so vastly superior to the Philistine who has given me medicines to make me love him. Had Mr. Whibley been taken from English life and his University, and thrown, at the age of thirty, into the Paris of 1840, I am not certain that he would have excelled Thackeray in sympathy and intelligence. But to do so, as far as Balzac is concerned, is not difficult now, and when it came to the Musketeers, I hold that Thackeray's heart was always with these immortal friends of ours, though not, as Mr. Whibley thinks, in his boyhood. D'Artagnan had not then dawned on Dumas. In any case, I must candidly admit that Thackeray's appreciation of French literature "hot from the press" was not what it should have been, and, I conceive, would have been, had the literature not been so "hot."

You see I keep on giving Thackeray "time allowances." He did not, he could not, know all that his critic knows: he was young, and if he pre-

ferred "the rule of the grocer" to that of the baron he may be defended on the ground of the utilitarian philosophy. If he was "a mutinous cockney," he knew that he was, and if he, with his "buoyant pleasure-loving nature," scorned the modern Athens that he saw, I would respectfully attribute the aberration to the Attic cellar and cuisine, with their effects on his buoyant and melancholy digestion.

So I had written, when I thought it well to consult the passage cited ("Cornhill to Cairo," pp. 46-60, 1846). It was (though Titmarsh protests that it was not) "the bill at the hotel and the bugs" that made him write his spleenetic page. He said to the Greek Muse: "I read your poets, but it was in fear and trembling." Yes, I thought that Thackeray had read the Greek poets, though he pretends that "he does not know Greek." He saw Athens as a man sees it who "has had little rest, and is bitten all over by bugs," and he goes on to quote the "Clouds," this ignoramus! The ancient Greeks, he cries, in such an environment, could not but be "lordly, beautiful, brilliant, brave, and wise." He contrasts, quite justly, the graces of Greek architecture, "these perfect structures," with the ponderous remains of haughty Rome. He acknowledges the debt of Tennyson to the Greeks. Mr. Whibley calls him "blind to Athens and its splendid memories." But Thackeray writes:

It stretches our minds painfully to try and comprehend part of the beauty of the Parthenon—ever so little of it—the beauty of a single column, a fragment of a broken shaft lying under the astonishing blue sky there, in the midst of that unrivalled landscape.

There may be grander aspects of nature, but none more deliciously beautiful. The hills rise in perfect harmony, and fall in the most exquisite cadences, the sea seems brighter, the islands more purple, the clouds more light and

rosy than elsewhere. As you look up through the open roof [of the Parthenon] you are almost oppressed by the serene depth of the blue overhead. Look even at the fragments of the marble, how soft and pure it is, glittering and white like fresh snow! "I was all beautiful," it seems to say, "even the hidden parts of me were spotless, precious, and fair," and so, musing over this wonderful scene, perhaps I got some feeble glimpse or idea of that ancient Greek spirit which peopled it with sublime races of heroes and gods.

Now, Mr. Whibley has either not read this exquisite passage (unrivalled by Mr. Cobden) or, having read it, he dares to say that Thackeray is "unmindful of the associations" of Athens, is "blind to Athens and its splendid memories." I ask, is Mr. Whibley's account of Thackeray at Athens true or fair? He omits the spleen caused by the bill and the bugs. He suppresses the noble panegyric on the Parthenon, and on the men, half divine, who reared it and worshipped within it the goddess of the city of the violet crown of hills.

Thackeray, or Titmarsh, as any mortal but Mr. Whibley can see, is writing "humoristic" travels, he discharges his spleen, caused by the bill and the bugs, at the shabby modern town and the palace of the Basileus. And then he returns to old Athens, to her associations, to her beauty lying in ruin—that very ruin displaying her like "the King's daughter all glorious within"—"even the hidden parts of me were spotless, precious, and fair." He writes of that matchless Attic race to whom, and of whose gods, St. Paul himself (he remarks) spoke tenderly and gracefully. You could never guess at these things from what Mr. Whibley says about Thackeray's "contemptuous summary," which "not even Cobden himself surpassed." No more than history can biography be written by this method of suppression. One must ex-

plain it (as I do) by want of care, rather than by want of candor, and by the unconscious bias of Mr. Whibley's acute sense of superiority. We all, we critics, have an honest joy in our superiority. There are things in Shakespeare, in Tennyson, in Scott, in Milton, in Wordsworth, to which we can feel superior. The greatest genius may, for a moment, make a slip which worthy souls like ourselves could easily avoid. But then Thackeray did not make the slip for which Mr. Whibley condemns him, he was not blind to the glories of ancient Athens.

Nowhere do we find Mr. Whibley a more superior person than in his criticisms of "Barry Lyndon" and "Vanity Fair." One complaint is that the irony of "Barry Lyndon" is not perfectly sustained. The rogue's character, unlike that of Becky, is not "uniform and sustained." But what human character is "uniform"? Sir James Crichton-Browne has been blaming Mr. Froude for painting Carlyle as an incongruous grotesque monster. We are all incongruous. The cruelties of the kind, the lapses into sentiment of the ruffianly are commonplaces of human nature. I think that Barry's "babbling of flowers," and weeping when he meets his uncle, and even pitying his old mother, are natural things for such a man to do. It "gies a bit dirl now and then," the conscience of the most hardened, as Ratcliffe observes in "The Heart of Midlothian." "We can only regard Barry's backslidings into sensibility as a serious blemish," says Mr. Whibley. It is an arguable point. I fancy that Barry, alone and reminiscent, was "very capable of having these things happen to him." In other respects the criticism of Barry, with the notes on contemporary adventurers, is excellent, whether Mr. Whibley is right as to Barry's lapses into sensibility or not.

Excellent, too, are the remarks on Thackeray's obsession by the idea of snobs and snobbishness. He liked "The Book of Snobs" least of all his works, which is a comfort. But take the military snobs: be fair to the sketch! Thackeray finds "vacuous, good-natured, gentlemanlike, rickety little lieutenants," and he attacks the purchase system. Was he wrong? He knows that the little men had courage.

"Let those civilians who sneer at the acquirements of the army read Sir Harry Smith's account of the battle of Aliwal." "We must cheerfully give Grig and his like the character for courage which they display whenever occasion calls for it." The picture is not unfair, and Grig, buying himself over the head of the competent veteran Grizzle, has ceased to be. But, fanatic as I am, I agree with Mr. Whibley that Thackeray became obsessed by his idea. "He worries his point, until he himself becomes the mouthpiece of mean thoughts."

As to "Vanity Fair," "Thackeray remained old-fashioned to the end." He let the story "drag its author after it," as Scott confesses that he himself did. Thackeray moralizes. He was "old-fashioned," we plead guilty. He was of the eighteenth century. Fielding writes in "Tom Jones" (Book III. chapter vii.): "I ask pardon for this short appearance by way of Chorus on the stage. . . . As I could not prevail on any of my actors to speak, I was obliged to declare myself." In Thackeray who acts Chorus Mr. Whibley regrets "this constant intrusion."

Well, Mr. Whibley may edit a "'Vanity Fair' as it should be," with a pair of scissors and a blue pencil. He can cut out all the last 150 pages, which are "a wanton and tedious" gathering up of the threads. He can delete all the moralizings. He knows that "recollections of boyhood and innocence,"

"pangs of dim remorse and doubt and shame," could not possibly have visited Rawdon Crawley. He can draw his blue pencil through such deplorable errors. He believes in characters with "a spirit of oneness." He differs from Thackeray, St. Paul, and many other moralists. I observe that Mr. Whibley admires Becky in these "wanton and tedious" last 150 pages which ought not to have been written, which come after "the logical end of the book." Is that end, then, so logical? Did not the logical study of the psychology of Becky demand the scenes at Pumpernickel?

Perhaps the critic is not more consistent, critically, than Rawdon and Barry are, morally. Perhaps "oneness of character" is a new-fashioned foible. Is it not plain that if Rawdon "believed in Becky's affection with a childlike faith," as Mr. Whibley truly says, and adored his son in her defect, his "oneness of character" may have been disintegrated through love? He goes to his old home with Becky; old memories of childish innocence are stirred: he dimly feels shame and doubt and remorse. But Mr. Whibley finds this impossible, a result of the author's "sentimentality." This is on page 95. On page 101, he explains (as if it needed explanation!) that Rawdon's character was modified by love of wife and child, and he remarks: "Rawdon Crawley, in brief, is not merely sympathetic, he is also true to life." He was quite untrue on page 95! If Mr. Whibley thus inconsistently blesses, on page 101, what he banned on page 95, may not even Rawdon's character have altered in the course of years? If Mr. Whibley discovers "a certain attraction" in the pages which he declares to be "wanton and tedious"; if he finds enjoyment in the deeds of Becky at Pumpernickel, does he himself shine in "oneness of spirit" as a critic? Thackeray "went back for inspiration"

to the true English novel of Fielding," and then (I do not say altogether unjustly) he is blamed for acting Chorus as Fielding does in "the true English novel"!

It appears that Mr. Whibley began his remarks on "Vanity Fair" with an intention of being very superior, and then unconsciously, in places, declined from his pinnacle. On one point he certainly is not Middle Victorian. He denies that "Vanity Fair" is "heartless and cynical," as Ruskin and Mr. Stevenson deemed it to be. He adds that Amelia "is drawn with a cold contempt." One can only marvel! We know the persons from whom Thackeray says that he drew Amelia, as far as a character is drawn from actual models. That Lady Jane and Mrs. Major O'Dowd "breathe" in different "atmospheres" is given as a proof that the book "is composed in varying planes of caricature." How could Lady Jane and the good Irish camp follower possibly breathe in the same social atmosphere? One might as well insist that Miranda does not breathe the same atmosphere as Trinculo or the Boatswain.

While Thackeray does not construct his tale like "Balzac and the moderns," yet Thackeray's method is "vastly more artistic" (in the Waterloo portions) than that of the modern novelist, who would vulgarize Wellington's and Napoleon's speeches "by the accent of his own suburb," or "would present them as the dummies of a pedantic archaeologist."

This is consoling. Thackeray is old-fashioned in construction. "The book has not a plan or motive in the sense that Balzac and the moderns have understood it." But, in the episode of Waterloo, Thackeray's method is vastly more artistic. *Il se rattrape.*

The old-fashioned sentimentalist who writes these lines has given his reasons for failing to admire absolutely Mr.

Whibley's critique of "Vanity Fair." It ends in an interesting discussion of Rigby, Mr. Wenham, and J. W. Croker. But as regards "Pendennis" I can only "say ditto" to Mr. Whibley—and to Thackeray's "I lit upon a very stupid part, I am sorry to say, and yet how well written it is!"

To criticize Mr. Whibley's censure of "The English Humorists" one would need a dozen pages, and room for a world of historical references. One point I may touch. Thackeray writes: "I wish Addison could have loved Pope better. The best satire that ever has been penned would never have been written then, and one of the best characters the world ever knew would have been without a flaw." The meaning seems as if it could not be mistaken. "The best satire" is Pope's character of Atticus (Addison); "one of the best characters" is meant for Addison himself. Thackeray seems to have held, rightly or wrongly, that Addison "without sneering taught the rest to sneer" at Pope, and perhaps at his "Iliad." Had Addison not done this, his character "would have been without a flaw," Thackeray says, and Pope, not irritated, would not have written "the best satire"—the character of Atticus. But Mr. Whibley thinks that Thackeray means Pope by the man who "would have been without a flaw," and by "the best satire" means "The Dunciad"! He writes: "It is hard to say which is the stranger perversity—to see Pope's character without a flaw, or to wish 'The Dunciad' unwritten." A wilder perversity would have been to reckon "The Dunciad" "the best satire ever written." Mr. Whibley adds: "and thus it is that the didactic spirit always fails to interpret the past." It is he who has failed, in a style almost inconceivable, to interpret a sentence which, though allusive, is pellucid. Mr. Whibley's modern superiority to didacticism has blind-

ed him to the perfectly obvious sense of Thackeray's observation.

In my poor opinion, Mr. Whibley's triumphant sense of *modernité*, and his failure to make "time allowances" for a man who wrote "'Tis sixty years since," and his inconsistencies, which surprise us in an amateur of "oneness of spirit," are among the drawbacks to the merits of his book. I cannot here defend Thackeray's, or rather Esmond's, Marlborough, in "Esmond"—not for lack of materials—but I would like to attempt the task in "*The English Historical Review*." Where does Esmond speak of Marlborough's "cowardice"? The Rev. Jonathan Swift, I think, actually brought that absurd charge against the great commander who betrayed Tollemache (or Talmash) to France. It is James III., not Marlborough, I fancy, whom Thackeray draws with a happy ignorance, for that prince—"the best of kings and of men," says his old servant—was never in the least degree lively and amusing.

For the rest "half '*The Newcomes*' is irrelevant." Let Mr. Whibley take his scissors, edit "*The Newcomes*," and

give us that half which, Hesiod says, is "more than the whole." For one, I shall cleave to the authorized version, and do my own "skipping." If Thackeray anywhere says that, "as a lazy idle boy," he "lived in fancy with Dumas' Musketeers," why, "if Pott said that, Pott lied," and so did Thackeray! The Musketeers came on the world when Thackeray was over thirty.

Everyone must see that what I fail to admire in Mr. Whibley's book is not merely the singular incongruities which I have noted, not merely the lack of historical perspective, but the absence of a quality which, perhaps, ought not to be present, enthusiasm; and the presence of another quality—an inordinate sense of modern superiority—which ought to be absent.

Being an enthusiast, I see that Thackeray, as a matter of fact, was not "blind to the associations of Athens," but was frankly enthusiastic on that theme. But there are few enthusiasts, and few readers of Mr. Whibley will compare what Thackeray really wrote with what he did not write—according to his biographer.

Andrew Lang.

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## SOLDIER AND PEASANT IN FURTHEST TURKEY.

### I.

Travelling from Adana north-eastwards into Armenia and Kurdistan, we were always accompanied by an escort, sometimes of zaptiehs (mounted police), sometimes of regulars. They varied from fifteen to two or three, according to the condition of the country and of the Treasury. Our difficulty was to keep the number down. The local colonel is generally wise enough to try and get bread and butter for his impov-

erished forces when he can; and the hungry soldier is not loth to profit by the opportunity.

The Turkish soldier has been much abused, and often rightly; but there are sides to the case which are too often forgotten. Most of those I knew had not been paid for many months; and it is useless to abuse a man who is starving for taking chickens and eggs of the villagers when he can. The village gives him of his best, and there is no question of payment. My experience

tells me that the Turkish soldier in nine cases out of ten is not the rapacious ruffian we are apt to think him. The peasant no more expects money for the entertainment of the *devlet* (as all Government servants are called), than the soldier expects to give it. Doubtless the collecting of the hated taxes by zaptiehs has increased the awe with which they are regarded; but, except among the Kurds in the north, where I once saw the zaptiehs refused hospitality, and a fight ensue, there were almost invariably friendliness on the villagers' part, and good manners on the soldiers'. The master of the house where we and our guard were quartered always took coffee with the zaptiehs; and for the evening meal of rice and goat's flesh they generally all fared together—zaptiehs, servants, and villagers. The principal Sheikh always took the highest place on the divan or Kurdish carpet, and his children were the spoilt darlings of the soldiers. These things, matter of course as they seem to us in a country where the people governs, mean much where the only *raison d'être* of government is held to be the extracting of money. Doubtless the Government has no business to allow its soldiers to live on the people; but, granted the present state of things—an unpaid army, an ignorant peasantry who know the army is unpaid, and the prevailing ideas of government—my experience was, that the soldier was less grasping than the peasant was hospitable. I once saw three children dissolve into tears when I approached with an officer at my side. The soldier, a Kurd regular, assured me, while he patted the three little shaking backs, that it was all his fault and not mine: "The Government is so terrible, you know. It is my coat they fear"; but, for my part, I think my riding habit was quite as terrifying as his ragged uniform. Our escort generally included one offi-

cer of the rank of lieutenant or captain, with a differing number of privates under him. No doubt they were picked men; but their conduct was certainly exemplary, as far as we were concerned. Many of the officers had passed through the military college at Stamboul, and seen something more of life than the boundaries of their own vilayet. They were always intensely religious men, and neither gales nor robbers were allowed to interfere with the five daily prayers. They were our principal companions through the monotonous day's march, and in the long winter's evenings in tent, *khān*, or peasant's hut. The captain's past experiences, his fluency in all the languages of the "Franga"—witness his "Bonjours, Madame," sole relic of a glorious past—the mysteries of his harem, the success of his sons, the duties of his religion, the monotony of his life; all would be produced for my edification. The discomforts of travelling in winter, the chance of getting shelter to-night, and of the lame mule holding out till the next stage—such common interests helped to while away many an hour, and make us forget the bitterness of the wind. It was only at a later stage, when our friendship was established, that the real burdens of Achmet Yuzbashi's soul would out: his hard lot, the six months' arrears of pay due to him, the state of his country, terrorized by the dreaded Hamidiyeh, once even the wickedness of the Padishah himself—but this was only once, and from an officer who had fraternized with German soldiers.

The scourge of Mesopotamia is the Hamidiyeh, the famous Kurd cavalry. The Sultan had tried in vain to reduce the wild rebels of Kurdistan to submission; at length he bethought himself of the ingenious plan which has stood him in good stead in more than one of his provinces. The Kurds were in a majority in Armenia. They had al-

ways harried the Armenians, while at the same time they had defied the Porte. A common cause should now unite them. The Armenians should be proclaimed rebellious; and Turk and Kurd, joined in unholy alliance, should suppress them. In this way murder and pillage have received the official sanction; henceforth the Kurdish mob has been organized and led by Turkish officers. It was a desperate measure, its risks were great, but for a time it succeeded. Abdul Hamid, with Zeki Pasha as his accomplice, organized the famous cavalry. The Hamidiyah were formed, and, when the extermination of Armenians was ordered from Yildiz, the weapon was ready to hand. At the time of the massacres, Turkish officers, commanding the Hamidiyah and a rabble of Kurdish peasantry, hounded them on to their sickening work.

Now once more, it seems, the Kurd has proved himself too much for the Turk. The stronger of the pair has kicked over the traces. The rule of Abdul Hamid means no more law and order for the Moslem than for the Christian. Except for the wealthy Moslems of the towns, with whom for the sake of money the Sultan must curry favor, and the religious Sheikhs, for whom he is still emphatically the Khalif of God, the Turk of the Eastern provinces is no longer inspired with great personal loyalty to Abdul Hamid. The Kurd has been given too long a tether. He is ruler now in Armenia and Kurdistan, and the Sultan his humble servant. The Turk finds himself to-day, almost equally with the Christian, at the mercy of the Hamidiyah. This side of the Euphrates the Porte still governs. The other side, the Kurds are supreme, dividing the land for purposes of government into two large districts, each at war with the other.

In the south, Ibrahim Pasha holds his court at Viranshehr. From thence

he raids the Arabs of his vast district. At Harran, south of Urfa, where we were the guests of the Sheikh of the Beni-zeid, we were able to congratulate our host in person on having appeased for a time the vengeance of Ibrahim Pasha. A year back, some of his tribe, goaded to desperation by the raids of the Hamidiyah, had stolen fifty of Ibrahim's mules by night. The tribe had received scant mercy since then; they were impoverished, robbed of their mules, their women, and their stores, and were the victims of incessant attacks. The night we were his guests the wrong was repaired. Loud shouting outside the hut told us of some conquest, and the Sheikh entered, excited and beaming, to inform his assembled warriors that the stolen mules, for which the plains had been scoured during twelve months, on that day had been recovered. The robbers would be brought to justice; he himself must make his excuses to us and be gone at once, for he must take the mules in person to the Court of Viranshehr, and deliver them to the offended Pasha. Ibrahim, outlaw and marauder though he be, is a gentleman. His murders and robberies are committed only on a large scale, and in the light of day. Our friend the Sheikh, escorting the stolen mules, need have no fear of secret assassination. We ourselves were always told that we need fear nothing if we fell into the hands of Ibrahim Pasha. After relieving us of our belongings, he would deliver us safe and sound at the door of some neighboring Konak, with a polite note explaining his own immediate need of money and mules.

In the north, we had to deal with a different state of things. Till a year ago Mustafa Pasha, who combined the brutality of a savage with the dash of a first-rate cavalry leader, ruled Turk and Christian alike. The barracks of his troops were at Jezireh, a town on

the Tigris, mid-way between Diarbekr and Mossul. But, before we arrived at Diarbekr, the chief had been killed by a plot. Christians, Turks and Kurds were shaking hands in the streets with tears of joy. The command had devolved upon his three sons, weaker, if not less wicked, than their parent.

Personally, as travelling Europeans, we had not much to fear from these robber bands. We had been cautioned by British Consuls and Turks alike that our safety lay in our Frank garb. We must not disguise it too much by wearing native sheepskins and silk *keffiyehs*, a favorite practice of ours in the very cold weather. Though we carried loaded revolvers, our hats were a much surer protection; and (in Ibrahim's country at least) the Hamidiyah were under strict orders to refrain from attacking parties of foreigners, and had several times been punished for doing so. On the only occasion when an attack was imminent, it was our evidently European appearance that saved us. We were passing some rapids on the Tigris, the *kelekji* (raftsmen) pulling for all they were worth to steer the raft round a rocky headland, when a sudden turn of the river revealed a crowd of men on either shore—the one a shelving beach, the other an abrupt precipice—in readiness to catch an easy prey. The ancient matchlock guns were aimed straight at the raft; but we had time, as it rushed towards them, to regain our presence of mind, and place ourselves in the safest position. Our soldiers were prompt to point their equally ancient guns, and our Turk his massive revolver, while we ourselves, kneeling on the sacks of merchandise with which our raft was loaded, displayed our somewhat dilapidated headgear with as much insolence as we could command. Meanwhile our officer's voice rang out over the rapids: "There are consuls on

board, great English consuls on tour; if one hair of their heads is touched, an English army will demand their blood." And, like dogs with their tails between their legs, the score of men dropped their guns and slunk away behind the rocks.

But for the native, be he Turk or Armenian, Kizil-Bash or Chaldee, it is a very different story. Neither life nor property is secure. Doubtless the Christians suffer most, because they are weakest, and the law forbids them to carry arms; but not even the Turkish officials altogether escape. A few days before we arrived in Diarbekr, the *Valli* himself, lord of a province half as big as England, and escorted by a detachment of Turkish regulars, had been attacked one hour's distance from the city, on the road from Severek. Overpowered by a party of Hamidiyah, superior in numbers and in arms to his own, he was robbed of everything he possessed (horses and servants included), wounded, handcuffed, and flung for dead into a rocky gully. We passed the place a week later ourselves; in the gully, rows of black eagles, perched on rows of black rocks, sat gorged and gloating over the remains of a fallen camel; the snow lay in patches on the black mud. It was a sight to remember with loathing. Some passing peasants had picked up the *Valli*, and carried him in safety to his Konak.

Escorts are really superfluous in that country, for an unwritten law forbids the Turkish regular to fire at one of the Hamidiyah, even in self-defence. These require, therefore, neither courage nor skill to seize their victims. Covering the worst bit of road between Urfa and Diarbekr, our escort rode in terror of their lives. No caravan had travelled that road, a six days' march, for over two years; trade was paralyzed, and, though we twice over met enormous caravans in *khâns* on the way, four and five hundred beasts

strong, they were bound for other towns, and had only struck us *en route*. No large bands of Hamidiyeh, however, were scouring that particular bit of country at the time, and those I saw were in solitary ones and twos. One night in a village *oda* (guest-room) an ominous and uncomfortable silence fell on the assembled crowd; when I lifted my head from the saddle bags on which I was resting, I saw one of the dreaded band standing at the door. They wear no uniform, but a silver star on the forehead proclaims their order. Fortunately this one was alone, or perhaps he had enough money in his pocket that night. The Hamidiyeh are never drilled, and of course never paid; whole Kurdish tribes are commandeered into the service, and their orders are to live by plunder, and to kill if resistance is offered.

From Jezireh, the headquarters of Mustafa Pasha, may be seen along the plain a long line of ruined villages, heaps of broken stone huts and roofless stables; one of them was still smoking when we were there. These are the remains of sixteen Chaldean villages, wiped out within the last two years. Of course the Christians go first, but Yezidis, Kizil-Bashes, and all other heretics go too; so would the Turks go if they possessed villages in these parts. Through the worst of the winter weather, when the storms and the snows drove us for our mid-day's rest into shelter of any kind, we more than once camped among the black heaps of these ruined homes, in a land which cries out to Heaven for vengeance. It is a mockery to talk to these people about reforms, worse mockery than it was seven years ago at the massacre time, and than it is now in Macedonia.

If the Sultan himself were the most sincere of reformers, he is powerless to put reforms into force. He himself has abdicated in favor of the Kurds;

he has given them the sanction of the law; he has armed and organized them; and now the government of Mesopotamia is in their hands. Except he throw in his lot with the Kurds, he is a negligible quantity. One wonders in this case where Mr. Balfour's "balance of criminality" lies. The whole world has rung to the awful story of Armenian woes; it has long forgotten the Chaldeans, the Syrians, and the Maronites, who were slaughtered like sheep in the 'fifties. It has probably never heard of the Yezidis, the Kizil-Bashes, and the Ansarlyeh, slaughtered at intervals ever since. It turns a deaf ear to-day to the Bulgarians of Macedonia, slain in the dreary dawn of the twentieth century.

## II.

Have I drawn an ungrateful picture? Throughout Mesopotamia and Southern Armenia, Turk, Armenian, Kurd, and Arab saw us safely through their country, and vied with each other in showing us hospitality. When a traveller is personally well treated, when the officials pay him compliments, and the peasants respect, he seldom gives a quite unprejudiced account of the country he has visited. Travellers in Asiatic Turkey are specially liable to err in this way. Such and such a *Vall* gave them such excellent cigarettes—what does it matter where the money came from to buy them? The Bin-Bashi provided such a large escort to accompany them—it really is not for them to inquire if the soldiers got their last month's pay. In such and such a village the men had such perfect manners—what does it matter if those same men put three hundred Armenians to death the other day, by cracking their skulls with heavy axes? This is in fact very much the way many Englishmen seem to reason. Perhaps they do not speak the language. Per-

haps they travel too fast, and the curtain is never lifted for them.

After all, there have been very few travellers through Mesopotamia since the Hamidiyah were established and the massacres took place. If there had been more, I doubt whether we should hear quite so often the remark that "the Turk is a very fine fellow, you know," a remark which is perfectly true in one sense, but not in the sense in which it is made; if indeed a phrase so loosely used can have any meaning at all. The people who make it are generally those who would imply that the Ottoman Government is good enough to take care of itself and its own subjects, and that enough Christians have not been massacred yet, to make it safe for England to raise her voice in protest.

The Turkish official is not a fine fellow at all. But the peasant of Asia Minor is a fine fellow; simple, brave, honest, industrious, he has all the qualities of his race, a dominant and conquering one; he has nothing to gain, as the Christians have, by lying, cheating, or plotting. He can hold his head in the air and fear no one.

Personally, I find it difficult to base my political views of the Ottoman Government and Ottoman misrule on my opinion of the peasantry of Anatolia, or, indeed, of those of Armenia, Kurdistan, and Arabia, whom I have now chiefly in mind. Travelling, as we did, without the assistance of Messrs. Cook and Son, or of a dragoman, we had exceptional opportunities of seeing the people through whose villages and lands we passed, and we relied more than most travellers do on the good faith of the officials and the kindness of the peasants. The bad weather we experienced also conduced to our seeing much of them, constantly compelling us to vacate our tent for mud hut or way-side *khán*.

During our journey we made use of

all the different sorts of accommodation to be had, according to the locality. There was the *khán* to be found at all the regular caravan stages; the *oda* in a large village; the guard house, where the zaptiehs were our hosts, on the lonely borders of a vilayet or in the middle of some specially dangerous tract of country; and, lastly, the Sheikh's house, *i.e.*, the largest hut of the small village. In the north, the first and the last were the commonest.

We were journeying between the Euphrates, where we had crossed it at Bir-edjik, and Urfa. The usual caravan road is a two days' journey, and the night is spent at Tcharmlik, the regular caravanserai. We, preferring shorter stages, had made three days of it, and the second night brought us to Kareskeul, a miserable hamlet, half a mile off the road. It seemed incredible that so poor a heap of stones could provide shelter for seven beasts and twelve humans; but the short December day was closing in, the rain fell in pitiless gusts, and we were not critical. A zaptieh sent ahead to inquire the prospect of shelter, showed us his quest was successful by flourishing his crooked sword round his head. Until one is in the middle of them, one is hardly aware of the existence of these villages. Each house is dug out of the ground. It is entered by a narrow passage through the mud, and all that is seen from the outside is the small heap of stones which forms the roof, and the three larger ones which make the door. The country side is so littered with stones, and nature has formed such endless ugly heaps of them, that till you are close up among the fierce dogs, and the heaps of manure, you would never guess you were inside a village. The Sheikh of Kareskeul stood in the rain, among the stones, to receive us; a noble savage, with his damp, black curls hanging to the shoulders, his *skeepskin* drawn

tightly round him, and his bare, brown legs stained with mud. His sheep dogs, the terrors of every village, Turk or Kurd, barked and bounded round him. He is not frightened, but he looks a little bewildered. He must offer us hospitality, of course, for, as Sheikh, that is his chief duty; and when we get off our horses and thank him in advance, he offers us the humblest salaams, and with a hearty "Buyurun," the well known word of welcome, draws us proudly by the hand into the darkness of his ancestral halls. The fire has been lit at the first sign of our approach, and, when we descend the narrow passage into the chamber below, the smoke is so dense, that for several minutes we cannot open our eyes to investigate our quarters. Feeling for the fire, we creep to it, and at last, by the light of the glowing embers, can survey the scene. These houses are all much alike; the principal room, about twelve feet long by ten feet wide, is entirely hollowed out of the mud. The roof is formed of primitive thatch and stones, the hole in the middle serves as chimney, and the fire is laid in a small depression in the floor. On three sides of the room, narrow strips of Kurdish felt form the villager's divan. Noiselessly, the men of the village have gathered in the room, and are sitting cross-legged round the walls. Each is dressed in a skin, or in the square, sleeveless felt coat of the Kurdish shepherd.

These villagers are nearly all shepherds or goatherds, the servants probably of some distant *aga* (over-lord). We meanwhile, more luxurious, resting on the heaps of saddlebags and sheepskins, are the objects of silent observation. Not a feature of the score of faces moves, not an eye wanders from the new comers. At the far end of the room, near the passage, saddles, swords, guns, cooking pots and pans

are heaped, and a man kneeling by the fire is roasting the coffee beans.

These evenings were rich in very human delights. True, our wants were simple, and our conversation limited in its scope; but the interests we had we shared in common with our hosts, and the hardships of the route, the battle with the elements, the escape from the Hamidiyeh, the joys of coffee, tobacco, and the roaring fire, were every bit as real to us as to them. They made the long hours in hut and *khân*, with only the Turkish soldier and the Kurd or Circassian shepherd for company, the common bowl for supper, and the mud ground for bed, pass all too quickly. If we gave sympathy for the cruelties of the Hamidiyeh and the wickedness of the Government, they returned it to us in double measure for the bad weather and the dangers of the road.

The surest way to get into these men's confidences is to give them plenty of time. Beyond a greeting, when the coffee is served up, and a "Mashallah" when the Sheikh's little son is brought in, it is best to recline in silence on the saddlebags, and, while you take them in, let them do the same by you. They are not shy, but they are deeply mystified, and they want to discuss you among themselves before you interfere with incredible explanations. Men we cannot be; our voices deny that. Women we certainly are not. The idea is laughable. Do women travel thus, without their lords, unveiled, unprotected, with their heads in the air? Do men fly at their bidding, as these soldiers do, and even this lordly Turk? "O'olmaz"—"that cannot be." What are we then? I have heard the question seriously discussed. Something more powerful than a man, something more uncanny than a woman. The soldiers, after four or five days' acquaintance, are wiser. These persons are women. They come from a land where the women rule the

men, where even the Padishah is a woman, where the Government thinks much more of its women than of its men. If so much as a hair of their heads were touched, the Government of Inghiterra would wreak such vengeance on the land, that not a man would be left to tell the tale.

*Sheikh* (acting spokesman for the rest and eyeing us a little suspiciously): "But if they are women, where are their lords?"

*Zaptieh*. "They have none. In Inghiterra the greatest princesses have no lords."

S. "Are they two sisters, then?"

Z. "No, friends. They went to the same school. In Inghiterra all the women go to school."

S. "Who are their fathers?"

Z. "Great Pashas."

S. "Why do they come here?"

Z. "The *Hekim* (doctor) of Inghiterra has ordered it. He said to the biggest one there—that one that never sits up—for six months you must live in the air, you must never sleep in a house; the colder, the hungrier you are, the better; then you will come back well."

Therefore will she go out into the storm to sleep to-night in her tent."

S. "Is the *Hekim* great in Inghiterra?"

Z. "Greater than the Pashas, no one dares withstand him."

The soldier has given enough information for the present, and he refuses to answer any more questions. It is time for prayers. In the gloom of the hovel the soldiers stand, two or three in a line against the mud wall, the red glow of the embers falling on the straight figures. Now erect, now kneeling, now prostrate, they carry out the formal repetitions. There is no solemn hush. Smoking, coffee, and conversation go on as usual.

It is Ramazan, and the men have tasted no food since sunrise. Ramazan

falls this year in winter. In summer, the sixteen or eighteen hours' fast tells on the serenest of tempers and constitutions. Now the sun will set about half-past six, and already, a quarter before the hour, the great bowl of *pilaf*, smoking hot, is placed on the hot ashes, the high heap of thin Arabic bread beside it. It is raining so hard, it will be impossible to see the exact minute the sun goes down; but fortunately it is not necessary to-night, for the guests of the evening have watches. Every eye for the last ten minutes has been fastened on the watch in my hand. I have eaten twice since they last broke the fast, but sympathy makes me every bit as desperate as they, and the excitement of the last few minutes is intense. "Besh dakika—deurt—uch—ik!" (5 minutes—4—3—2). At one minute before the hour, the twenty backs bend forward, and every hand is ready for the onslaught; the suspense becomes unbearable. "Bitdi" ("It is over"), I exclaim, as the hand touches the hour; and for the next ten minutes only the smacking of lips breaks the silence of the evening.

In such-like fashion the evening passes; conversation flows, especially after supper; the innocent cup of coffee is passed round; the fire is carefully nursed; one or two men roll tobacco into excellent cigarettes, and distribute them among the company; some, wearied with the day's work, fall asleep; a soldier asks for a needle and stout thread, and mends his tattered clothes; one or two of the villagers come in and sit plaiting the coarse twine to make their sandals. Sometimes they will sing, or tell stories which have to be translated by the soldiers from Kurdish into Turkish for our edification. Among the Kurds, music is not developed as among the Arabs. They carry dancing, however, to a far more elaborate pitch, and, on the Tigris, we only felt ourselves really quali-

fied members of society when we had mastered the intricacies of the Kurdish war-dance. As the evening advances they rise one by one, offer their respectful salaams, and noiselessly leave the room. We too must seek the purer, if colder, air of our tent outside.

An evening in a *khân* offers somewhat different and more limited attractions. Stopping one night at Severek, of all dreary Mesopotamian towns the dreariest, we rode to seek the *khân* under the frowning black ruins of a Crusading castle. The rain dripped from the earthen walls, and the mud splashed our faces as we floundered through the streets. In the centre of the town, surrounded by its high and repelling walls, stood the *khân*. The huge wooden doors were thrown open, and the mules trotted in with as much relish as their masters. On three sides of the yard inside are the stables, black, roofed-in chambers, dank, dripping, and horribly odoriferous. Part of one side had lately been given over to the accommodation of the muleteers and travellers, and, divided by mud walls, had been turned into three dark rooms. Here by night men herd together on the damp floor. This accommodation was all the *khân* at Severek had to offer. We preferred our tent, pitching it at the door of one of these rooms. The mud was so deep between it and the door, that we had to make a bridge of stones and planks to enter the room.

We had just settled ourselves on our camp beds in the tent—they were drier than anything else—when our first visitor arrived. Alone and under cover of night he slipped stealthily into the tent, amid the bustle of champing mules and cooking operations outside. He was the Armenian Protestant pastor. Severek had suffered terribly at the time of the massacres, and persecution and extortion, open and secret, are scarcely less acute to-day. We had

been warned that, travelling as we were under Government protection, the pastor would not dare to show his face; but, fearful and trembling, Aladjadjian Effendi came after all. He was of the most repulsive type of semi-Europeanized Armenians. He sat in his greasy black coat at the end of the camp bed, trying to save his boots from the mud, and squirmed. He asked for money to buy an organ. He believed that England would not be long in rescuing Armenia now. His nation was put here to leaven this land, to be the salt of the whole earth, in fact. She had, indeed, been an example to the world of Job's patience. As I listened, I wondered for the twentieth time that Armenia, with her martyrs and her heroes (and no nation has numbered more among her sons) can produce such offspring as these—men so devoid, in spite of all they have suffered, of real feeling, conceited, officious, vulgar. The mystery is, that these very men may any day turn martyrs themselves. Many, as seemingly despicable as they, have met horrible torture with severest calm. With all their love of money, their vanity, their inordinate self-importance, they will die rather than desert the faith of their fathers. We contemplate our friend on the bed with a strange feeling of repulsion, of pity, and of admiration.

Our next visitor, a sickly weakling, with shifty green eyes and a hang-dog expression, is leader of a French-Armenian theatrical troupe, which wants to get to Diarbekr in time to perform at the Bairam feast. Being Armenians, they dare not cross Karabaghshe alone. They have waited weeks in Severek to get the necessary protection; will we give it them? Well, it is all in the day's work, and a third-rate Armenian theatre company will certainly add color, if nothing more, to the black waste we must cross between this and Diarbekr, though they may eat up more

than their share of the scant food the villagers have to offer. Yes, they can come; let them be ready by seven o'clock to-morrow morning. Next night we all camped together, a motley crew, in the most wretched *khân* of all our experience. The gale roared, and mules brayed in terror. Shepherds and soldiers, rough muleteers, and beautiful ladies in rose satin and green plush dresses, with high-heeled French shoes, jostled each other in the slime of the yard.

It was a relief to know that only three more stages would bring us to Diarbekr. We could get next to nothing to eat; Severek, indeed, had produced some rice, and a tough chicken; but for several days past we had lived on mouldy bread and native jam. At this time of year, the wretched villagers offered neither milk nor eggs; our clothes and bedding were soaked through and through. One of our beasts was lame from the rocks, and the men were out of heart; fear and fatigue made the muleteers captious and irritable.

On Christmas Eve, when the snow was falling, and one of the party was down with fever, we were turned out

of a *khân* overflowing with a big camel caravan, and had to seek shelter in a damp mud village four hours short of Diarbekr. Away on every side stretched the hills, the bleak and stricken waste of Karabaghshe. Stones were littered everywhere among the rocks, melting snow half hiding their blackness; the wind howled, and the sleet drove fiercely in our faces. Far away over the barren moors, an abrupt cleft in the landscape marked the bed of the Tigris; beyond, the snow-capped mountains of Kurdistan shone in each fitful gleam of light; we had passed nothing but the half devoured remains of a camel.

On Christmas Day we rode into what seemed a City of Dreadful Night. In Diarbekr every man is armed to the teeth, except the Armenians, who scurry out of sight with scared faces. The Kurd rules with undisputed sway, and massacre seems as fitting here as it is certainly familiar. From the skies above to the stones beneath, everything is black. Battlemented walls surround the city, a frowning cliff supports it, and beneath it sweep the waters of the Tigris, a swift and troubled stream.

*Victoria A. Buxton.*

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## VOLTAIRE.

The fiercest battles in the intellectual warfare of the eighteenth century were fought about the name of Voltaire. More than any man of his time, he might, if he chose, have anticipated the verdict of posterity. His qualities and demerits were discussed during his lifetime with the frankness and energy which are generally reserved for those upon whom death has set its seal. Abused with fury by some, he was applauded by others with equal fury, and he lived long enough to see the world divided into the two opposing camps of Voltaireans and their enemies. Nor, when the excessive enthusiasm of his

friends had driven him into his grave, did the contest cease. Condorcet, his earliest biographer, saw in his life nothing else than a natural progress from triumph to triumph; he was convinced that his hero was dominated always by an active kindness—that he desired nothing else than to benefit his fellow-men; and he found no verse better suited to sum up Voltaire's career than this naïve expression of the habitual sentiment which, said Condorcet, filled his soul:—

J'ai fait un peu de bien, c'est mon meilleur ouvrage.

Joseph de Maistre, on the other hand, that sturdy reactionary, the last Tory of France, could not hear Voltaire's name with patience. In his eyes the author of "Candide" was but an impudent fellow, who mistook libel for satire, whose books were poisonous, and to whose best verses no other epithet could be found than *joli*. He found Voltaire's face as hideous as his works. "Look," says he, "at this abject countenance, upon which shame never painted a blush, these two extinct craters which still seem to seethe with hate and luxury; this mouth, this horrible *rictus*, running from one ear to the other, and these lips pinched by cruel malice, ready to hurl forth blasphemy and sarcasm." What honor, indeed, should be shown such a man, save that statues should be set up to him, as M. de Maistre suggested, by the hand of the common hangman?

Time long ago softened the enthusiasm of the one side, the animosity of the other, and we can look upon Voltaire with colder, juster eye. To-day there are few men who would pay Voltaire even the compliment of a hatred as violent as De Maistre's. We no longer believe the author of "La Pucelle" the father of all evil, because we know that he had not the power, even if he had the will, to play so dangerous a part. But one thing is certain—namely, that he lived a life of more brilliant adventure than fell to the lot of any writer of his time. Hardened classic though he was, he knew by a happy experience the many sharp contrasts, the startling alternations of honor and disgrace, which make up what we call Romance. So that whatever be our opinion of his "mission," we can all find amusement in his long and spirited journey through life. Mr. Tallentyre, for instance, in his recently published "Life of Voltaire" (London: Smith, Elder & Co.), makes no attempt to define Voltaire's place in

the literature of France: he regards the hundred or more volumes which bear his name as episodes in a career of activity; and as we are not asked to take the hero of the romance quite seriously, we may delight in his exploits without afterthought. This, perhaps, is the best point of view from which to regard the life of Voltaire; and if Mr. Tallentyre had composed his book with a better sense of style and some respect for English grammar, we might congratulate him upon a notable achievement. But the biographer, even with the example of Voltaire, an eminent purist, before him, is always slipshod and inaccurate. A writer who could pen such a phrase as this, "Old Roy took occasion to sententiously point out," would have been wiser perhaps to leave the classics alone. However, Mr. Tallentyre's book covers the ground with much diligence; and if it may not be read with profit, it serves to remind us of an amazing career.

Truly Voltaire was a fortunate youth. The son of a notary, he was little more than seventeen when he had fluttered into the highest society of France. He was witty; he was gay—years afterwards the Empress Catharine called him the God of Gaiety,—and he was a poet. All doors were thrown open to him; and if the men looked askance at him, the women were enchanted by his daring and his malice. So quickly grew his fame that there was scarce a lampoon written in Paris that was not put down to the young Arouet. His father who had no other ambition for him than that he should follow respectfully in his own footsteps, was miserable at the boy's success, and when he was eighteen sent him to The Hague for safety. But he travelled thither not as a notary's son, but in the train of an ambassador, the Marquis de Châteauneuf. Yet though he changed his sky his soul remained the same, and he was speedily embroiled in a dis-

astrous love-affair and sent home again. Soon after his return to Paris a sojourn in the Bastile—a comfortable prison reserved for the highest in the land—set a seal upon Voltaire's gentility. There he was entertained with the polite profusion to which the king accustomed all his guests, and he emerged a far more distinguished poet than he went in. The production of "Œdipe" added another leaf to his wreath of laurels, and from that day—it was in 1718—he never looked back. Nothing marred his prosperity: if literature brought him more fame than money, he knew a hundred expedients whereby to become rich; and never again did he feel the pinch of poverty. He lent money out at interest, he speculated in lotteries, and he brought upon himself what was perhaps the worst disgrace of his life by gambling in Saxon bank-notes. But, with his usual frankness, he made no secret of these employments: he knew—none better—that a full pocket meant freedom to fight as he liked; and no scheme of his was ever balked by lack of credit. On the other hand, the charge commonly brought against him, that he was a miser, has no foundation in fact. As one of the many servants, whom he overwhelmed with generosity, confessed, he was a niggard of nothing but his time. His energy and facility were alike remarkable. He dashed off comedies, philosophical treatises, epics, and histories with an apparent carelessness which has never been equalled. Meanwhile, he found leisure, not only for business, but for the many quarrels with foolish persons which he conducted with tireless acrimony. No man ever loved fighting for its own sake better than he, and if he got the worst of it, as he frequently did, he remembered the aggressor, and waited patiently for another occasion. But there was one enemy against which he fought in vain—the government of

Paris. Not even the friendship of Madame Du Maine could protect him from banishment, and many years of his life were passed in enforced absence from the capital he loved so well, and upon which he cast so brilliant a lustre.

But Voltaire had the faculty of turning even his misfortunes to good account. He showed a finer sense of drama in his life than in his works. An insult, such as that offered him by the Duc de Rohan, became under his management a distinction. Voltaire's epigram against his adversary outlived the violence which it occasioned, and Voltaire arrived in England, a fugitive for the first time, with all the honor which well-advertised notoriety could give him. Thus he arranged the scenic effects of his life as other men stage-manage a theatre, and good fortune always came to his aid. His appearance in London was opportune in a double sense. Not only had Voltaire's fame preceded him, but he came in the nick of time to witness the obsequies of his master Newton, and to note that in England men of science were buried like kings. Nor did he waste his days in idleness: he surmounted the craggy difficulties of the English tongue, which he wrote with a timid propriety, and in which he conversed with ease; he visited the Court, and made the acquaintance of the King and his Ministers; he was splendidly entertained by Peterborough and Bolingbroke; the kindly Swift collected subscriptions for his "Henriade"; he made the acquaintance of all the poets of our Augustan age—Pope and Congreve, Gay and Thomson; he dined with Lord Chesterfield, and sought from the great Duchess of Marlborough information for his projected "Siècle de Louis XIV." Surely no Frenchman was ever better received even in hospitable London, and he repaid the debt with an enthusiastic appreciation of England and the English. Moreover, did he not discover Shake-

peare to his cultured compatriots? And was it his fault if the exuberant admiration created by himself drove him many years afterwards into an exhibition of bad temper and worse criticism? There are few men who can patiently witness the sacrifice laid by other hands upon the altar of their gods; and though Voltaire was delighted to praise Shakespeare when he alone of Frenchmen understood his "sublimity," it was quite another matter when Le Tourneur, in a translation more zealous than correct, had made all France free of his genius. But what he valued above all in the life of England was the liberty which all its citizens enjoyed, not only to think as they pleased, but also to say what they thought. To claim these privileges for his countrymen was one object of Voltaire's life, and yet we value his famous "*Lettres Anglaises*" far more for their pleasant impressions of men and things than for the political lessons which he drew from his own experience to benefit his fatherland.

And if his sojourn in England were dramatic, what a bitter comedy might be written concerning his long and patient friendship for Madame du Châtelet? Never was there so odd a love-affair as that witnessed at the château of Cirey-sur-Blaise. It was love deeply tinctured by philosophy, sentiment subdued by a tireless industry. The Marquise du Châtelet adored science and glory, with a passion as great as the philosopher's own. Leibnitz and Newton were her gods; she had built a shrine not to Venus but to Euclid; and she would almost have sacrificed her lover if only she could write a treatise worthy an Academic crown. The life at Cirey was a life of lofty ideals and profound study. The two philosophers met only when the day's work was done, and even then they solaced their hard-won leisure, and amused their friends, not by trivial

chatter, but by the reading of poetry or the performance of plays. For some years, then, these two strange beings kept house together. Many times did they quarrel and make it up again, and we owe it to the lively indiscretion of friends that the meanest details of their daily life are made known to us. But in the meantime Voltaire was corresponding with Prince Frederick of Prussia, afterwards Frederick the Great, and as he always loved a king, at least as dearly as he loved liberty, Madame du Châtelet soon lost her influence. The king permitted no rivals in his friendship, and the lady made no secret of the jealousy which consumed her. But the friendship between Voltaire and Frederick is the most dramatic episode in a dramatic career. And if it reflects not much credit on either side, that is because both king and poet were resolute to have their own way, and to make no submission the one to the other. At first the friendship founded on an interchange of flatteries prospered exceedingly. Voltaire assured the prince that he spoke like Trajan, wrote like Pliny, and in French excelled the best writers of the age. He thanked Heaven every day that Frederick lived; he described him as *deliciae generis humani*; he had no doubt but that the "Anti-Machiavelli," the work of the Northern Marcus Aurelius, was the only book worthy of a king that had been written for fifteen hundred years. But acquaintance as well as flattery is a necessity of friendship, and Frederick was insistent that Voltaire should visit him in Prussia; and Madame du Châtelet was no less insistent that Voltaire should not visit Frederick unaccompanied by herself. Now Frederick took but little interest in the Queen of Sheba, as he called the accomplished Emilie, and obstinately refused to see her. Indeed, the first meeting of Voltaire and Frederick at Moyland would have been impossible

but for a timely ague. The king, having set out for Brussels, was taken ill by the way, and at last an excuse was made for Voltaire to visit him alone. The philosopher found his monarch shivering in a blue dressing-gown on a pallet-bed in an ill-furnished room; he gave him quinine and held his pulse; and the next day the Star of the North forgot his illness, and listened for the first time to the brilliant declamation of Voltaire. This was but a passing visit, and it was not until ten years later that Voltaire took up his abode in Berlin. It was perhaps fortunate that these two egoists had been kept so long apart. Proximity was a certain end of their friendship. There is not room in the firmament for two suns to shine, and neither the king nor the poet would willingly accept eclipse. At the outset Frederick recognized that Voltaire was an added glory of his court, and he took delight, even after the bitterest quarrels, in Voltaire's amazing conversation; but he wished the world to know that the philosopher was no more than his orange, and that when he had sucked it dry, he would throw the skin away without scruple. Voltaire, on the other hand, was perfectly conscious that the king in all matters of literature was a mere amateur, and that his vaunted works would have been little worth had they not received a fearless castigation. Moreover, if Frederick were an absolute monarch, Voltaire too would permit no pretenders near his throne. And he was speedily engaged in holding up to ridicule the president of the king's own Academy. Nor was this the worst: Voltaire, ever eager to make money, engaged in not too reputable transactions with some Jews named Hirsch; and though, with his habitual courage, he took his opponents into court, he involved himself and the king also in an ugly scandal. Then began a series of foolish quarrels—anger on the one

hand, caprice on the other. To-day Voltaire was resolved to shake the dust of Berlin from his feet, to return his chamberlain's key and the insignia of his order, and see his patron no more. To-morrow he was reconciled with Frederick, and the renewed friendship was celebrated by a little supper. But the affair was past all permanent reconciliation. Voltaire was as resolutely determined to go as was Frederick to get rid of him, and at last—in 1753—Voltaire took leave of his Marcus Aurelius for the last time, and left Potsdam for ever.

But the comedy was not yet finished; or, rather, it soon degenerated at Frankfort into a kind of tragic farce. A fresh attack upon the president of the Berlin Academy was published after Voltaire left Potsdam, and threw Frederick into an ungovernable rage. With a lack of humor which it is difficult to forgive, he sent orders to Frankfort that Voltaire should not be allowed to leave that city until he had given up his chamberlain's key, and the insignia of his order, all the king's manuscripts, and a certain volume which contained Frederick's poetical works. Voltaire, after his wont, ambled by the way, being in no desperate hurry to regain his native country, and it was more than two months after his departure from Potsdam that he arrived at Frankfort. There Frederick's orders had preceded him: a tiresome official, Freytag by name, called upon him immediately to deliver the king's commands; and Voltaire found himself a prisoner in his inn. Here indeed was a pretty return for the years of flattery and attention, and it is not surprising that Voltaire, who prized his personal liberty above all things, was disgusted at what he deemed his patron's perfidy. The key and the ribbon he surrendered at once; the royal manuscripts were speedily discovered in the philosopher's trunks by the over-zealous officials; but, alas!

the *Œuvre de Poesie* could not be found. That had been sent on with Voltaire's own books, and until it was delivered to Freytag, Voltaire must remain shut within the four walls of the Golden Lion. Nor when, at last, the book was delivered and given to Freytag was the philosopher permitted to go free. The councillors of Frankfort refused to surrender their prey without an express order from the king, who was on his travels, and had forgotten all about Voltaire and the laws of hospitality. And the worst is not yet told: after a hapless attempt to escape, Voltaire was treated with the last indignity, and was forced to exchange the comfort of the Golden Lion for the squalor of an ale-house. At last, after six weeks of the meanest squabbling, the philosopher was allowed to continue his journey to Mayence, and there can be no question which of the two comes better out of the affair. Voltaire, no doubt, possessed the genius of insolence in a higher degree than any of his contemporaries. Yet no fault that he ever committed justified Frederick's mean and rancorous revenge, and it is the best proof of Voltaire's essential amiability that he forgave his enemy, maybe because he was a king, and once more delighted him with the eloquent flattery of his letters.

It was his invariable instinct for dramatic propriety that drove Voltaire to exchange the turbulence of Potsdam for the idyllic tranquillity of Switzerland. A life of warfare deserved an age of peace, and though Voltaire could only renounce the battle with his death, he found at Ferney a peace which France and Prussia alike denied him. Henceforth he was a very emperor of letters, issuing his decrees to the whole of Europe, and exacting the homage which he thought his due from travellers of all nations. A visit to Ferney became an essential incident in the Grand Tour, and for

many years there was scarce a book of travels composed which did not describe the aspect and conversation of the ancient sage. Nor did the commercial energy, which was always a part of Voltaire's character, desert him in Switzerland. He built factories, he trained workmen, he sold the watches and lace which they made, and proved once more that literature of itself was not sufficient for his restless spirit. Thus he lived many years, respected if not loved, and he died at the very pinnacle of fame, of glory. A strange death, which set a seal upon a strange life. Many are the poets who have died of neglect. It was reserved for Voltaire to perish, overwhelmed by the too eager adulation of his worshippers.

But after the years of adventure, after all the severed loves and broken friendships, there remain the complete works of Voltaire, which can hardly be expressed in a hundred volumes. What of this vast library? Shall we find here the same fascination which distinguishes the life of Voltaire? Assuredly not, and it is hardly too much to say that probably no human eye will ever again read the works of Voltaire from end to end. Mr. John Morley believes that "when the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand out like the names of the great decisive movements in European advance, like the revival of learning or the Reformation." It is impossible to accept this amazing opinion. Voltaire had many merits, but he was far nearer a journalist than an upheaval, and he resembled a political pamphleteer more closely than a movement. It was once the fashion to believe that Voltaire was a forerunner of the French Revolution. Excited rebels were found to call themselves Voltaireans, or to cite their master's works, very much as the Anarchists of to-day attempt to put off their respon-

sibility on Darwin or Herbert Spencer. But it is difficult to understand what message of liberty or intelligence Voltaire could bring to a country which had bred Rabelais and Montaigne, Des Cartes and Molière. It is still more difficult to know how Voltaire, the flippancy friend of aristocrats and kings, could have encouraged a popular orgy of blood. Moreover, Voltaire, for all his love of free thought, was in general as narrow a fanatic as his opponents, though his fanaticism was not the same as theirs. In other words, he was an inverted Methodist. And the Methodist that was in him almost always overshadowed the artist. He rarely wrote a line that was designed merely to please. The applause which was most grateful to him was that which greeted the heretical lines in his plays. His philosophy was but the brilliant expression of superficial good sense. He hated mysticism, because he believed that no mystery survived a proper diligence. In other words, he was confident that he had exhausted the knowledge of all the world, and that after him the inmost secrets of human life might be pierced by a study of his words. Nor may he claim the merit of originality. He had read Newton and Locke to some purpose, and the critic who said that he wrote down what other men thought was not unduly harsh. Again, he impoverished his splendid talent for exposition by spreading it over too wide an area. There was nothing in which he did not take an interest, and that faculty of interest makes, not for grandeur, but for journalism. And if he had nothing more to say to his own generation than to urge upon it an easy tolerance, he has much less to say to ours. We at least can pick and choose among the centuries, and if we would seek an apostle of tolerance we can set Voltaire's clean-cut splendid platitudes aside, and find a truer wisdom in the

balanced understanding of Erasmus, to name one of many examples. The truth is, Voltaire was always a partisan, and a partisan does not readily stand the test of time. He did not hesitate to twist the truth to his purpose, and to arrive by crooked paths at the wrong goal. Worse than all, he would have had all men alike. It was no part of his business, as it was of Montaigne's, *in secessu descendere*; he was content always with the surface, and no doubt would have thought any sort of introspection an infamous waste of a philosopher's time. It is not too much to say, therefore, that his controversial works are as dead as last week's newspaper,—so dead, indeed, that not even their brilliant railing can strike a spark of life into the dead bones.

And his plays, and his odes, and his epics,—will they ever again find an appreciative reader? It is not probable. To read one must be awake, and no one can read a single canto of the "Henriade," which once was deemed to be superior to Homer, without being overtaken by slumber. Again, it was as a dramatist that Voltaire first won the world's admiration. Condorcet detected in his plays a sense of art as of nature, which were absent, said he, from the barbarous tragedies of Shakespeare, and to-day the plays of Voltaire are no more fitted to be read in the study than to be presented upon the stage. But though we exclude the mass of Voltaire's works from consideration, though we cannot call him a critic who wrote the famous, or infamous, essay on Shakespeare, which D'Alembert read before the French Academy in 1776, yet Voltaire would be assured of immortality even if his notoriety had not made him known to those who have never read him. "Candide" and his "Letters" are an imperishable title to fame. With these in his knapsack, Voltaire may march through the centuries, discarding as he

goes all the tedious verse and prose by which he won an ephemeral glory. Exquisite in style, mordant in irony, "Candide" is the wittiest satire upon optimism that ever was penned, and Voltaire's "Letters" present to us in the very gayest of terms the brilliant life of a brilliant epoch. The man of genius who composed these masterpieces need not ask our attention for false philosophies, crude Newtonisms, futile glimpses into the obvious.

But that no sentiment might be strange to his versatile mind, Voltaire at the age of sixty-eight added to his many *rôles* that of a practical philanthropist. In 1761 Toulouse, distinguished even in the time of Rabelais for its intolerance, condemned to death an honest citizen, Jean Calas, for no better reason than that he was a Protestant. One evening in October Calas discovered that his unhappy son, Mark Anthony, had hanged himself in his father's shop. For the honor of his family Calas determined to say nothing of the suicide, and to assume that his miserable son had died a natural death. The step was reasonable but imprudent, and its instant consequence was that Calas was charged by the popular voice with killing his son to prevent his becoming a Catholic. Of course there was no word of truth in this senseless charge. In the first place, Calas was no bigot: he had already made a liberal allowance to another son who had changed his religion; in the second place, Calas was both weak and old, and it was physically impossible that he should have hanged murderously a sturdy youth of twenty-eight. But the people took no account of reason: the man was a Huguenot, and that was enough for Toulouse and its judges. The wretched Calas endured the mockery of a trial, and was condemned to the torture, and afterwards to be broken on the wheel. He endured his tortures with perfect serenity; nei-

ther the rack nor water could wring from him a confession of guilt; and he died protesting his innocence. A few weeks after the death of Calas, Voltaire took up the case, declaring that he was interested as a philosopher, because he wished to discover on which side was the horror of fanaticism. At first, being a true Catholic in sympathy and sentiment, he was disposed to believe that Calas was justly punished. But a son of the murdered man came in flight to Geneva, and from him Voltaire learnt not only the history of the case but the history of the family, and instantly took a more than philosophic interest in what he then knew to be a monstrous crime. He wrote pamphlets, he published documents, and in defiance of the Government insisted that the case should be retried. In the end his triumph was complete. The memory of Calas was abundantly vindicated, the scoundrel who condemned him was stripped of his office; the daughters of the dead man, who had been hustled away into convents, were restored to their mother, and Voltaire had put into practice the tolerance which he had so eloquently preached. Indeed, by his brave championship of the oppressed—and Calas was but the first of many clients—Voltaire achieved more for personal liberty than by many volumes of verse and prose. And yet even here his influence was not permanent. The memory of Calas did not spare Alfred Dreyfus the misery of the Devil's Isle.

The many-sidedness of Voltaire's character and achievement makes a simple judgment almost impossible. But undoubtedly the man whom in all history he most nearly resembles is Cicero. For Cicero, too, was the master of a brilliant wit, wherewith his intellect could not keep pace. He, too, was as curious in philosophy as in politics; he, too, was the champion of the oppressed; he, too, was a poet, and who shall say that his famous epic was

worse fustian than the "Henriade"? In the matter of style the resemblance is yet closer. Cicero and Voltaire wrote each his own language with singular accuracy. They were both such fine masters that they reduced the science of writing to a formula, and each of them lacked that peculiar distinction which gives a personal touch to prose. So that what they had achieved was not beyond the reach of their disciples. And as Cicero brought the Latin language to an admirable level of logical commonplace, so Voltaire, Cicero's most eminent pupil, created a French prose which was not beyond the reach of diligence, and which made variety a sin. If it be true, as Matthew Arnold said, that the journey-work of litera-

ture is better done in France than in England, this is due to the example of Voltaire. But we may always pay too high a price for accuracy, and had Voltaire never lived the journals of France might have been far worse written than they are, but the French language would have preserved more of its ancient character and distinction. So that even in style we can hardly applaud the influence of Voltaire. But whatever evil he did to literature, let us remember that he was the author of "Candide," that masterpiece of irony, which will never lose its gaiety and freshness, and of certain "Letters" which we cannot praise more highly than by saying that they are as good as Cicero's own.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"E. Nesbit," whose latest volume of short stories has just been published by the Macmillans, is in private life Mrs. Edith Nesbit Bland, and has hitherto been best known by her books for children, especially her narratives of the "Would-be-Goods."

In the fourth edition, just coming from the Clarendon Press, of "English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes," edited by Mr. A. W. Pollard, some illustrations from fifteenth and sixteenth century sources, with notes, are added for the first time.

The last novel written by Mrs. Alexander is to be published this month. The preface discloses the fact that, although Mrs. Alexander was seventy-seven years old when she wrote this book, it is the first story in which she has made use of her early reminiscences of Irish life and character.

Among the spring announcements of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. are "The Life of Dean Farrar," an authorized biography by his son Reginald Farrar; "Ruskin Relics," a volume of Ruskin reminiscences by the author's friend and biographer, W. G. Collingwood; "A Bachelor in Arcady," a romance by Halliwell Sutcliffe; and "The Merchant of Venice," in the series of reprints from the First Folio of 1623.

The foundation of Mr. Marion Crawford's literary fame may be said to have been laid in thirty-five days, for his first story, "Mr. Isaacs," was begun and finished within that time. That was about twenty years ago. Before that, he had done considerable work in journalism, and rather oddly one of the publications to which he was a contributor was the "American Bankers' Magazine." Mr. Crawford is just fifty.